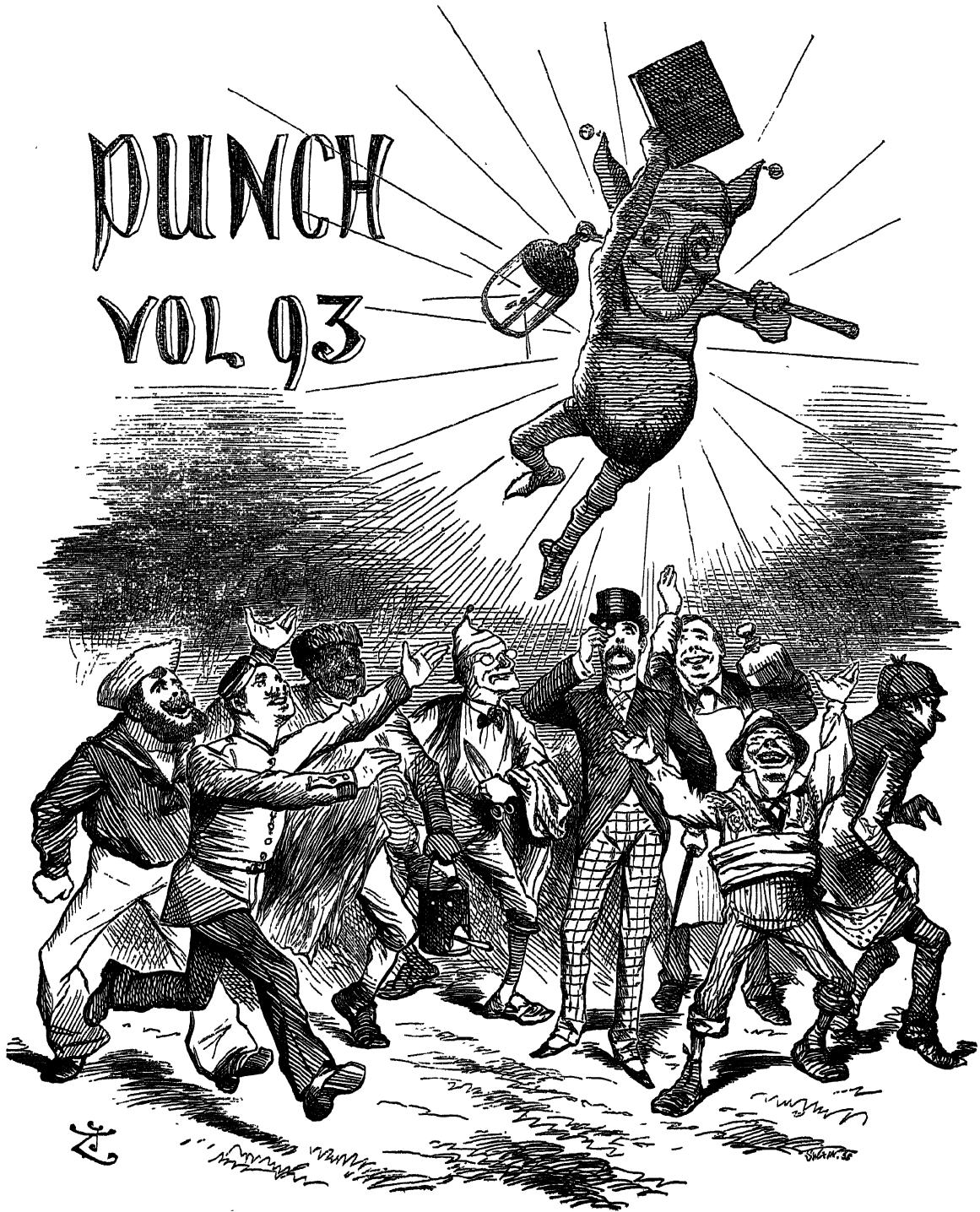


PUNCH

VOL. 93



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SCENE—A snug and sequestered if cloudy corner of the Elysian Fields. Present, the Shades of SHAKSPEARE and BACON, engaged in reading Mr. DONELLY'S egregious lucubrations, not without such mild and mitigated mirth as becomes the locality. To them enters a small and sprightly Personage, light-footed, but of seeming cis-Stygian solidity.

Bacon
Shakspeare } (together). Hillo!

Mr. Punch. That sounds human. Savours rather of my own Fleet Street than of the realms of the other Rhadamanthus. What cheer, sweet WILL? How fare you, Brother FRANCIS? [Salutes courteously.]

Bacon. 'Twere affectation to ask *who* you are, Sir. The question, "How gat you here?" may perchance be more pertinent—and pardonable.

Mr. P. (airily). Oh, I had been for—say, the *xth* time—to see "Our MARY" in *The Winter's Tale*, and being more inclined for profitable talk than for sleep, I just took you on my way home.

Bacon (smiling). Marry, Mr. PUNCH, were the statement of sequence equivalent to the explanation of causation, yours would be a most satisfactory answer.

Shaks. (mildly). Be not too scientifically scrutinising, Brother BACON. Mr. PUNCH, *Puck* and *Ariel* in one, is free of all places, lord of all latitudes, penetrator of all spheres, permeator of all elements.

Mr. P. True, sweet WILL! How much more catholic, in comprehension, as in charity, is the creative mind than the merely critical one!

Bacon. Humph! That sounds Sphinxian. HERACLITUS the Obscure was pellucid in comparison.

Mr. P. And yet, I warrant you, Master SHAKSPEARE here could play the "Diver of Delos" where your pundit's plummet should not find bottom. However, "broad-browed VERULAM," let not that brow's breadth cloud or corrugate in vexation at my persiflage. What do you read, Sir?

Shaks. "Words, words, words!"

Mr. P. "I mean the matter that you read."

Shaks. "Slanders, Sir." For the coney-catching rogue—one DONELLY—says here—but of course you know *what* he says. [The trio laugh Homerically, until the asphodels wag their white heads and convulse their starry corollas in sheer sympathy.]

Bacon. By DEMOCRITUS, laughter in these latitudes is seldom enough of this sort and compass.

Mr. P. To succeed in shaking the sides—of BACON, *here*, is somewhat indeed, the greatest triumph, be sure, that awaits the incongruous Cryptogrammatist.

Shaks. Would that BEN JONSON were with us to join in the glorious guffaw.

Mr. P. Conceive Rare BEN being jockeyed into accepting *you*, his contemporary and tavern-companion, as the author of such "unconsidered trifles" as *Hamlet* and *Lear*, *Othello* and *Macbeth*, *The Tempest* and *The Midsummer Night's Dream*! Wer't ever at the "Mermaid," VERULAM?

Bacon. Verily, Mr. PUNCH, I should like mightily to have joined in that company, just for once, and to have discussed

the Cryptogram with the "Spanish great galleon" and the "English man-of-war" (as FULLER puts it), whom DONELLY now desires to knock, as it were, into one curiously composite craft. Did not this same maker of mare's-nests indite a fantastic tome, full of bottomless argument and visionary particularity, concerning that fabled island or continent of Atlantis, which the Egyptian priest told SOLOX had been swallowed up by an earthquake?

Mr. P. Like enough, my Lord, like enough. Once a mare's-nester, always a mare's-nester. Nephelo-Coccygia was *terra firma* compared with the elaborate but evanescent Cloud-Cuckoolands of riddle-reading theory-mongers.

Shaks. When CÆDIPUS gets crotchety-riden the sooner the Sphinx devours him the better.

Mr. P. True, O Swan! Let the Great Brethren of British Genius be brethren still—twins, if you please, but twain. Verily it might almost pass the might of Mother Nature to round two such splendid orbs into one. Rare BEN had his tribute for you also, my VERULAM. "No man ever spake more neatly, more purely, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness in what he uttered." Might have been said of ME!

Bacon. Praise shared with you is praise indeed! But the language of the Realm of Phantasy—WILL's own world—the speech of Arcady, of Arden, of shadowy Elsinore, of *Prospero's* enchanted Isle—WILL's native tongue—passeth many a league-long step beyond the "neatness" of the judgment-seat, or the "fulness" of the *Novum Organum Scientiarum*.

Mr. P. Well said, Wisdom!

Shaks. (*chortling softly*). Why, who knows? One day, perchance,—mons hence, of course,—some puzzle-headed pragmatist may propound the preposterous question, "Who wrote *Punch*?" From out the fathomless deeps of its many thousand wit-stored tomes the DONELLY of that dim and distant future may readily dip up, in his poor bucket, a Cryptogram, to show that they were produced by a scientific syndicate, including FARADAY and MILL, HUXLEY and HERBERT SPENCER, DARWIN and the Duke of ARGYLL. [*At the mention of the Olympian and autocratic Scottish Sciolist, Homeric laughter bursts forth anew in yet fuller force.*]

Bacon. Prithce, sweet WILL, don't! Shadowy sides can ache, I find, and then, what will Rhadamanthus think?

Mr. P. As Jupiter did when the adventurous Ixion intruded into Olympus, perhaps. Well, well, put aside that preposterous book, which, as you, my Lord BACON, said of the Aristotelian method, is "only strong for disputations and contentions, but barren of works for the benefit of the life of man," and, I may add, of immortals.

Shaks. (*yawning*). Not all reading, my FRANCIS, makes a full man—save in the sense in which one may be filled with the East wind. My books were men. Not much that is novel in Nature, human or otherwise, to study in these shadowy realms. I miss the "Mermaid," and the mazy world which was my stage. DONELLY's book is dull, however. Canst furnish us with a substitute, excellent Mr. PUNCH?

Mr. P. That can I, sweet WILL. To that end indeed came I hither. As a popular stage-character—not one of your own—saith, "I hope I don't intrude." Ah, I thought not; but you needn't try (ineffectually) to wring my hands off, the pair of you. Behold!!!!!!

As Mr. PUNCH reluctantly turned his back upon Elysium, he left the two Illustrious Shades, prone side by side and cheek by jowl upon an asphodel bank, eagerly and diligently perusing his

Ninety-Third Volume!





OPERATIC CONFUSION.

I WENT on Saturday to hear the three operatic novelties so liberally provided for us on the same night by Messrs. MAPLESON, LAGO and HARRIS. I do not mix my liquors, and I endeavour, as a rule, to keep to the same lyrical drama throughout the evening; nor is it my fault if a good dose of strong BEETHOVEN, sweetened with GOUNOD and flavoured with MEYERBEER had, on the occasion in question, a somewhat confusing effect on my brain. At Her Majesty's, LILLI LEHMANN was all right as *Leonora*; not *Leonora* of *La Favorita*, but *Leonora* the favourite wife of *Manrico*—no, not of *Manrico*, but of another personage who, like the unfortunate *Trovatore*, has to be rescued by his loving spouse from the tyranny of a powerful baritone; whether VERDI's *Count di Luna* or SHERIDAN's *Pizarro*, I cannot just now call to mind. Mlle. LEHMANN is not only a fine singer, but also a serious dramatic artist; and the public was deeply impressed by her performance. She is a LEHMANN with all the earnestness of a good clergyman; not that she had taken orders as I (Box No. 70) had done.

From Her Majesty's Theatre, I drove in a rapid Hansom to Drury Lane. I had told the cabman to take me to the Royal Italian Opera, and I was about to remonstrate with him for conveying me to the wrong house, when he promptly explained that there were now two Royal Italian Operas, one at Covent Garden, the other at Drury Lane. New source of confusion! "Confusion worse confounded!" as MILTON observes.

"How far have they got?" I inquired as I entered the theatre.

"*Valentine's* death scene," replied my friend.

"*Valentine* does not die, my dear fellow; *Valentine* only faints," I answered, I was thinking of course, of the new dramatic soprano, Mlle. SANDRA, in *Les Huguenots*.

"You are evidently not an Opera-goer," I continued, "or you would know that no one dies in this work, except, of course, in the last Act. But that is always left out."

"Wrong again!" exclaimed JONES, with an amused look. "AUGUSTUS HARRIS restores the last Act. See his prospectus."

"Well, never mind that. Is ELLA RUSSELL singing the part of *Queen Margaret* as well as ever?"

"I did not know that *Margaret* was a Queen. I always thought she was of humble origin. The part in any case is being played by Mlle. NORDICA."

Determined to be no longer the victim of mystification, I wished JONES good-bye, and hurrying in, found the curtain down. Afraid now to ask what was being played, I waited patiently for the next Act, and when at last the curtain went up, I found to my astonishment that some representation entirely new to me was taking place. Will-o'-the-Wisps on a dark back-ground. That was all I saw. I asked myself whether I had gone mad, or whether the Drury Lane Pantomime was being played a little earlier than usual. Then the dark scene gave place to a scene of great brilliancy. There was a

throne at the back of the stage, and again my thoughts reverted to the *Huguenots*, and I fancied I could recognise *Queen Margaret*. But her features were not the features of ELLA RUSSELL. Besides, ELLA RUSSELL does not dance, not at least on the Operatic stage; and this lady did.

"This is HELEN," said a gentleman in a stall on my right to a lady by his side. Here was at least a clue; and when at the same moment the baritone DE RESZKE stepped out of a group attired in the garb of *Mephistopheles*, I said to myself that the performance had been changed, and this was the last Act of Boito's *Mefistofele*, with new details, or at least details that I had not noticed when the work was performed at Her Majesty's Theatre and at Covent Garden. Now dancing began in earnest, and I wondered much at the never-failing ingenuity of Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, who with a score of first-rate singers in his Company, had nevertheless found himself compelled (probably at five minutes' notice,) to change an Opera into a ballet. It reminded me of a certain operatic Manager, who, being suddenly deprived of the services of most of his vocalists, announced in his programme, that in consequence of the departure of his principal singers, the music of *Don Giovanni*, would be "replaced, for that night only, by lively and expressive pantomime."

When, however, *Mephistopheles* DE RESZKE and *Faust* DE RESZKE both began to sing, I saw that my supposition was untenable.

"What you have seen," said JONES, who meanwhile had come in, and who now occupied a seat on my left, "is not *Mefistofele* at all. It is GOUNOD's additional Ballet Scene for *Faust*. 'Dramatic Divertissement' it ought to be called. Beautiful grouping, picturesque costumes, magnificent scenery, delightful dance music! But you ought not to have missed the new *Valentine*. That was a great mistake." I looked at my watch. "Time enough for the new *Valentine* even now," I reflected; and I went over as fast as I could to Covent Garden.

Here there was a new *Valentine* surely enough. A Russian lady, I was told. Not a bit like the Russian ladies one has seen in *Fedora*, the *Pink Pearl*, the *Red Lamp*, and other dramatic misrepresentations of Russian life. But Mlle. SANDRA, or Mlle. PANAREFF, or whatever her name may be, was not playing the part of a female Nihilist. She was impersonating a well-bred, Catholic young lady of the Sixteenth Century. JONES subsequently informed me that it was not Mlle. SANDRA's *Valentine* that I ought to have seen, but VICTOR MAUREL's, at the other house.

NOTE AT THE GUILDHALL.—Now we know what the City Marshal has to do. We saw him in his warlike costume, bareheaded, marshalling the carriages of the Great Personages on their departure, and capitally he did it. Not a single name was pronounced incorrectly. Everybody came up to time, and got away comfortably. On these occasions, the City Marshal is a sort of Glorified Linkman.

THE LATEST FROM LORD'S.



Land Bill. "WELL, ANYHOW, YOU CARRIED YOUR BAT."

Crimes Bill. "YES; BUT YOU'LL FIND THE BOWLING AWFULLY HOT."
C. B. Beastly! Talk of "shying"?

SCENE—The Cricket Field. The Bell has rung for the Second Innings. Mr. LAND BILL is just going to the wickets, and pauses to exchange a word or two with Mr. CRIMES BILL, who has had so long an innings in the earlier part of the match.

Crimes Bill (taking it easy on his bat). Hillo, L. B. my lad, you're going in?

L. B. (buttoning his gloves nervously). Ye—e—s. Captain's orders!
C. B. Well, I hope you'll win.

L. B. I'll do my best; can Cricketer do more?

C. B. No. But, by Jove! you'll find it hard to score.

L. B. What? Bowling killing?

L. B. Humph! that game's been tried;
C. B. But Umpire doesn't always seem to see it.
Ah! Umpires are such funklers.

L. B. CROSSLAND's a lamb to HEALY.

But then they haven't got a SHAW, Sir, surely?
C. B. No; but, by Jingo! they have more—a MORLEY!
Straight on the middle stump. And then old GLAD
Breaks awful, right and left, and shoots like mad.
I say they ought to be disqualified
For unfair bowling.

L. B. Well, so be it.
Must do my best. What sort of wickets?

C. B. Crumbling.
Must meet the ball with a straight bat; no fumbling,
Or out you go!

L. B. And how's the fielding?

C. B. Dicky!
'Tis there you'll have the pull that wickets sticky
Or cut up, through the influence of weather,
Can't neutralise. *They're never all together.*
Some run like hares, some throw in like a Krupp;
But what they fail in is in "backing up."

L. B. Thanks be! I see my chance then. If they're loose
In fielding I can slog 'em to the doose.

C. B. But don't take liberties, my lad. No jumps
In for a drive; they're always on the stumps.
And then their wicket-keeper's like a cat.

L. B. Well, anyhow you carried out your bat,
Despite the lot of them. Can "crack" do more?

C. B. (*significantly*). Yes!—I kept up my stumps, but
could not score!
A "Not out, nothing" may be meritorious,
And very useful, but 'tis hardly glorious.
A stolid SCORRON's worth his salt, at need;
But, after all, he's not a GRACE or READ.
You'll have to hit, as well as guard your wicket,
If you'd be popular. Blocking is not Cricket!

L. B. Humph! no, not quite. My orders are to score
And bring the House down.

C. B. That will cause a roar
When you take back your bat to the Pavilion.
A Cricketer must smite to please the Million.

ROUTLEDGE'S *Jubilee Guide to London*, is good, not only for such a "high old time" as the Jubilee Week, but for the next three years or so until the streets are re-named and a few new thoroughfares opened up. The illustrations are excellent. There is only one objection to this Guide as a companion, and that is it is rather too large. No Guide to be useful should be bigger than the Handy-Volume Shakespeare size, originally started at 85, Fleet Street. Some of the French Guides, not the regiment, but the little books, JOANNE'S Series, are models in this respect.

PHILIPS' *Handy Volume Atlas* is about the right size. "The World," it is often said, "is a small place;" but for all that, it does not go so easily in a tail-coat pocket, where Mr. PHILIPS' Atlas can be conveniently carried. It is an invaluable companion for everyday newspaper reading. *Happy Thought* for Travellers, to whom this little volume is recommended, "PHILIPS on his way through the World."



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Our Artist (showing his last and most important Picture, the work of years). "YES, I SHOULD LIKE TO EXHIBIT IT; BUT I DON'T WANT TO SELL IT, YOU KNOW—AT LEAST NOT TILL TIMES ARE BETTER."

Friend. "WELL, WHY NOT SEND IT TO THE EXHIBITION, AND PUT A PROHIBITIVE PRICE UPON IT—SAY TWENTY POUNDS?!"

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

(Meteorological forecast for the Month.)

6th.—Queen's Weather continues. Raspberry crop fails. Strawberries sold by auction in Covent Garden Market, and fetch two guineas each.

13th.—Queen's Weather still continues. All the grass in Hyde Park turns brown, and suddenly disappears. Vegetables generally sell at famine prices. Riot of Dukes attempting to secure a bundle of late asparagus from a fashionable West End greengrocer's, suppressed by the police.

17th.—Queen's Weather as settled as ever. Great drought commences. London Water Companies cut off their supply. Five o'clock tea in Belgravia made from boiled soda-water. Apollinaris supplied in buckets, for washing purposes, at the rate of twenty guineas the dozen pint bottles.

21st.—Queen's Weather showing no signs of departure, fifteen umbrella-manufacturers go through the Bankruptcy Court, and commit suicide. Dust in London becomes intolerable. A Nobleman in Mayfair has Piccadilly watered with Bass's India Pale Ale.

27th.—Queen's Weather established. The Thames runs dry between Vauxhall and Westminster. The SPEAKER gives a garden-party in the bed of the river. *Café noir*, made of ink, served as a refreshment.

31st.—Queen's Weather still continuing, seventeen ginger-beer manufacturers who have become *millionnaires*, are raised to the Peerage. The LORD MAYOR goes off his head, and, imagining that he is the Old Pump at Aldgate, is removed, by general consent, to Colney Hatch.

FLOREAT MASCHERA!

A GREAT deal of curiosity has been expressed about the Gray's Inn *Maske of Flowers*, which has puzzled a number of people. The better informed have replied, when asked, "What was it?" "Oh, don't you know what a Maske is? Why *Comus* was a Maske, don't you know?" To save time and temper, Mr. Punch begs to inform all inquirers that:—

1. "Gray's Inn" is the Inn where the poet GRAY always stopped when he came to town. It has always been associated with Poets.

2. This *Maske of Flowers* is not Mr. CYRIL FLOWER, M.P.'s.

3. It is highly improbable that the Benchers of the Four Inns of Court will appear in Fancy Costume at four o'clock in the morning, and serenade the occupants of the Western Face of Gray's Inn Square from the Gardens.

4. The Maske is not so called from everybody in Gray's Inn appearing in "big heads."

5. The LORD CHANCELLOR is not introduced as Harlequin, and does not dance a *pas seul* with "Mr. SOLICITOR," founded upon some of the more intricate steps of the *pavan*, or peacock's strut.

6. That it is not the duty of the Master of the Revels to teach the Masters of the Bench how to execute with spirit a Morisco.

Having said what the Maske will *not* be, Mr. Punch goes a step further—and stops, thinking it will be better to reserve particulars until after the Performance.

EVERY Etonian ought to go to the Gaiety and hear Mr. MERRIVALE'S new piece, of which Mrs. BROWN-POTTER is the heroine. Why ought every Etonian to do this? We forgot to mention that the name of the play is *Civil Warre*. (If it isn't so spelt, it ought to be.)

ROYALTY AT THE PALACE.



Cockney notion of A-making.

and a notice put up,—“You are requested not to speak to the Man at the (Catherine) Wheel.”

JILLS IN OFFICE.

SCENE—Portion of a Stationer's Shop, used as Post Office. Two Young Ladies (let them be distinguished as Miss CROSS and Miss ORTY) discovered behind wire-screen. At opening of scene, the public is composed exclusively of the gentler sex, and the demeanour of Miss C. and Miss O. though firm, is not positively forbidding. Lady Customers having despatched their business, move away, leaving the coast clear to three Mild Men, who advance to screen with a meekness designed to propitiate. Instant transformation in both Miss C. and Miss O., who gaze at them through screen with air of visitors at the Zoo who are not fond of animals.

First Mild Man (with apologetic cough). Oh, good-day! [Slight pause.]

Miss Cross to *Miss Orty* (in continuation of an interrupted anecdote). Yes, I said it to him just like that—it made me so wild!

Miss Orty. I shouldn't have taken any notice if it had been me.

First M. M. Can you oblige me with six stamps, if you please?

[*Miss ORTY*, without looking at him, opens drawer, tears off six stamps, and tosses them contemptuously underneath the screen.]

Second Mild Man. Oh, I beg your pardon, I just called in to inquire—(Miss C. and Miss O. regard him stonily, which has effect of disconcerting him to some extent). I—I . . . there were some books I sent off by Parcels Post from this Office the other day . . . you may remember it?—they were all in white wrappers. (Miss C. and Miss O. wear the resigned look of people who feel themselves in for a dull story.) Some of my friends, er—I have been given to understand, that two of the parcels have—well, failed to arrive as yet . . . Could you kindly—

Miss O. to *Miss C.* (with lifted eyebrows). Know anything about the books?

Miss C. shakes her head in scornful repudiation, whereupon *Miss Orty* selects a printed form, which she jerks towards *Second M. M.* Fill up that, and send it in to the Postmaster-General.

Second M. M. But are you quite sure they have not been mislaid here? You see they are small books, and it struck me perhaps—er—

Miss O. Any remarks you have to make can be put in the form.

Second M. M. Quite so—but if you could only tell me—

Miss O. Can't do any more than I have done. (To *First M. M.*) I gave you your stamps some time ago, didn't I?

First M. M. Oh, yes—yes, I had the stamps, thank you. But—but (with manner of man who is compelled to enter on a painful subject) there was my change—I—I gave you half a sovereign.

Miss O. (with cold suspicion). Don't remember it. You should have spoke about it at the time—but of course, if you say you haven't had it—I suppose—

[*Deals out his change as if it was more than he had any right to expect.*

Second M. M. One moment—am I to leave this form with you?

Miss C. No. Send it to the General Post Office in the regular way—they'll attend to it. You'll find all the directions there if you take the trouble to look.

Second M. M. Thank you very much. Good morning.

[*Miss C.* and *Miss O.* naturally take no notice of this piece of familiarity, and *Second M. M.* departs crushed, and gradually realises that he is slightly annoyed.]

Third M. M. (presenting a telegram). Will you send this off at once, please? *Miss Orty* (takes the form, and runs a disparaging eye over it, rather as if it were an unwelcome love-letter from some detested adorer). “Post mortem’s” two words.

Third M. M. I have no objection—but it's rather important. I want it delivered, and soon.

Miss O. You must put the address more full than “Rumbo,” then.

Third M. M. But the telegraphic address is registered “Rumbo.”

Miss O. (who seems to consider “Rumbo” somewhat too frivolous). Well, if you like to leave it so, I can send it—it's at your risk. (She leaves the form on the counter.) Eightpence-halfpenny.

Enter Footman, with parcel.

Footman, How much to pay on this, Miss, please?

[*Miss Cross* takes it reluctantly, slaps it down on scales with infinite contempt, flings in weights, and then tosses a stamp and label to *Footman*, with the brief remark, “Fourpence,” spoken aggressively. *Footman*, after paying his fourpence, and gazing from stamp to label in a hopeless manner, opens his mouth twice, and withdraws, too intimidated to ask for further instructions. *Miss C.* (still occupied with her anecdote). I should laugh if he came again next Sunday, just the same—shouldn't you?

Miss O. I'd let him see I wasn't going to put up with it, I know!

Miss C. Oh, he'll find out he won't have things all his way. (Perceives *First M. M.* evidently awaiting her leisure.) Was there anything else you were waiting for?

First M. M. Er—yes. Can you let me have a Postal Order for six-and-sixpence?

Miss C. (with decision). No, I can't!

First M. M. (surprised). But surely—

Miss C. Give you two—one for five shillings, and one for eighteen-pence, if that will do?

First M. M. Of course, that's what I meant!

Miss Cross. It's not what you said—you said a order. (Makes out the orders with much disdain.) Three-half-pence to pay.

Second M. M. (returning). Oh, I quite forgot—will you kindly cash this order for me?

Miss O. Not till you've signed it.

Second M. M. Bless my heart, I quite forgot it ought to be signed! Could you oblige me with a pen for one moment?

Miss O. There's a desk over there for all that.

Second M. M. I—I thought if you would let me sign it here, it would save time—the desk is occupied at present I observe.

Miss O. (dabs a pen in the inkstand, and pushes it disdainfully through the wire net-work.) Give it back when you've finished with it.

[She is apparently alarmed lest it should be secured as a Souvenir.]

Enter Imperious Customer, and approaches screen with lordly air.

Imperious Customer (blusterously). Here you—one of you, let me have a penny stamp, and a packet of thin post-cards, and two half-penny wrappers, will you? and look sharp!

Miss C. and *Miss O.* (becoming instantly all smiles.) Certainly, Sir. (They vie with one another in activity.)

Postcards in that drawer . . . I'll get the wrappers—ninepence-halfpenny, Sir, and thank you. Good morning, Sir.

[Exit Imperious Stranger snatching up his purchases and ignoring parting smiles from behind the screen.]

Mild Men store up the lesson for use on future occasions. Scene closes in.

How's That?

“THE A B C of Cricket you must get.”

Says a great Critic, “if you would succeed.”

Punch then presumes 'tis by that Alphabet

A Cricketer may learn to (WALTER) READ!

COINS OF THE REALM.—*ARRY* remarks that the Tories are led by a “Bob” (BOULL), the Parnellites can boast the possession of a “TANNER,” whilst the Liberal Unionists make the most of their “JOEY.”

ON THE JAR.—The French have a proverb, “il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée.” This evidently does not apply to the Sublime Porte, which seems generally “neither one thing nor t' other.”

It was settled at the last meet of the Coaching Club that Mr. EATON, M.P., the new Peer, is to be crowned not with laurels, but with his own bays.

THE BARD AT HENLEY.

(A Reminiscence.)

Oh, Friday was lovely! The Bard who now sings
Saw Princes, Princesses, a Duke, and two Kings,
His Indian Highness, called RAS KUTCH THAKORE,
NAWAB GAFFER JUNG and several more.



Retirement after the Jubilee Fête-night.
"Far from the Madding Crowd."

They saw the best racing, then went to lunch with
The Closing Commoner, our Mr. SMITH.
'Twas Jubilee Weather! the Course was well kept!
Oh, champagne! and Oh, headache! I sighed—and then slept.

I awoke, to find all my companions gone,
And I, like the Rose, was left blooming alone.
So I plunged in the freshening stream—down, down, down
I dived, and I dived, then I came up—to town.

A CASE AGAINST THE POLICE.—This was Miss CASE, who being
arrested by a Constable, was Miss-taken for somebody else. Gallant
JOSEPHUS CHAMBERLANIUS of the Orchid Squad has come to the
rescue, and the "MATTHEWS-at-Home" Secretary granted an
inquiry. Before this paragraph appears, the Public may be in
possession of the truth. Justice must be done, or the young woman
may become Case-hardened. But whatever the result may be, the
Magistrate should study and get by heart, *Newton's Principia*.

GARDEN, LANE, AND MARKET.

"Mr. G."—the upper G.—went to hear *Puritani* on Thursday
night. Of course he called on Madame ALBANI, and sang a few of
the songs just to give "Signor G." a hint.



Note from "Mr. G." to Madame Albani.

Shirtcollarado Gladstonensis in his button-hole. It is, we believe,
quite untrue that Mr. HALL has refused to take office—box office—in
the next Liberal Cabinet; but whether he will be made an Extra
Knight or not is still uncertain. Mr. GYE is very Earnest about it,

and at present we can say no more except that the performance of
I Puritani was first-rate, as naturally it would be, with ALBANI,
enthusiastically received, GAY-
ARRÉ, and D'ANDRADE. There
were numerous encores, and the
applause was bestowed with a
warmth which increased the tem-
perature considerably.

At Drury Lane.—A prettier
and sweeter voiced *Zerlina* than
Miss ARNOLDSON, has not been
seen or heard for some time. We
must not venture on comparisons,
but in two respects Miss ARNOLD-
SON has the advantage over Madame
PATTI (who was singing in *Traviata*
on Friday night at the Colonel's
Opera House) but one of these is
not voice. M. MAUREL played
and sang the im-Maurel *Don*
Giovanni admirably, and CIAMPI
as *Mazetto*, looked and acted like LIONEL BROUGH. A good
performance.



"Approbation from Mr. P. is praise indeed!"

"LONG EXPECTED COME AT LAST!"

THE Imperial Institute has commenced. The first stone has been
laid by Her Gracious MAJESTY, and the Prince of WALES is sanguine
as to the result. The Institute is to be a House and Home, with
gardens attached, for special use of our Indian and Colonial cousins
visiting England, and it is also intended to keep perpetually before
the eyes of the British Public specimens of Indian and Colonial
industry. To so useful a scheme Mr. *Punch* wishes every success.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus in—Kensington.

The subjoined list of the Procession as it ought to have been, was
probably altered at the last moment; but there is no doubt it would
have been effective as it stood, or rather as it moved on:—

Australian Lambs.	Organising Commit-	Mr. BOEHM, R.A., and
The Master of the	tee with various	Mr. GOSCHEN with
Mint.	Organs.	new coinage tossing
		heads.

Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., drawing himself.	
Groom of the Bedchamber	"Lord's" in Waiting
(on towel-horse).	(Oxford and Cambridge Eleven).
The Rajah of SHAMPOOAH, with Order of the Turkish Bath.	

THE QUEEN.

Her ROYAL HIGHNESS	H.R.H. Prince of WALES, K.G.
The Princess of WALES.	("K.G.," i.e., "Kensington Gained.")

Any Kings and Queens who may be left in Town.

Master of the Horse	Ladies in Waiting	Mistress of the Robes
on a Buck-jumper.	to be asked.	("dressing up.")
Lots of Sticks in	A Serene Grand	"Mr. G." as "Um-
Waiting (with ban-	Transparency (per-	rella in Waiting."
ners of Advertise-	sonally illuminated	(N.B.—This is "Col-
ments in <i>Era</i>).	by Mr. BROCK.)	lar day.")

Any number of Trumpeters blowing their own Trumpets.	
Little Indian Pickles,	GEO. AUGUSTUS SALA,
led, with taste, by	with "Echoes," and
Sir P. CUNLIFFE	driving four Quills
OWEN.	at once.
	Australian Wines,
	headed by Sir
	"WILL SOMERS"
	VINE.

Mr. LEWIS MORRIS, with his Ode Colonial, accompanied by
Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, on a Grand Piano.

Mr. HENRY IRVING.	Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
(Last appearance in London pre-	(Last appearance in London pre-
vious to his departure for	vious to his departure for
America.)	Aix-les-Bains.

Right Hon. W. H. SMITH, with banner of "Closure."

At a signal from the Archbishop the Chorus will strike up—	
The great Imperial Institoot,	And as a tree up may it shoot!
In Kensington has taken root,	Our Institoot, Our Institoot!

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN was so overcome by this inspiration, that
after reading it, he could not compose himself. "No," he exclaimed,
"I cannot invent music which should be a worthy setting for so
precious a gem! Give me something more simple," and so it came
about that Mr. LEWIS MORRIS's poem was chosen. Whether the above-
quoted beautiful *chorale* was written by the Earl of R-SSL-X, whose
little Jubilee volume of poems has so enchanted a select circle, or by
another titled and unprofessional poet, is a secret which wild horses
should not make us divulge. Hooray for the Institoot!



GETTING ONE'S MONEY'S WORTH.

She. "WHAT'S THE GOOD OF SPENDING ALL OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS IN WALKING ROUND THE SQUARE, WHERE THERE'S NEVER A SOUL AND HARDLY A TREE TO SPEAK OF, AND WHEN THERE'S THE PARK CLOSE BY?"

He. "WHAT'S THE GOOD OF HAVING TO PAY A GUINEA A YEAR FOR THE USE OF THE SQUARE, IF WE DON'T USE IT AS OFTEN AS WE CAN, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW?"

THE NEW, AND BAD, "HATCH."

Mr. Punch loquutur:—

WELL, PARTLET, old hen, here's a pretty fiasco!

The Poultry profession seems going to pot. You might search the whole kingdom from Greenwich to Glasgow, And never encounter an uglier lot.

They're crooked, and cranky, and wry-neck'd, and lanky; I cannot discover one point that is good.

What, join in your cackle of triumph? No, thanks! We can't accept *this* as a Jubilee brood.

I did expect something a little bit better From one some crack up as the pride of the House.

Of decentish broods you have been a begetter, And, though you are dowdy, I thought you had *nous*.

But these scraggy scramblers, ill-fledged and ill-fashioned? By Jingo, old bird, they're a perfect disgrace.

No wonder the public disgust grows impassioned; They simply degrade a respectable race.

Just think of the beauties, the silver and gold chicks, That often have left that identical coop!

I'm sure there's not one of those comely, plump, bold chicks That would not despise *this* contemptible troop.

They look like the work of a villanous vamped.

Just take a glance at 'em, my PARTLET, I beg;

They've too much top-hamper, they scarcely can scamper.

A shabbier brood, PARTLET, never chipped egg.

Pray how do you think that the Fancy will class them,

So scraggy, and leggy, and bandy, and bald?

You'll find it most difficult, PARTLET, to pass them;

In fact, 'tis a pity they can't be recalled.

I'm really ashamed of 'em; so, Ma'am, should you be.

The kindest hen-wife would banish the batch.

What? Say one word for 'em? Now, don't be a booby:

You must be aware they're a precious Bad Hatch!

RALEIGH TOO BAD.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH's old house at Brixton Rise, *Punch* hears, "is about to be sold by public auction," and the surrounding twelve acres of "nobly-timbered park," given over—of course, like so much else in that once leafy suburb—to the untender mercies of the Jerry Builder. Too bad! In the olden days, QUEEN BESS used to be rowed in her barge up the Effra (which now, like the Mole, "runneth underground," hidden by earth and brickwork, but, not long since, was a visible stream) to visit Sir WALTER at what was then his Country House. There were no interviewers in those happy days, else would a "Sir WALTER RALEIGH At Home," with "Gloriana" as his guest, be toothsome reading. And shall Jugeson, the Jerry-builder, with his mud-bricks and slime-mortar, his warped timber and his peeling stucco, banish even the memories of the great Elizabethans from their ancient haunts? Forbid it, O Spirit of the Jubilee Year! Let the Jubilators RALEIGH—we mean rally, round RALEIGH's old Mansion,—

"Let not his house who witched Old England's eyes
Before base Jugeson fall on Brixton Rise."

BEN. TROVATO AGAIN. — When the Papal Envoy arrived, His Eminence had several mansions placed at his disposal. The one he fancied most was that offered by Mr. H. LABOUCHERE, M.P., with the appropriate designation of "POPE'S Villa, Twickenham."

A Hard-worked Official.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN LATHOM, exhausted is he After this season of Jubilee.

"Farewell to my cares at holiday-tide,"

Says LATHOM aloud, when he'll lay them aside.

As to the Mission of Monsignor PERSICO to Ireland, an Horatian Nationalist wrote—"PERSICO's odi." And he probably does dislike it.



THE NEW "HATCH."

MR. P. "AH! THEY'RE AN AWFULLY UGLY LOT! I DID THINK THE OLD GAUCHE-HEN—(AHEM!)—WOULD HA' DONE BETTER THAN THAT!"

[Katie sadly.]

THE LAST VISIT (BUT ONE) TO THE ACADEMY.



No. 518. Left Leg Shrunk.



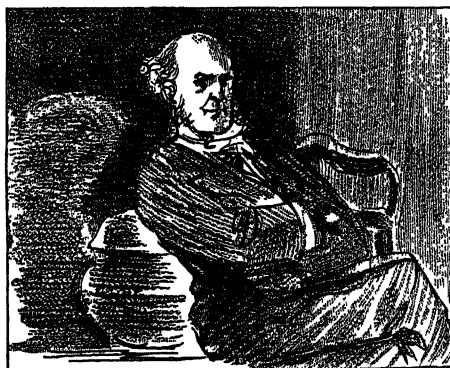
No. 624. Her Serene Transparency.



No. 413. Hard Hit in a Town and Gown Row.



No. 647. What can we do with the Baby?



No. 623. Warming his Back against the Soup Tureen.



No. 253. Pulling the Stuffing out of Toy Terrier.

A grand flare-up on Thursday last. A Jubilee *Soirée* worthy of the Jubilee Year and the Royal Academicians. Kings, Queens, Royal Highnesses, Grand Dukes and Duchesses have become so common this Jubilee month, that, when some *blasé* and well-seasoned Londoner is asked who such and such a decorated person is, he languidly replies, "Oh! only a King, or something of that sort."

There was a private Royal Night on Wednesday, when only Royalty and The Forty R.A.'s were present.—"The Forty" did something in the oil and colour line, as we gather from *The Arabian Nights*, revised edition, by Lady BURTON,—and, of course, *Mr. Punch*, who is everywhere on every occasion, and who, in a general way, represents H.R.H. Everybody.

On Thursday night, T.R.H. Everybody and Everybody Else were present, and the scene was brilliant. Sir FREDERICK, a Prince among Presidents and a President among Princes, graciously welcomed the guests. He was assisted by Sir EVERETT MILLAIS and Treasurer

HORSLEY, who appeared rather weary, perhaps tired of counting the shillings, or worried by the uncertainty of the monetary value of the BOHEM silver currency.

The Queen of the Pictures is still Professor HERKOMER's Lady in black with the long gloves. She lingers in our memory, and will do so for many a long day. May we never see her *in propria persona*, or disappointment might be our dole. The Lady in the picture cannot age. Even amidst all the living breathing beauty collected within those walls on Thursday last, the Lady on the wall, if we may so put it, "took the cake,"—though she didn't take it all, as there was plenty left for Miss MARY ANDERSON, Miss DOROTHY DENE, and some other charming ladies. One more visit to the Royal Academy, and then the Show for 1887 will have passed away. Then, after a brief holiday, the Artists will be again at work, according to their individual taste and fancy, taking (lucky *gourmets*!) each one just what best suits his palette. *Au revoir!*

HIBERNIA TO THE QUEEN.

(On the occasion of the Visit of Princes Victor and George of Wales.)

YOUR MAJESTY's Grandsons I welcomed with joy,
At a time when I'm horribly worried;
ALBERT VICTOR and GEORGE—he's a broth of a boy—
Their visit was brief and too hurried.

Ah, then, if your MAJESTY's self we could see,
Sure we'd drop every grumble and quarrel.
Stay a month in the year with my children and me,
'Twould be a nice change from Balmoral.

THE Wild West Kensington Indians were not permitted to go to Henley last week. It was thought that the sight of so many sculls would be too much for them, and that they would immediately want to scalp everybody. Why doesn't the Honourable Colonel BUFFALO BILL CODY engage "SQUASH," and give him a show on a buck-jumper? Something amusing is wanted to enliven the Wild West Scenes in the Circle, and "SQUASH" is just the sort of droll required.

GOG AND MAGOG AT THE BALL.

THE Jubilee Ball,
Held at Guildhall
Last week, on Tuesday night,
A great success;
All must confess
It was a glorious sight.

The Giants twain
Imbued champagne.
Says Magog to Gog, "What fun!"
Says Gog, "For a crown
I couldn't get down
As we ought when the clock
strikes one."

Says Magog to Gog,
"You jolly old dog,
With the same idea I'm imbued.
We ought to descend,
But we can't, my friend;
On our pedestals we're screwed."

To save their renown,
They didn't come down.
Be sure they acted right.
The jovial pair
Remained where they were;
Gog and Magog stopped up all
night!

THE President and Fellows having, at a recent meeting at South Kensington, by their Resolutions shown, spite their difficulties, a disposition to ride the high horse, their body will henceforth be known as the Royal Haughty-cultural Society.

ROBERT AT THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION.

I've paid my second visit to this most amusing place, and have to report a grate improvement in its inside, which is gradually a filling up like an hungry Alderman at a nice rich fust class dinner.

But this time I paid speshal attention to the outside amusements, and them as can't find no fun and excitement in them, had better go off at wunce to the Amerrycan Bar for a "Coaxer," and that, as I found, will soon pick him up. I never saw such a site as **BUFFERLOW BILL'S** Wild West in South Kensington, the werry recklekshun of it sets me off so that I must pull myself together with one of **BET-TRAM'S** "Brighton Steadiers," or I shall get too excited to write strait.

Well, I spose it was because they was jest a little late that the whole blooming lot of 'em, Amerrycans and Cow Boys, and Mexicans and Injians with their Squalls and Porposes, and Gals a riding like gals generally rides, and Gals a riding like men, all cum a galloping in at such a whirling pace that it literally took away all my pore breth, and they screamed as they galloped, and their crimson and blue and scarlet and yellor clokes all shone in the sunlight and fluttered in the breeze, and when they came jest in front of me, where I was setting with dignity in a reserwed seat at the small charge of 1s., they pulled up bang, as if they was all shot, and all sat as still as mice.

Well, then we had a hole carrywan of settlers for life attacked as they was a-going quietly along by a hole army of wild Injians, and defended by **BUFFERLOW BILL** and his bold Cow Boys, and a grand fight it was. Plenty of firing, but not enuff excusshun for to friten the ladies, for the jest a few was killed in the dedly combat, they all got up and rode away after the battle was over; so I spose as they was ony shamming jest to deceeve the enemy.

Curiosity, which is the Waiter's weakness, makes me inquire, why so many Cow Boys when there aint not no Cows? We wound up with a **Bufferlow** hunt, but as the animals was jest as uncurry-combed and as dirty as afore, I gammoned Mrs. **ROBERT**, who was with me, that it was ardy a site for a real dellycat lady to witness, so we went off to see the Tobogganing, and grate fun it was to look at. But, to my extreme astonishment nothink wood do but Mrs. **ROBERT** must try it, and, in spite of all my remonstrances, I presently found myself seated with my bitter arf on the top of an high hill, about to be launched hedlong on our wild career with ony a piece of rope to guide us and nothink to stop us. Oh, that dedly moment of hesitationsh! and then the rush through the hair with sitch listening speed as made Mrs. **ROBERT** give jest a little squeal. How any sane person having wunce tried this new game, which recalled to fond memory the sensashun of my fust swing, can wish to repeat the dose, I can't understand. He suddenly ought to have the stummuck of a Horsetrich rather than of a Halderman. The fond partner of my fate having a little hedake after her rash xperymment, which she insisted upon declaring was owing to the rifle-shooting, I advised her

to leave the noisy scene and seek the cumfort of her quiet home, promising to jine her hurly, so she went. I was afterwards asked to try the Switch-back Railway, but learning from a previous wictim as how the sensation reminded him of the fust time as he crossed the Channel, I declined with thanks.

Hoping to meet with the Kernel who had promised to introduce me to the Hon. Mr. **WILLIAM BUFFERLOW**, Esquire, wulgerly called

BUFFERLOW BILL, I sauntered round to the Injians encampment, but was there told he had gone to dine with some other Savages at the Savage Club, so I couldn't see him. Howsumever I fell into conversation with one of the tip-top managers, and he introduced me to sum of the principal Braves, as they calls 'em, and their Squaws, and porposes. They was werry affable and perlite, as I'm told as all reel savages is, but I can't say much for their hartistick taste. There was one savage lady with a savage dorter and a pikaninny about rising four, as gratefully surprised me. The yung lady wood have bin werry good looking if her Ma had let her alone, but she had painted her two cheeks such a brite skarlet that skarlet runners is nothing to 'em, and as for the pore little chap his hole face was painted a greenish yellor, like a werry bad case of jarndioe, and all his air a brite green. But such is my natral perlitiness, that when his fond Ma held him up to me and said, "Lookee, lookee, ain't him Booty?" I said, "Oh! yessee, yessee!" I didn't dare to kiss it, for fear its face wood have stuck to mine, witch woudn't ha bin nice.

I spent a werry plessent evening with the principle performers such as **RED SHIRT**, and **CUT MEAT**, and sum others, and whenever the conversashun flagged I surgested a adjurnment to the Amerrycan Bar, and we allus tried a new drink, and this I will say for my forren frends that they took them all with the same coolness as if they had been the native drinks of the Far West End. The larst one we tried was called "A Yard of flannel," and for warmth and cumfort it was well-named, but somehow I fancy it must ha bin rayther a staggerer, for I remember werry little of what took place afterwards. But I have sum dim recklekshun of playing at cards with two Chiefs and a Squaw, and that one of them had a dress on sumthink like a porkypine with his squills, and that I lost my money, and that sum familer voice said, "Why, **ROBERT**, you've lost your Injian Rubber!" at witch we all larked. How I got home I don't werry well remember, but I do remember, and shall probably never forget, the werry warm recepshun I met when at length I arrived there, or the nex morning's hed hurry. I don't think I shall try "a yard of flannel," again in an

ROBERT.



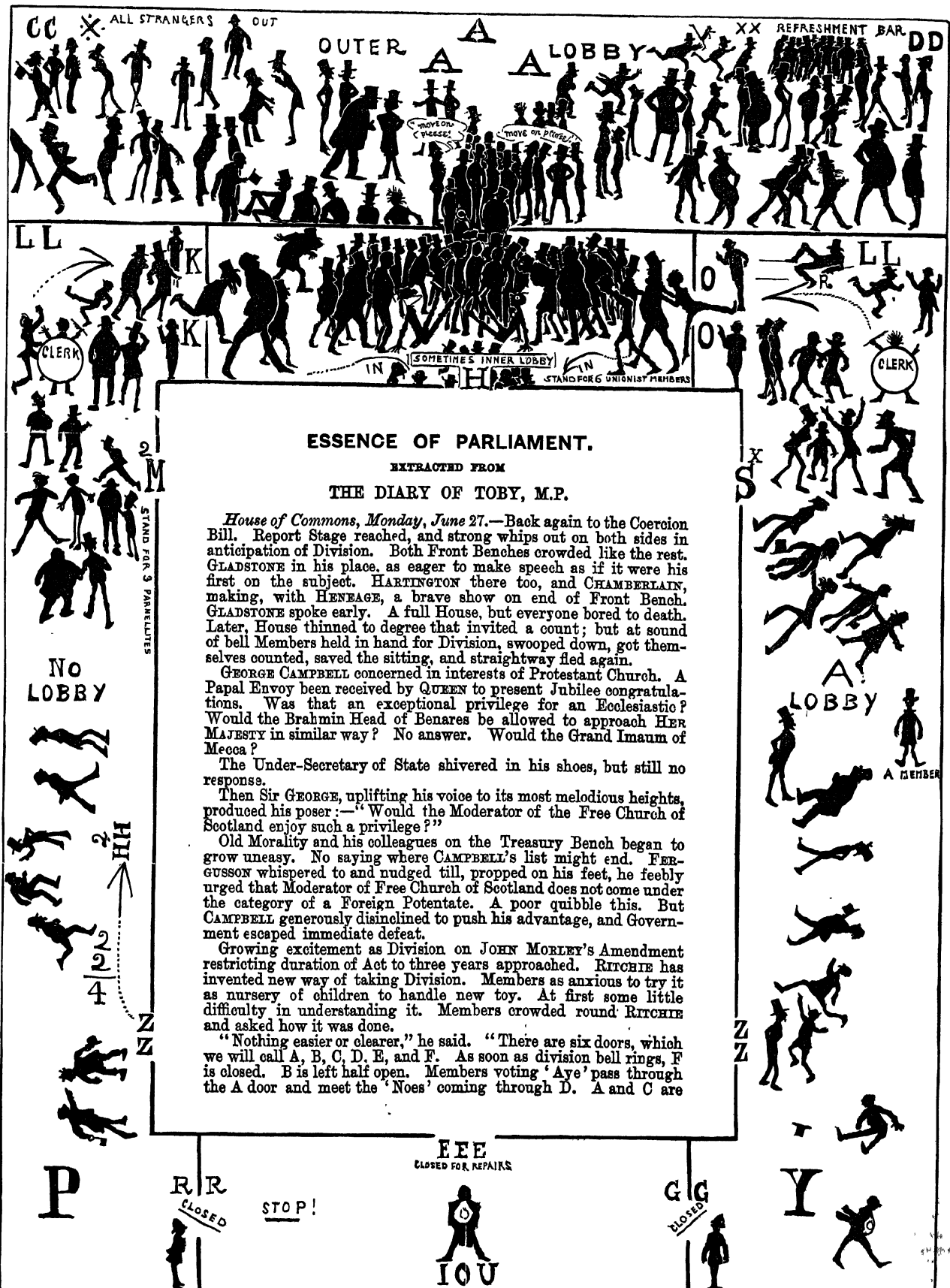
Robert Tobogganing.



A Little Indian Rubber.

The Children's Nautical Festival.

On the occasion of the Great Naval Review, Lord **CHARLES BERESFORD**, remembering Mr. **EDWARD LAWSON'S** Hyde Park success, intends to stand treat to all the Buoy round the Coast. The Best Buoy will receive a present from Her Gracious MAJESTY.



then simultaneously shut. If B is open, the 'Ayes' and the 'Noes,' having seen E closed, form in one stream, pass through, and there you are. Don't you see?"



Young 'Olden.

Everybody saw quite clearly. Quite a pleasure to see ISAAC HOLDEN (*etat* eighty, but full of youthful vigour) starting off to try the new experiment. Got through all right. But, half an hour later, GILBERT GREENALL found in recesses of ventilating cellars, where, he said, he was "looking for door E."

Business done.—Report on Coercion Bill.

Tuesday.—WILFRID LAWSON made admirable suggestion to-night. Proposes that, when titles or honours are conferred upon anyone, a statement should accompany announcement, setting forth the public services on account of which the honour has been conferred. It is so done in respect of Victoria Cross. List

of Honours conferred in connection with Jubilee show the necessity of extending custom.

"Who's he?" said Sir BORTHWICK, Bart., looking down the *Gazette* when it came out. "Never heard of him, nor him either. I seem to be really the only distinguished person in the lot."



"Who's he?"

List notable not only for what it includes but for what it omits. House of Commons united in expectation of one recognition, looked for in vain. If "Barnets" were to be made in Jubilee time, why was JOSEPH GILLIS overlooked? This thought in everyone's mind, as JOEY B. turned up to-night telling in a division against the Government. His public appearance now so rare that its recurrence was an event. Since he came into possession of Castle Butlerstown the alteration, long-working, made sudden and complete advance. His moustache, now past the indefinite stage, is an unquestionable reality, and to see JOEY B. twirling it à la RANDOLPH, is a delight to the quiet mind. JOSEPH feels his new responsibilities. When reproached by TIM HEALY with his excessive respectability he is not moved.

"It's all very well for you, TIM, to be brow-beating the SPEAKER, interrupting Hon. Members opposite, moving the adjournment and the like. But it's different for a man who has a Castle, a drawbridge, a moat, and a moustache."

Characteristic infelicity on the part of the Government to have neglected this opportunity of recognising a reformed character. JOEY B. is now a credit to the House. It would have been to the credit of the Government had his friends been able to hail him as Sir JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR, Bart., of Butlerstown Castle.

Business done.—Coercion Bill again.

Thursday.—"He! he!" said Old Morality, his white teeth shedding pale light over Treasury Bench. "Capital joke! Hope they'll often repeat it."

Capital it was, and so unexpected, too. Secret admirably kept, and sprung upon amazed House with marvellous effect. After questions, O. M. moved Resolutions providing for discussion on Report Stage of Coercion Bill being peremptorily closed at Seven o'clock on Monday night.

"The Early Closing Association," said Sir WILFRID LAWSON, looking across at Noble Lords and Right Hon. Gentlemen arrayed on Treasury Bench in support of this Motion.

Parnellites of course hostile to Motion. But more particularly enraged because O. M. in moving it had not spoken single sentence.

"Come, come," said JOHN DILLON, "this is too bad. If we are to lose our liberties, let us, at least, have a speech in support of the proposition."

But O. M. obdurately silent, and debate kept up for three hours from Opposition side. Then Division taken, and Motion carried by majority of a round hundred. After this, Ministers looked forward to another wearisome evening, with Friday to follow, and more talk

through Monday up to fatal Seven o'clock. Here's where the joke came in. The Opposition, returning from Division Lobby after voting on Closure Proposition, continued their march through the House and cleared out by the door. Ministers watched process with amazement, growing into apprehension, and finally broadening into a grin of delight as the joke flashed upon them. Having given Government the trouble of preparing, moving and carrying Resolution, fixing closure of debate on Monday evening, Irish Members not going to debate at all! The Government might take their Report Stage; which they did, and before you could say "W. H. SMITH," the Report Stage of the Coercion Bill was agreed to, and House, scarcely recovered from surprise, was engaged upon miscellaneous business of the Orders of the day.

Friday, Midnight.—Since dinner-time there has been exhilarating scene in Palace Yard. Nearly every 'bus that has passed has dropped a Duchess at the gate. Four-wheelers, conveying Countesses, have regularly filed in; whilst, what Sir ROBERT PEEL would call "Noble Baronesses," have arrived on foot. As distinguished Novelist somewhere writes, "Lo! a strange thing has happened." On ordinary days House of Lords, which commences public business at 5'30, adjourns about 5'37. At this hour of midnight House still sitting, and no sign of Adjournment. Irish Land Bill under debate. Subject irresistible to Noble Lords. Have foregone their late afternoon drive in the Park. More than one has patriotically dined on a chop.

A flush of honest pride mantles many a noble countenance. All very well for the Commons to boast of their long sittings; but see what the Peers can do when duty calls! At first a little consternation at the arrivals from without. But even that turns out well. There were stories of anxious wives communicating with House of Commons during All-night Sittings, and finding errant husbands not there. But here are Noble Lords unflinchingly serving their country, remaining at their post, whate'er betide.

A beautiful and a soothing sight, which affects to tears some of the Commons, who sit in the Gallery, and look down upon it.

Business done.—Lords pass Report Stage of Irish Land Bill.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

(New Version, by a Much-Worn-out M.P.)

"The welcome cry, 'Who goes home?' sounds like a melancholy dirge through the rapidly-emptying lobbies."—MR. OSBORNE MORGAN, M.P., in the *Nineteenth Century*.

MIST clauses and paragraphs though we may roam,
Be it ever so dirge-like, there's no cry like "Home!"
A charm undefined seems to hallow it there,
After TANNER's loud shindy and CONYBEARE's blare.
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet "Home!"

Be it ever so dirge-like, there's no cry like "Home!"

An exile from office, I will not complain,
Give me only my calm "beauty sleep" once again;
The birds singing sweetly at dawn be my lot
To hear, not loud torrents of partisan rot.
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet "Home!"

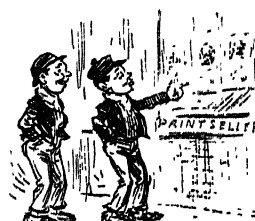
Be it ever so dirge-like, there's no cry like "Home!"

CRICKET AT LORD'S.

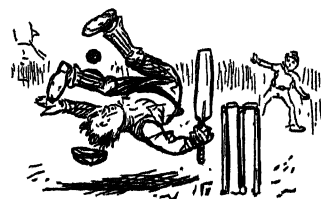
Hits by Dumb Crambo, Jun.



A Patient Innings.



A Cut in front of Point.



Over!



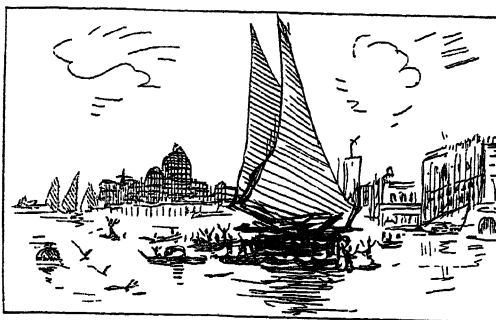
Last Man. His usual form.

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THE LAST VISIT TO THE ACADEMY.



No. 691. The Donkey Rider Stopped. "You can't go further than this for twopence."



No. 540. Arrival of the G.O.M. Collars in Venice.



No. 35. A Brave Lassie. "Come on!—the whole lot of you! I'll give it you!"



No. 928. Cat and Child Fight.

ABSURD TO A DEGREE.

Now that girls have proved themselves capable of earning the highest University honours, why should women remain debarred of University degrees? If any senatorial difficulty precludes the removal of that ridiculous injustice, a girl forbidden to term herself a Bachelor of Arts, for example, might, it has been suggested, "invent some other title more significant of the distinction she has won." No invention could be easier. Her alternative for Bachelor would be obviously Spinster of Arts. No Graduate able to pass the *Pons Asinorum* can be such a preposterous donkey as to persist in denying even the plainest—possibly the prettiest—Passwoman that. The Dons will be unworthy of the name they go by unless they immediately remove the disability their old-world statutes have imposed upon the *Donne*.

ROBERT AT THE ACADEMY.

I PAID my reglar visit to the Academy last week, and was glad to find that my werry earnest remonstrance of last year had perduced sech a change as regards Staggerers. No Miss Menads a hunting in Burnham Beeches without no close on to speak of, and no Mr. Cassandra a carrying off of a pore yung lady afore she's had time to dress, merely because she upset the salad-bowl.

I don't think it's because "familyarty breeds content," as the poet says, that I am less staggered than last year, but becoss there ain't so many staggerers to be staggered at. Not that there ain't none. Why, there's one lady in the werry same dishabil as Madame Venus herself a poring out somethink that the Catalog says is a incantashun, but then her pecooliar costoom is reelly xousable, for she's that red hot that wood excuse anythink or nothink, as in her case.

One of the jolliest picturs to my mind is a portrate of a Port Wine drinker. Why, it seems to be a oozing out of ewery pore of his skin! and nothink younger than '63, I'll be bound. What a life to lead, and what a life to look back upon with proud satisfashun!

Poor Lord HARTINGTON looks terribly bored at having to be gazed at so constantly by so many longing, if not loving, eyes, and at being pinterd at by the old dowagers as their bo ideall of a sun in law.

Ah, Mr. STORRY tells us a story as I've often witnessed, when a young swell stands treat to a few frends and then ain't got enuff money to pay the bill! Wot a nuisance for him, but still wuss for the Landlord, and wussset of all for the pore Waiter. Poor Mr. GROSSMITH looks werry much paler than when I saw him after a jolly dinner at the Metropole. I thinks as a glass or two of old Port would do him all the good in the world.

I now come to another staggerer, that fairly puzzles me. It's a nice young Lady, named, as I see by the Catalog, Euridice, which I beleieve is Greek for "You're a nice one!" who is a trying for to pull a rook down, but I'm sure she'll never do it, though she has taken off ewery morsel of her close, ewen down to her stockings, to give her more strength. I really wonders as she doesn't put a few of her things on, as she must see as Mr. HADES is a cumming towards her, and won't he jest be shocked! And then here's another young Lady, almost as lightly drest, a sitting quietly on a large cold stone, as if there wasn't no North-East wind a blowing, and by moonlight too. What time can she expect to git home, and what will her poor Mother say when she sees her?

If I'd ha' bin Mr. HAYNE, Esq., M.P., I'd ha bort a new Hat afore I was painted for my pictur, and ewen gone to the xpanse of a new pair of gloves, speshally as his pictur is a going to be given to sumbody. So now ha'll go down to remote posteriority with a shabby Hat, and a old pair of gloves on his table. His new Coat looks butifool. It is, I'm told, a capital likeness.

The LORD MARE is placed in his proper persition as first in the

best room, and looks as happy and as jolly as I've no dout he ginerally feels, though he don't never seem to git no rest.

In the next rooms its the great Cardinal MANNING, who ewerybody loves and respects, Waiters and all, though it does rather try our loyalty to see him at dinner, when he don't eat enuff wittles to fatten a church mouse. If I'd ha' bin Sir EDWARD WATKIN, the grate Railway King, I'd ha had a much cleaner shave afore I set for my pictur than he had. I know as he doesn't like to be thought a close shaver in general, but, in this werry partickler case, he might have made a xcepshun to his gineral rule.

There's a lovely pictur called Ambrosia, a ewident misprint for Hambrosia—probably a new kind of sandwich—in which there's a werry model of a good-looking waitress a carrying such a elegant little lunshon, as reelly made me quite hungry to look at. I thinks as the reel natives is quite a triumph of Hart. There's quite a grand pictur of the dear old Bank, with all the Carts and Cabs and Omnibuses, and people being all scrowged up together, just like life, and ewerybody a wondering how on earth they shall hever be able to cross, jest like life, and the Bus Coachman a flirtin with the lady passenger on the box, jest like life, and the Policeman a driving away the pore little beggar, jest like life. Ah, it's a reel lovely pictur that is, and werry creditabel to Mr. DOGSBAIL who I'm told painted it.

I think the most perthetic pictur in the hole lot is the one called "the Duncce." He's a setting all by hisself, pore feller, what they calls detained, a trying his werry best to do his lesson and he can't do it. And why, coz his thoughts is away out in the playground, where he hears the shouts and the laring of his skool-fellers. Now, what shoold I do, Doctor ARBOTT, if I was his master? Why, I shoold let him have a nouns run with his playmates, and then, when he cums in fresh and jolly, try him again, and praps he'd estonish you. I was a Duncce myself wunce, speshally at spelling, and that's how I was cured.

How werry contented all the Parsons looks, they lolls back in their cumferal chairs as much as to say to the tired visitors, "Don't you wish you had sitch chairs as these to set in?" Some of the Solgers looks at you jest as if they'd like to say, "What on airth are you staring at?"

I could only take jest a glance at the lovely landscapes; but oh, how nice and cool and earn they all looked, after the staring portrates with their flaring cullers.

ROBERT.

"THE Wye" is among STANFORD'S Tourist Guides for this season. He ought to issue another, called "The Wherefore." If he doesn't show cause for the tour, people will simply ask, "Why?" and stop at home.

MR. NEWTON will by this time have received quite a refreshing torrent of abuse on his devoted head. No—not torrent—Cass-cads.



REMARKS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNANSWERED.

Lady Godiva. "YES, MR. GREEN, I'VE BEEN PAINTED BY ALL THE MOST CELEBRATED ARTISTS OF MY TIME; BUT NOT ONE OF THEM HAS EVER DONE ME JUSTICE!"

Mr. Green. "WHAT—NOT EVEN SIR JOSHUA?"

MIXED PICKLES; OR, A VERY LATE PARTY.

SCENE—A Private Room. Two Eminent Statesmen discovered in consultation. Lists of past and present Members of Parliament, also political Maps of England, scattered about.

Lord R. Ch-reh-ll. Well, we're agreed about the name, then. It's to be the "National Radical Conservative Unionist Liberal Party," eh?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (doubtfully). Rather long, isn't it? Wouldn't the "Old England Party"—no connection with Dizzy's "Young England" ditto—sound better? And then we're safe to be called "Nationalists," and the word has such disagreeable associations.

Lord R. Ch-reh-ll (cheerfully). Pooh! What's in a name? I've been called lots of nasty ones before now.

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Yes, and called them yourself, too, sometimes.

Lord R. Ch-reh-ll (with gay indifference). Now to business. The most important thing we have to decide is—Who are to be the members of the New Party?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (confidently). Quite so. There'll be a perfect rush to join us. We shall have to "hold the fort" pretty strongly to prevent our being swamped. Mind, no weak compliance with what are called "social influences."

Lord R. Ch-reh-ll. No. And no claim for admission founded on mere relationship to be regarded for a moment.

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Hm! I don't know. Family life, you see, is, after all, the basis of the State; and so it's only fair that the State should do something for one's family in return.

Lord R. Ch-reh-ll (diplomatically). All right! Then we'll shelve that subject. Now, as regards the G. O. M. Suppose he found himself quite out in the cold, and wanted to join us, eh?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (decidedly). Not for a moment. Where would our "Dual Control" be then?

Lord R. Ch-reh-ll. Of course. Shouldn't we let in HARTINGTON? Yes. Well, how about SALISBURY?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Awkward if SALISBURY thinks of becoming member of New Party, eh?

Lord R. Ch-reh-ll (energetically). That's my view entirely. You

see, if SALISBURY joins, he'll want to be Prime Minister, and then where should I be?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (surprised). You! The question rather is, where I should be?

Lord R. Ch-reh-ll (hastily). Ah, well; then we'll shelve that subject too for the present. Wouldn't you—er—like—er—to go into the Lords, and lead them?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. You mean, of course, as Premier?

Lord R. Ch-reh-ll (modestly). I thought—ahem—that my natural qualifications for that post were so obvious that—but, as I said, let's drop the subject for a time. We can come back to it again. Now, what's to be the programme of the Party?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (with emphasis). There's no doubt about that, I should think. Free Education, of course. Then JESSE insists on allotments and free holdings—

Lord R. Ch-reh-ll (thoughtlessly). Hang JESSE!

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (with considerable dignity). Hang him? I intend JESSE as our first Chancellor of the Exchequer, or President of Board of Trade, I can tell you.

Lord R. Ch-reh-ll (gaily). All right. I don't mind, if you consent to WOLFF being next Governor-General of India. Army and Navy Estimates to be cut down Five Millions, each, eh?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Couldn't think of it. We must have a Fleet of some sort, you know.

Lord R. Ch-reh-ll (discontentedly). Then that subject will have to be shelved, too, I suppose. You don't mind, at any rate, a clean sweep being made of the present Admiralty and Ordnance officials, eh?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (heartily). Not a bit. No broom you can use will be too hard for them. They'll make it a dirty sweep before you've done. Then there's Local Government, of course.

Lord R. Ch-reh-ll. Readjustment of Taxation.

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Disestablishment—

Lord R. Ch-reh-ll. Eh? what?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (calmly). Don't be alarmed. We'll shelve that too, if you like.

Lord R. Ch-reh-ll (relieved). By all means. (With growing uneasiness.) But then, I say, after all, what is our programme? How does it differ from SALISBURY's, for instance?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (ingeniously). Oh, it's far more really Conservative than his, you know.

Lord R. Ch-reh-ll. Yes—(encouraged)—I see. Of course it is. And how does it differ from GLADSTONE's?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. GLADSTONE's? Oh, well—er—it's more really and truly Liberal than his!

Lord R. Ch-reh-ll (ruminating). That sounds all right. The question is, will the country believe it? And if we have to shelve so many questions in order to form our new National Party, shan't we run a risk of being shelved ourselves when the next "wave of progress" sweeps over the Constituencies? [Left ruminating.]

WORTH MENTIONING.

"WESTGATE-ON-SEA." *Mr. Punch* takes off his coat and westgate in this hot weather to correct a slight misquotation. *Mr. Punch* is represented as saying that none of the greatest Composers ever produced an air to equal "the exhilarating, recuperating air" of Westgate-on-Sea. Now *Mr. Punch*, when he wrote this (July 2), did not limit this lovely air to one particular spot, but described it as "the exhilarating, recuperating air of the Isle of Thanet." That Westgate is in Thanet is true, but the advertiser poetically uses the part for the whole, thereby omitting Birchington, Margate, Broadstairs, not to mention the inland villages (delightful in the fall of the year), and above all Ramsgate, which is not *Mr. Punch's* "sea-side resort," as is Westgate when he wants a northerly breeze, but *Mr. Punch's* sea-side Residence, where ten-twelfths of the year are delightful, where sky and sea come out in Mediterranean colour,—where it is Nice without its cold-catching dangers, where fruit and vegetables are flavoursome and plentiful, and where there is even more than a fair share of that exhilarating, recuperating air, of which the Isle of Thanet has the sole patent.

In one hour and forty minutes, the L. C. & D. takes the traveller from Town to Westgate, and in two hours to Ramsgate, by Granville Express from Victoria and Holborn Viaduct. On Sunday morning, starting at 10:30 A.M., the Jaded One can be down for lunch at Ramsgate by 12:30, and all the day before him.

A propos of the Granville Express, *Mr. Punch* had the pleasure of dining at the Granville Hotel the other evening, and a better dinner, better chosen, cooked, and served, could not be got anywhere in London, or out of it. The proprietor, Mr. QUATERMAIN EAST, may not wish this to be generally known, but *Mr. Punch*, who specially compliments the chef on his clear turtle and whitebait, thinks that he shall be doing a service to everybody by not keeping secret the story of this QUATERMAIN—not Mr. RIDER HAGGARD's "Allan,"—who means to remain the "Q in the corner" of the Isle of Thanet. "Q. E. D." and "D" stands for "Dinner."

LATEST STREET IMPROVEMENT.



Regent Street Tradesman. "LOOK HERE, MR. POLICEMAN, AS WE WANT THE JOB OF CLEARING UP THIS PLACE WELL DONE, WE 'LL DO IT OURSELVES."

"If you want a thing done, you should do it yourself,"
Is an excellent maxim, no doubt, in its way;
But, when citizens willingly part with their pelf,
They're entitled to claim some return for their pay.
BULL does not pay Bobbies to lounge on their beats,
And leave him at last to look after his streets.

About "Law and Order" there's plenty of talk,
But Order seems missing, and Law appears blind.
The streets of his City in safety to walk,
After stumping up taxes of every kind,
Is surely not much for a man to expect,
And excuses for failure he's prone to reject.

Sure, Regent Street is not Alsatia—not quite,
And this handing it over to rufflers and pests,

At whatever hour of the day or the night,
Is a thing against which civic judgment protests;
And BULL, when once roused, be you sure, will determine
Against caving in to noctivagant vermin.

Must Trade, then, turn scavenger, tradesmen turn out
With besom and basket to keep their ways clean?
The Bigwigs and Bobbies might like it, no doubt,
But BULL will demand what the dickens they mean.
He'll have his streets decent by daylight or dark;
For why should a man who keeps dogs have to bark?

FROM "NORMA."—Moonlight Serenade for Three Voices—a Magistrate, a Policeman, and a Home Secretary—in Regent Street—
"Cass-ta Diva, Incantatrice!"

"GESTA GRAYORUM."

THE *Times* of Thursday last in a learned article on the Gray's Inn Masque, records that "On the 28th February 1587, eight members of the Society were engaged in the production of *The Misfortunes of Arthur*," but on the occasion of *The Maske of Flowers* in 1887, the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn showed what could be done with the *Success of Arthur*; that is, of Master ARTHUR W. A. BECKETT, Master of the Revels. And indeed what could be done in Old Gray's Inn, was on that occasion quite a Revel-ation to most of us. Mr. *Punch* heartily congratulates the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn on possessing such a Revel-Master—he ought at once to be created Lord Revel-stoker—who is able to give life and form to so excellent an idea, who can design such exquisite costumes, compose such appropriate music, paint such perfect scenery, and instruct amateur pupils in the arts of elocution, action, singing and dancing.



Embodiment of an Arthurian legend. The Master of the Revels.

Mr. *Punch* is perfectly aware that the costumes were due to Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD'S designs and Mr. ALIAS'S workmanship, that the scenery was painted by the old stager JOHN O'CONNOR, that the music was composed and arranged by Messrs. PRENDERGAST and BIRCH-REYNARDSON, and that the dances were invented "with the assistance of MSS." (old English for "Master of the Seremonies") and taught by the experienced Mr. D'AUBAN. But the lawyers of Gray's well know that "*Qui facit per alium facit per se*,"—and in the case of the costumes, *Qui facit per ALIAS facit per se*—and so with the merit of what Master ARTHUR W. A. BECKETT executes by his chosen agents he himself is to be credited. It was a great success, from first to last. Just one word at parting. Mr. *Punch* hopes that the *Maske*, as it is, is not to be reproduced on the public stage. Such a proceeding, by depriving it of its venerable and appropriate surroundings, would vulgarise an entertainment which should have remained, within the precincts of Gray's Inn, archaic and unique.

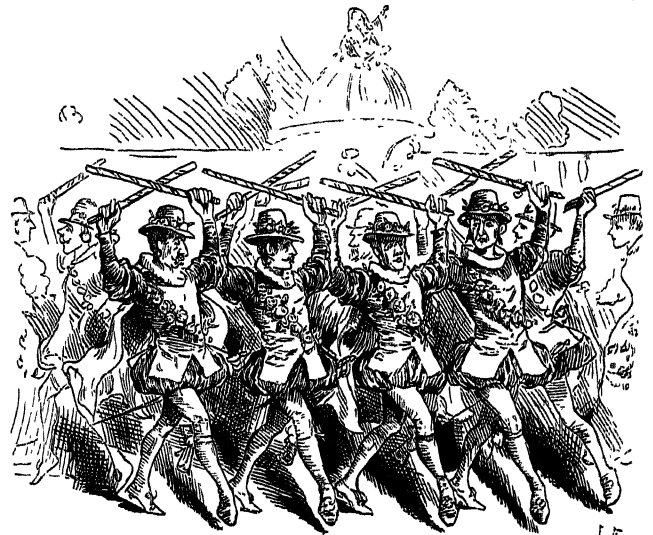
In Gray's Inn Hall.—Notes by a Very Ordinary Person.—Crushed. Difficulty with hat. That's why I dislike a *Matinée*, because you can't come in a crush hat. But you're sure to go away in a crush hat. Opera-hat in daytime looks so disreputable: suggestive of having been out all night. While hiding my hat, lost my book. Probably under lady's dress. No use trying for it. Band outside plays National Anthem, and a voice from a dark recess shouts out some word of command to the Beefeaters—(poor chaps, in this hot weather "the Overdone-Beefeaters"—fine-looking fellows with prime joints)—and then enter Royalties. Can't see them. They're seated. Enter, in front, tall young men in coloured tunics, knicker-bockers, and turn-down collars. What are these? The Backward Pupils of Gray's Inn? No. The Orchestra. It commences. There are fiddles, and basses, and a second-hand cracked piano, suggestive of having been hired from itinerant minstrels on Margate Sands. My neighbour asks me if the band is "COOTE and TINNEY?" My reply is evident—"More Tinny than Coot." Neighbour informs me that the cracked piano is really a very old instrument, in use about the time of Queen ELIZABETH. Exactly: just what I should have thought. The Benchers ought to have been rich enough by now to have bought a new one. When a thing is to be done, do it well. No cracked pianos. Not worth fourpence an hour.

Curtain up. Low arch representing entrance to Old Gray's Inn. Enter a Giant with a long white beard. I think he is Great Grandfather Christmas off Gog and Magog's twelfth-cake. He solemnly salutes the audience in military style. Why military? It suddenly occurs to me, "Is a Masque funny?" I ask my neighbour. He is uncertain. Evidently a cautious man; he will reserve his reply till he has seen it. Enter a Columbine, like "My Lady" used to be on a May Day. She talks to Great Grandfather Christmas, who seems frightened, and tries to back out of it. At present I don't quite catch the plot. Next neighbour says he doesn't think there is a plot. I ask him to look at his book. He says he is looking at it; but it's printed in some dialect he doesn't understand. Enter another Giant, dressed as a Jester. It appears that Great Grandfather Christmas has forgotten his part, or left it in the dressing-room, and the Giant Jester has kindly brought it him. No jokes as

yet. No good lines. My neighbour says this is the sort of thing Queen ELIZABETH liked. Did she! And the cracked piano, too, for music, which, on the exit of the Giants and the Columbine, comes out as strong as the poor old thing can when supported by violins and violoncellos.

Enter "*Silenus* and his Crew." I hear some one say this. Not a bit like a crew. Not a sailor among them. Perhaps as this is a Mask, they are sailors in disguise. *Silenus* is, of course, supposed to be intoxicated. If he is intended to represent an ugly old man, dismally drunk, and making painful efforts to catch a note, he succeeds to the life. Not funny, but clever. Splendid pantomimic property in the shape of a gigantic tobacco-pipe, carried by an Indian. My neighbour says, "Old ELIZABETH would have liked all this sort of thing." Poor dear! I pity her, I ask if Indian is to be taken as an advertisement for the Wild West? Neighbour replies, hesitatingly, that he knows the book has been altered from what it was three hundred years ago to suit the present time, so that perhaps I may be right. The cracked piano, which is having a hard day of it, breaks out into a lively measure. RED SHIRT, *SILENUS*, "and his crew" join in a dance, "*Crew Junction*"—but why not a hornpipe, if they're a crew?—and the Curtain descends on Part the First.

Part the Second.—Young Elizabethan Maidens in front of a bank of roses, and a fountain lighted up, as is the garden, with variegated lamps. "Figures look like Old Chelsea," my neighbour says. I return (because the variegated lamps and the illuminated fountains and the arbours appeal to bye-gone memories),—"Old Chelsea? Yes—Cremorne." Then the Maidens sing a dirge. Perhaps mourning, or Cre-morning, for the departure of lost glories. Then they open out gracefully, and discover the Columbine of Part the First with a lot of young men—(Oh!),—all seated together in the basin of the fountain. The young men in masks—(Aha!—now I see why this is called a Masque!—Now I am happy, whether Queen ELIZABETH would have liked it or not!)—come out of the fountain, quite dry, rather unpolitely leaving poor Columbine still in the basin under the dripping water. Maids of the Inn can and do sing charmingly.



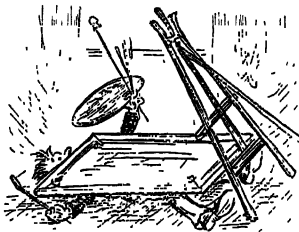
Limbs of the Law.

The Masquers can and do dance. Plot no object. It's all elegant and graceful, but distinctly sad, as how can it be anything else to the accompaniment of that cracked piano, whose temporary absence must deprive Margate Sands of much harmless enjoyment. "They haven't smiled once," I say to my neighbour. "No more have I," he replies crustily, but then explains that Queen ELIZABETH didn't like smiling unless she smiled first. The Masquing men are most anxious and attentive to their steps; the Ladies all delightful. Great applause. Encores. And during all this, the unfortunate Columbine remains sitting in the basin, with her feet in cold water, and her head apparently under a dripping *douche*. She must be of a most contented disposition, as whenever I catch sight of her she is smiling, somewhat rapidly it is true, but still smiling, and beating time on her knees, perhaps to keep herself as warm as possible in such a peculiarly damp situation.

The end is approaching: for the first time I notice some of the bolder Revellers begin to smile. At length re-enter the Giants, Great Grandfather Christmas & Co., and the Indians. They rescue Columbine from the fountain. Now I think I see the plot. I mention this to neighbour, triumphantly; but he says I mustn't talk while Royalty is leaving, as ELIZABETH wouldn't like it. So we join in "*God Save the Queen!*" and it's all over. *Exeunt omnes*. Must get a book.

WHIM-BUILDIN'.

(By Dumb Crambo, Junior.)



Under Canvas.



Marks-man-ship.



Pay Villian.



Shooting from the Shoulder.



Sight Adjustor.



De finer!

MORE JILLS IN OFFICE.

SCENE—Postal Counter of Shop in another part of Town. Two more Young Ladies (Miss RUTINA REDTAPE and Miss MINKS) discovered. At the counter a stout but agreeable Youth purchasing post-cards. Various Members of General Public behind, waiting. Miss REDTAPE is engaged at the telegraphic instrument.

Stout but Agreeable Youth (to Miss MINKS). Let's have another look at the thin ones.

Miss MINKS. Well, you are a difficult one to please! (With a killing glance.) There! Now, perhaps you'll make up your mind!

St. Y. Not so difficult to please as you fancy. But I am a little particular about post-cards. I write a good deal on post-cards.

Miss MINKS (archly). I hope you don't write your secrets on post-cards!

St. Y. If I do, you'll be able to read 'em, you know.

Miss MINKS. Do you suppose I've any time for reading rubbish? Besides—(more archly still)—I don't even know your handwriting.

St. Y. I write a very nice hand. You shall see it some day.

Impatient Member of Public. Will you kindly tell me if this letter will go for a penny? (Pathetically.) I've been waiting some time!

Miss MINKS (in injured tone). I can't possibly attend to more than one at a time! (To Stout Youth.) You'll get me into trouble, you see, if you're so faddy about choosing. You are so silly over it!

St. Y. I daresay you'll think it rather odd, but I don't seem able to make up my mind. (Insinuatingly.) Suppose you choose for me?

Miss MINKS. Perhaps you won't like what I choose?

St. Y. Don't make yourself at all uneasy about that.

Miss MINKS (coquettishly). I don't. There's a packet of thick ones for you. Now, give me eightpence, and go away.

St. Y. The idea of expecting a fellow to have eight-pence about him!

Another Impatient Member of Public. Dozen penny stamps, Miss, please.

Miss MINKS. If you'll kindly wait till I have finished with this gentleman!

St. Y. (in undertone). You have finished with this gentleman—done for him completely!

Miss MINKS. Do you think I don't know better than to believe such nonsense! I shall get into such a row for keeping these people waiting—and it's all your fault. [Plaintively.]

St. Y. Poor little girl—they do work you awfully hard! I'll go (sentimentally), but I shall keep these post-cards always!

Miss REDTAPE (reading a telegram). Chipperfield Lodge, Chipperfield, near Uxbridge. Can't send that, Sir.

Author of Message. Can't send it? Nonsense! Why?

Miss R. (who suffers from a fixed idea; with deliberate precision). Because it is insufficiently addressed.

A. of M. (much astonished). Where on earth is the insufficiency?

Miss R. "Near Uxbridge"—you must alter that before I can send it.

A. of M. That's the address I was given; I've no reason to believe it wants adding to, and I can't add anything!

Miss R. Then I can't send it.

[A. of M. remonstrates in vain, pleads, and urges—Miss RUTINA remains obdurate, and he has to retire, helpless.]

Miss MINKS (gabbling out form handed in by anxious-looking Lady). "For love of Heaven do nothing of kind. Come to me at once, TINY"—you want that to go as it is?

Anr. Lady. Yes—yes—there's no irregularity in it, is there?

Miss MINKS (severely). You know that better than I can tell you. Limmer's? Limmer's what?

Anr. Lady. Limmer's Hotel.

Miss MINKS. Then that will be another halfpenny—it will be sent off in its proper turn.

Enter a German Servant.

German Serv. (to Miss R.). I vas to gif you zis deilegram, please.

Miss R. Very well—you can leave it. Stop—who's it addressed to? (With much decision.) This won't do!

Germ. Serv. I vas to gif it to you. Is it not for ze Lord Meyer?

Miss R. Lord Mayor, yes, I see that well enough, but where?

Germ. Serv. I subbose vere he dwell at—I do not know how you gall it—on ze ondergroundt I zink it is.

Miss R. Don't know any Lord Mayor who lives underground—can't take it like this.

Officious Bystander. He means the Mansion House. I should think that would find the Lord Mayor without much difficulty, wouldn't it?

Miss R. (chillingly). Can't say, I'm sure. (To Servant.) Go back and ask your Master if he means Mansion House, to say so.

Germ. S. (blankly). He is goned away—he vill not be pack undil efening.

Miss R. Then ask him, then.

Germ. S. I zink it vas important—eef you gould dry at ze Mansions haus, berhaps—?

Miss R. I've no authority to put in anything beyond what's given me to send—if your Master will give an insufficient address, it's not my fault, and you can tell him so.

Off. Bystander (to Miss R.). But hang it all! There's only one Lord Mayor in London at all events!

Miss R. How do I know it's for London at all?

Bystander. I should have thought you might have risked it!

Miss R. I can't help what you would have thought, Sir; I know my own business. (To Germ. S.) I've given you my answer.

[Exit German Servant resignedly, his idea of a Lord Mayor somewhat lowered; Miss REDTAPE stamps letters with the serenity of conscious rectitude. Scene closes in.]

Arms and the (Police) Man.

"THIRICE is he armed who hath his quarrel just."

But sure that Force in self-defence will fail

Whose only armour, 'gainst the critic thrust,

Is found to be "Black Mail."

VISITING LISZT.—The latest and one of the most interesting papers on this erratic Abbé, is to be found in the *Month* for July. *Tolle, lege*. Also see *London Society* for *The Hired Baby*. The story is pathetic with here and there a vein of cynical humour. As for the moral—well, you can't expect much of a moral from a hired baby.

A Dark Look-Out.

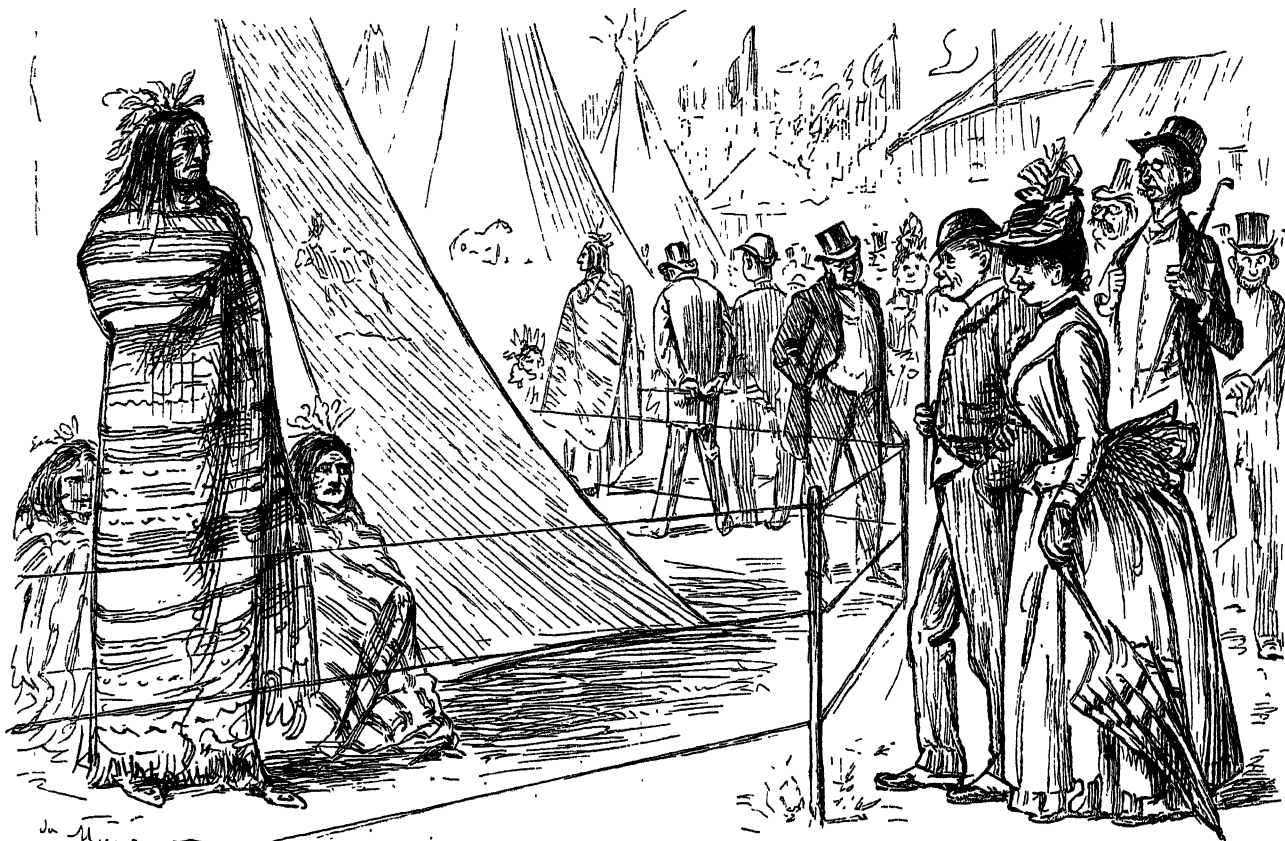
"There is no public career in India for the native of India."—*Echo*.

"THE world's mine oyster" 'tis in vain to sing,

If for a "Native" there's no "opening."

CUCUMBER CHRONICLES, by ASHBY STERRY. Light reading, easily carried, and not at all cu-cumbersome. Nothing Melon-choly about them. Can't say any more because it's so hot, and we've only just cut the cucumber. Of course you must be in a cucumber frame of mind to thoroughly enjoy them.

TAG FOR THE THIRSTY.—One swallow does not make a summer—drink.



DEVELOPMENT OF SPECIES UNDER CIVILISATION.

'Arriet. "OW, 'ARRY! I S'Y! H'YNT 'E A UGLY COWVE!"

NEWTON AND THE APPLE.

A Modern Version of an Old Story.

ALL wisdom is not to be found,
In immortal philosopher's pages;
Common-sense in its common-place round
Sometimes floors all the saps and the sages.
The doses administered thus,
Are regarded as nauseous drenches,
But oftentimes folly and fuss,
Are discovered on woollacks and benches;
And big-wigs in bumpitiousness solemnly
Will find themselves better sometimes for a bolus.

The dignified mazes of Law,
'Tis pariously easy to trip in,
The truth that a *savant* once saw,
In the casual fall of a pippin,
The Bench's calm height ought to scan,
More clearly than mortals thereunder.
But—your Magistrate is but a man,
And Man is much given to blunder.
An obstinate Beak or a cynical Q.C.,
Sometimes plays the fool—that is wisdom in nuce!

This gentleman stretched at his ease,
Looked monstrously wise and complacent
How green the umbrageous trees!
How verdant the country adjacent!
Would anyone hint, save a pump,
That he is not high equity's model?
"Stand down, Mr. Critic, or—" thump!
The Sage receives one for his noddle.
Gravitation from Magistrates' rules is exempt,
And a pippin you cannot commit for contempt.

Little Public Opinion will reckon,
Though austere Rhadamanthus should
And even a haughty Home Sec., [chide it,
In vain will assume to deride it.
It does not fear satire or scathe
From Minos, though knowing and nobby,
And certainly won't pin its faith,
To the Bench's pet fetish, the Bobby.
To make him an oracle's coming it strong,
For even a Constable sometimes goes wrong.

Our NEWTON's, "*Principia*" too,
Punch rejects in a fashion emphatic.
No, *Shallow*, my boy, they won't do,
They're at least as absurd as dogmatic.
The Curfew you'd better restore;
You'd no doubt be delighted to do so,
But you won't close the West-End at four,
Until, like poor *Robinson Crusoe*,
Or *Selkirk*, you're "monarch of all you survey," [day.

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Will not close the case against Cass.
Sound sense seems abundantly lacking
In Courts and in Cabinets too;
And Public Opinion will grapple
With bunglers like MATTHEWS and you;
So NEWTON, my boy, 'ware the apple!
You'll probably spy out a lesson or two,
In this story, that's old, with a moral that's new!

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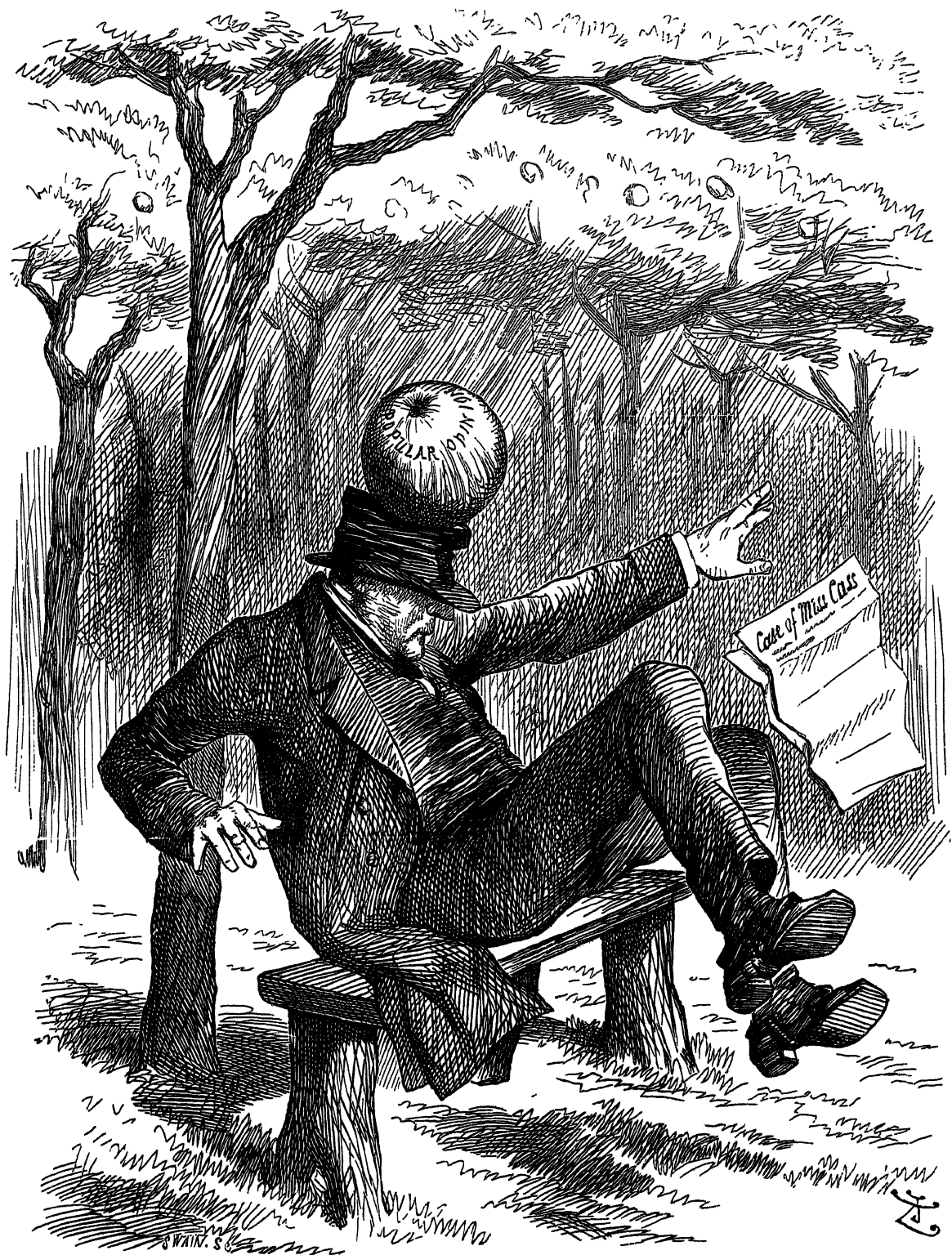
A TESTIMONIAL.

ON the front page of this week's *Christian Age* is an excellent portrait of a Christian Youth, Mr. Deputy BEDFORD as *Sir Adonis Evergreen*. Age! What has he got to do with Age, whether a Christian Age or any other? He is not for an Age but for all time, and if "Age is before Honesty," then at what period of his existence—but this is to inquire too curiously into the future. Suffice it to say that there is something in this particular Page which reminds us of an eminently respectable Waiter, not unknown to the public, and to more than one public it may be, as—"ROBERT." Christian Youth, *Salve Flos Waiterum!* and in these "salad days," *Salvete Flores Tomatorum!*

IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—The New Rooms at the National Gallery may now fairly claim to present "the finest 'sight' in Europe." Thanks to Sir FREDERICK BURTON and Mr. EASTLAKE, who, like the great naval hero on the top of the column in the neighbourhood, may congratulate themselves on having done what the Nation expects them to do—their duty. And so here's our duty to you, Sir FREDERICK and Mr. EASTLAKE!

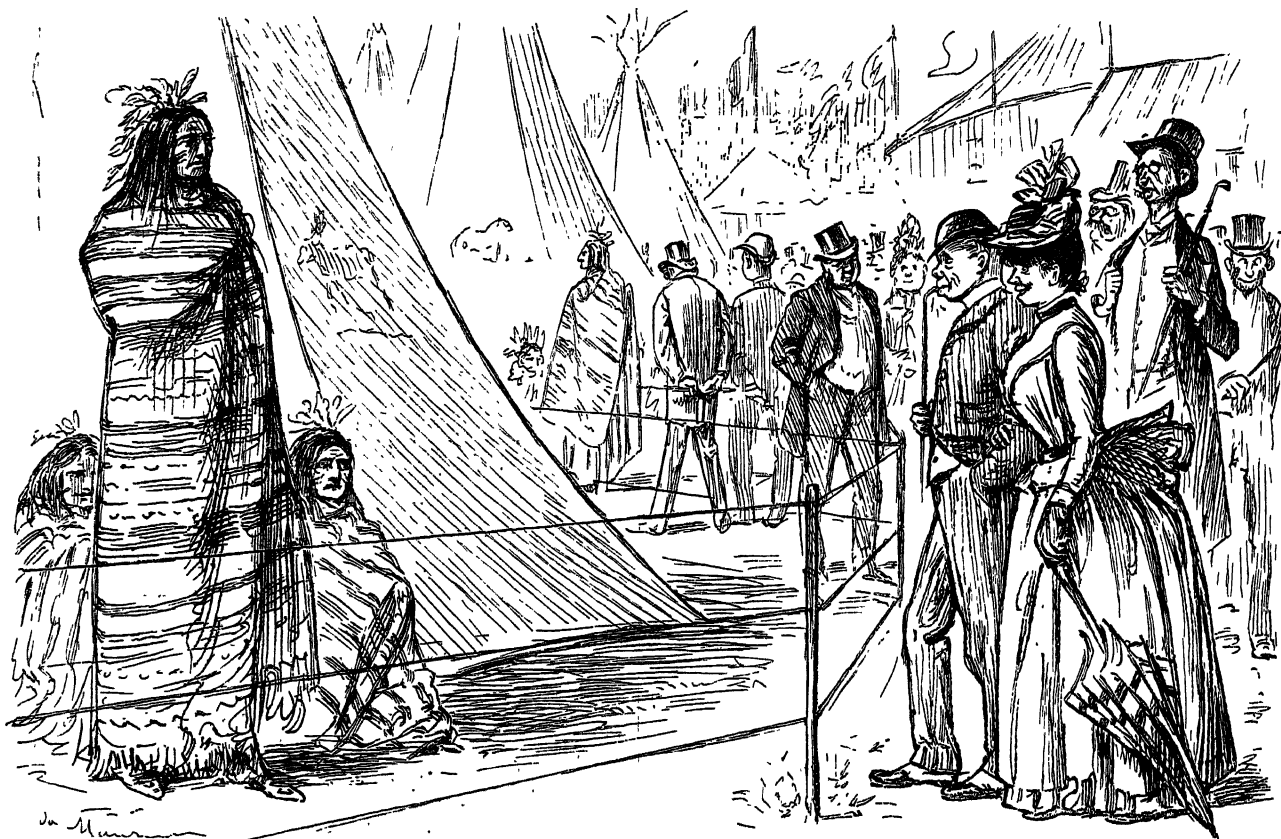
POLITICAL MENSURATION.—When the Gladstonians say that we are "within measurable distance" of Home Rule, do they mean that that distance is to be measured by a (National) League?

LORD BRAMWELL, "the Busy B" of the *Times*.



NEWTON AND THE APPLE.

(THE LATEST VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.)



DEVELOPMENT OF SPECIES UNDER CIVILISATION.

'Arriet. "OW, 'ARRY! I S'Y! H'YNT 'E A UGLY COWVE!"

NEWTON AND THE APPLE.

A Modern Version of an Old Story.

ALL wisdom is not to be found,
In immortal philosopher's pages;
Common-sense in its common-place round
Sometimes floors 'all the saps and the
sages.
The doses administered thus,
Are regarded as nauseous drenches,
But oftentimes folly and fuss,
Are discovered on woollacks and benches;
And big-wigs in bumptiousness solemnly
solus,
Will find themselves better sometimes for a
bolus.

The dignified mazes of Law,
'Tis pariously easy to trip in,
The truth that a *savant* once saw,
In the casual fall of a pippin,
The Bench's calm height ought to scan,
More clearly than mortals thereunder.
But—your Magistrate is but a man,
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NEWTON AND THE APPLE.

(THE LATEST VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.)



THE TRIANGULAR DUEL OF THE OPERATIC MANAGERS.

LORD'S AND LADIES. (July 8, 1887.)

Lady loquitor:—

BATTLE of Blues? There's the blue of the skies and eyes aristocratic, But take the array all around the true battle is polychromatic. Eh? FAIR *versus* BRAND? Ah! of course; but you cannot expect us to narrow The rainbow of Fashion to favour the yearnings of Eton and Harrow. Nice lads, *very* nice; always like Eton boys, when they haven't got "pots" on, And there is a good deal that's "smiting" in Whatshisname—no, I mean WATSON; But Blue's not so *chic* as it was, and a triumph in azure is barren, That is, to a girl who is simply a girl, and not A. C. M'LAREN, White has it to-day, my dear BLANCHE, though a spotting of scarlet and crimson Gleams over the ground, for sweet woman *will* take most peculiar whims on. A nice bit of Chelsea? Eh? What? Oh! that plucky Lord CHELSEA, dear fellow! Not out, seventy-two; very good!—but *do* look at that girl in bright yellow! It seems to add heat to the sun that is beating and broiling our backs on. Eh? Why doesn't FAIR make more use of his capital fast bowler, JACKSON? I'm sure I don't know. EDITH BLAND all alone there, poor faded forlorn flower! Yes, Harrow has rather hard luck, and I wish I had mounted a cornflower; But blue doesn't suit me a bit; and why *can't* they change colours with seasons, These Teams? Oh! don't argue it, please, there's no muddle like male creatures' *reasons*. That lady in heliotrope graceful? Dear me! why she walks like Pa's heifer, Eat? Oh! it's too hot; I could lunch on a strawberry plus an iced zephyr. Well, y-e-es, *one* more glass of champagne, and that salad is really delightful.— Why FLOSS had three helps to my two, that child's appetite really is frightful! Oh! what's that? Poor FAIR out again? Now I think that's unfair. Oh! no pun, Sir—I never *do* pun, if you please, and most surely not under this sun, Sir. There are too many ways, don't you think, so? of getting "out"; bowlings, and catches, And stumpings, and—what's l. b. w.? Always see that in these matches— Oh! there is Prince CHRISTIAN! I *wish* that the lads had less powerful voices, This shouting must hurt Harrow's feelings, and if she *has* fewer "old choices" That isn't *her* fault, I suppose, and they ought to allow her more batters. That would harrow poor Harrow much more? Well, I really *can't* fathom such matters. Ah! RAPHAEL seems a sweet name; and he's "out for a duck" too; how horrid! Why, even poor GOSLING made *four*. Oh, dear me, 'tis tremendously torrid! And, how they *can* run so— There, listen to ISABEL SMYTHE, *do* just listen. She's coached up in Cricketing slang; she has "crammed" for it. How her eyes glisten! "Oh! bowled, Sir, indeed! Caught, Sir, caught!"—And she rhymes "bowled" to "howled." Most disgusting! Last over? Hope Harrow will pull up to-morrow. Of course they are trusting

In mighty M'LAREN again. But oh, if their colours they'd vary! Unless you've a brother, you know, or a lover like MILDRED and MARY. In one team or other, it's hard to get up an emotion that's "humming," For dark blue and light are so like, Sir, and neither is *very* becoming.

New Room Notes, National Gallery.

"The Three Graces," now well placed, had been previously "skied." But didn't this show that Sir JOSHUA's work ranked uncommonly high in the opinion of the former hangers?

It is not surprising that among Sir ROBERT PEET's Collection there should have been several charming Constables. These Pictures ought to be called and known as "Peelers."

SONGS AT STAMBOUL.

(Sung by Sir Henry Drumm W-Lff.)

I.—L'ADIEU À LA PORTE.

Air—"The Good-bye at the Door."

Of all the memories of the past
That long will haunt my dreams,
This scene upon my soul will cast
The brightest, gladdest beams.
I've really had the jolliest spree,
Though S-L-SB-RY cuts it short;
Memory will oft recall to me
The Good-bye to the Porte.

My stay out here may have estranged
The closest friends I knew;
R-ND-LPH, I think, seems rather changed;
Will B-LF-B prove more true?
No happy hours again for me
In this sweet clime to sport!
I cannot contemplate with glee
This Good-bye to the Porte.

II.—GOOD-BYE, SWEET PORTE,
GOOD-BYE!*Air—"Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye!"*

My bright hopes fade, my heart is breaking
(I feel inclined to cuss our Chief),
And I from thee my leave am taking,
After a stay too brief, too brief.
How sinks my heart with strange alarms!
An angry tear obscures my eye.
Stamboul, they drive me from thy charms;
Good-bye, sweet Porte, good-bye!

My innings end,—without much scoring,—
Loud swells the Rad's derisive jeer.
If France I long have failed in flooring,
Still I was here, still I *was* here.
If I could keep my place (and pay'),
Patient diplomacy to ply,
I would not leave thee though I say
Good-bye, sweet Porte, good-bye!

GRANDOLPH'S TEACHINGS.—When you rush in to dress at five minutes to eight, and you are to dine two miles off at eight sharp, when your shoe-strings break, your studs roll on the floor, your links refuse to catch, and you suddenly discover an iron-mould in the centre of your shirt-front, then when a sweet patient voice from the other room says, "O my dear! don't use such awful language!" then bethink you of GRANDOLPH, and explain that your fervent utterances were only "blessings in disguise."

COVENT GARDEN OPERA.—*Mr. Punch's* advice,—if *Lohengrin* is given again, with the same cast as it had last Saturday, go and hear it. A real treat.



THE PROVINCIALS!

Northern Belle. "DID YOU GO UP TO THE ACADEMY SOIREE?"

Masher. "AH—M—M—NO. I—AH—SELDOM GO TO LONDON NOW. MY TAILOR COMES DOWN NORTH THREE OR FOUR TIMES A YEAR!"

PAVING THE WAY FOR HIM.

It is understood that at the final sitting of the Sobranje it was decided to submit to Prince FERDINAND of Saxe-Coburg the following memorandum of terms for his acceptance:—

That he shall forward, together with his references, his photograph on approval.

On it being notified to him that these have been considered satisfactory, he shall state whether he understands the confidence and three-card tricks, and also what acquaintance he possesses with the heavier feats of advanced *leger-de-main* that would warrant his active intervention in the diplomatic intrigues of Eastern Europe.

That he shall provide his own crown, which must be a decidedly showy affair, and should be so constructed as, by a little manipulation, it could, in any sudden outbreak of popular fury, be made to assume the appearance of an ordinary top-hat.

That his coronation-robe should be reversible, and, when turned inside out, serve as a dressing-gown that would be available for night surprises of a revolutionary character.

That he should be supplied with six bullet-proof shirts, to be worn on important State occasions, and have not less than twelve complete theatrical disguises for purposes of escaping with his life beyond the frontiers after the passing of unpopular measures.

That he will be expected to have sufficient command of the Russian language to enable him to indite an occasional defiant and offensive epistle to the CZAR as occasion may require.

That he must understand that his household will be composed partly of traitors, whom, however, as the Government will see that his bedroom door is provided with an extra bolt, he need only keep carefully under his eye during the day-time.

That the salary for discharging the above functions will be \$200 per annum, payable quarterly in advance, and guaranteed as recoverable by personal service, on the properties of the unpopular chiefs of the Opposition.

OFFICIAL OBJECT LESSONS.

COMPLAINING of the foul condition of the bathing-lakes in Victoria Park, Mr. PICKERSGILL asked the First Commissioner of Works "to accompany him one morning to see the state of the Lakes for himself." There is some reason to believe that, acting on this admirable suggestion, official expeditions will be organised to other places; for instance:—

The Duke of BEDFORD will attend at Covent Garden Market at two o'clock in the morning and stay there till mid-day, and see how he likes it.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will consent to be locked inside a barricaded Irish hovel when an eviction is expected.

The Ranger of Kensington Gardens—if there is one, or, failing him, the Deranger—will visit the neighbourhood of the Round Pond, and notice the adroit manner in which the turf has been removed so as just to prevent the full enjoyment of the gardens by the public during the whole of the present summer.

Mr. MATTHEWS, as an Amateur and very Casual Defendant, will go round the various Metropolitan Police-courts, and attempt to give evidence contradicting that of policemen, and will thus obtain a valuable insight into Magisterial department.

Selected Members of the Vestries and of the Metropolitan Board of Works will harness themselves to omnibuses, and attempt to drag the vehicles, when fully loaded, over watered wood and asphalt without slipping.

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY, disguised as a troubled parishioner in need of spiritual advice, will call on any London Curate and ask him his real unvarnished opinion on his Vicar's proposal that he should "give liberally" to the Church House Scheme.

Mr. GLADSTONE will "take a place" in Kerry and try to collect his own rents.

Mr. LABOUCHERE will negotiate with the Sublime Porte himself, at half Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF's salary, and promise not to grumble.

And, every Member of Parliament who has ever promised to "do something" to improve the Dwellings of the Poor, and has done nothing, will spend the whole of August in a slum-dwelling in Whitechapel.

Old Doggerel Adapted.

SOME say to keep the realm compact,
We must stick to the Union-Act;
Others, that to be one, and feel it,
We must immediately repeal it.
Strange that such difference should be,
'Twixt Union and Unity!

How perfect Mr. RIDER HAGGARD's latest story would be, if it weren't for his persistent introduction of the low comedian, a stagey French cook of the old farcical order. Couldn't he "find another way to (comic) man his Haggard?" This quotation is from *The Taming of the Shrew*, adapted.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

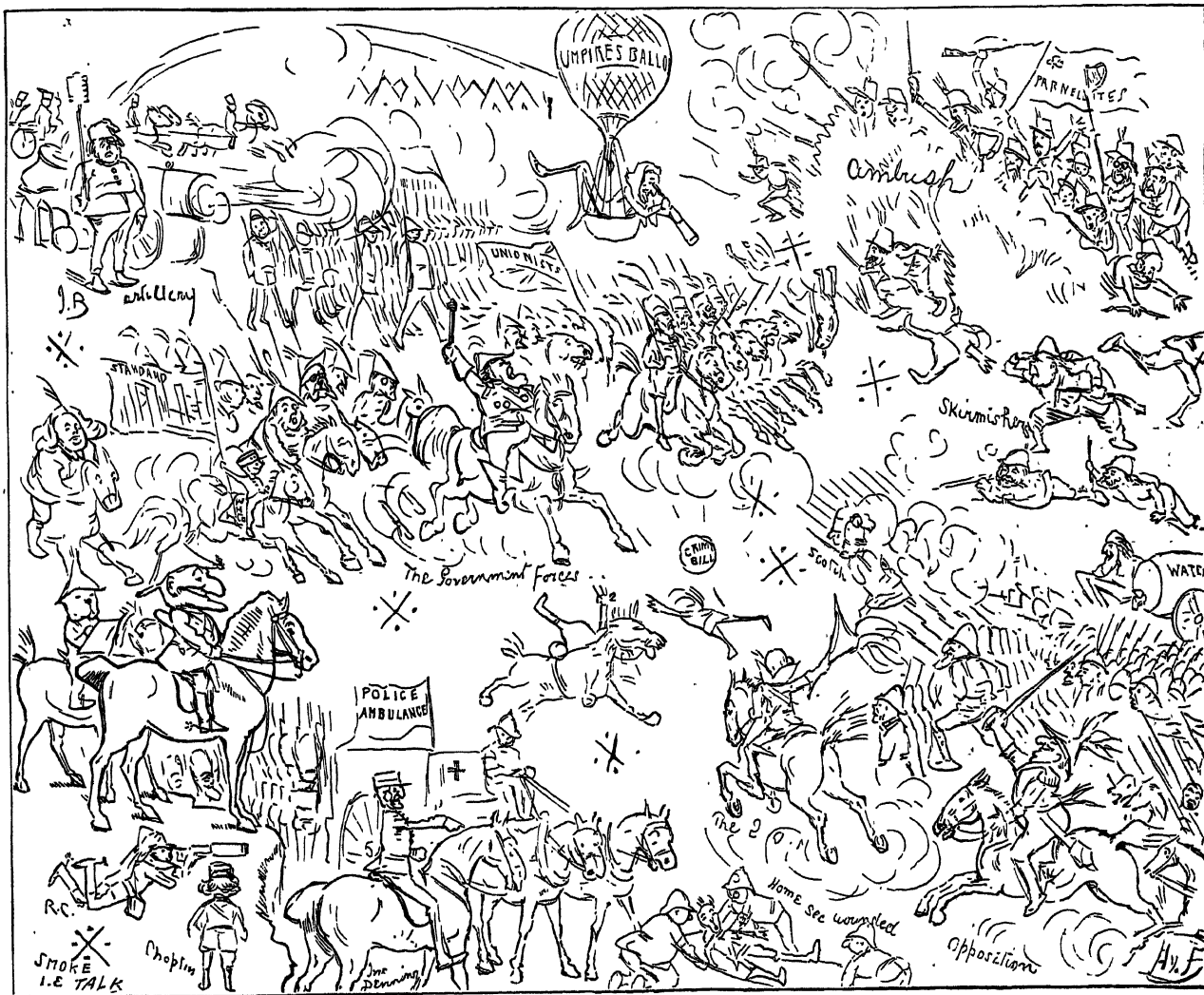
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 4.—Floor of House strewn with crackers to-night, popping off unexpectedly as proceedings advanced. Immediately after Questions, ARTHUR BALFOUR brought up to whipping-post. For so clever a young man ARTHUR has made serious mistake. Gave definite pledge upon certain clause of Coercion Bill, then omitted to fulfil it, and finally, when challenged, wriggled about and endeavoured to show that his remissness of no

desperation. GLADSTONE had declared that he and his friends had not been charged with conniving at Obstruction.

"If the charge has not been made," said GOSCHEN, trying to edge himself behind the plump figure of Old Morality, "it shall be made, and I make it."

This brought up HARCOURT, who called GOSCHEN "a deserter." This did not add to general amity of proceedings. Opposition cheered; Conservatives howled; then, amid uproar, a voice was heard denouncing the conduct of Members of the Government as "wanting in dignity and decorum." The voice spoke more in sorrow than in anger. There was a tear in every syllable. It was clear that, out of the fulness of a heart crushed with pain at wit-



F.M. PUNCH'S PARLIAMENTARY REVIEW.

Fac-Simile of Sketch made by our Special Artist on the Field.

practical consequence. House doesn't like wriggling. Nobody but HART-DYKE came to assistance of beleaguered Minister, and he was incontinently put down by SPEAKER. HALLEY-STEWART, that child of victory, came in fresh from Spalding. Greeted with thunderous cheers from Opposition who have plucked up spirits wonderfully.

Old Morality, in his oldest and most moral manner, moved to appropriate remaining time of House for Government business. Fire opened upon him from all sides in protest against arrangement. Every man with a Bill wanted day to bring it forward. CHAPLIN in most magnificent manner joined in protest. SMITH having replied in detail seemed that the incident was closed. But in fact was only beginning. SMITH had greatly shocked GLADSTONE by incidentally alluding to Opposition as "entirely unparalleled in annals of Parliament." GLADSTONE, recalling some scenes between 1880 and 1885, raised his hands appealingly to 'high heaven against the statement. JOHN MORLEY dashed in with vigorous speech; then GOSCHEN came to front, wringing his hands and working himself up to height of

nessing these unruly proceedings, the mouth spoke. The voice not unfamiliar. All eyes turned to the quarter whence it proceeded. Who could it be that thus added a final reproach to a guilty and trembling Government? Who, in accents trembling with conviction and emotion, convicted it of "lack of decorum and dignity?"

It was JOSEPH GILLIS!

Business done.—Government secured all remaining days of Session.

Tuesday Night.—"A bad Cass, a very bad Cass," murmured Old Morality, moving uneasily on his seat. It was Seven o'Clock. Things certainly looking very bad. At Question-time, ATHERLY-JONES, who had been watching the case for some time, asked the HOME SECRETARY whether he had made inquiry into the Regent Street affair, and if so, what was the result? HOME SECRETARY had, from the first, blundered hopelessly. When first questioned peremptorily refused to interfere. Then CHAMBERLAIN interposed and backed up claim for inquiry. MATTHEWS with ludicrous haste knuckled down and

gave desired promise. This was on Friday last. Now went back from promise and declined to have anything to do with affair. House evidently angry. **ATHERLY-JONES** moved adjournment: supported by over a hundred, and debate entered upon. **CADINE** and **DODDS** struggled for honour of seconding Motion. **DODDS** won. Seems Miss **CASS**'s father is one of his constituents and a most respectable man.



"On the watch."

me. But he stuck to office and salary. I said nothing, but I thought the more. Waited for my chance, and here it is."

So **GRANDOLPH** prodded **MATTHEWS** in the back, buffeted him about the head, and made him begin to wish that he'd resigned long ago. Motion for adjournment of House carried to a Division, and Government defeated by Majority of Five!

"A bad Cass—a very bad Cass!" repeated Old Morality, as he picked up his papers, and went off in unexpectedly good time for dinner.

Business done.—The HOME SECRETARY'S.

Wednesday.—**HENRY MATTHEWS** spent pleasant quarter of an hour this afternoon. **SMITH** came down, and surrendered unconditionally in the **CASS** case. Promised to make the inquiry which **MATTHEWS** had refused. **JOHN DILLON** suggested that, in order to save time, Ministers should in future make up their minds what to do before the Division was taken. **MATTHEWS** said nothing. Rather sorry for him. Thought I'd cheer him up a bit.

"Don't take this too much to heart," I said. "Good deal of talk about it just now, but soon be forgotten."

"Take what to heart?" he asked, with pretty air of surprise.

"**SMITH** is only confirming what I said when I promised an inquiry."

"But then you refused it afterwards."

"Exactly. So, if **SMITH** had come down and refused the inquiry, I would still have been all right. Don't you see?"

I didn't, quite. Perhaps it will come on further reflection. *Business done.*—Supply.



† Past and Present Members for Woodstock.

GRANDOLPH found **MATTHEWS** on Treasury Bench, looking as if nothing had happened, and as if nothing was going to happen. House curiously crowded, considering. The old story over again, with just a difference in enumeration of the chapter. Hitherto been

on Coercion Bill, First Reading. Second Reading, Committee Stage, and Report Stage. Now Third Reading moved. **GLADSTONE** begins it all over again, as if nothing had yet been said. Benches filled to hear him, and no one moved till speech ended in glowing peroration. Then Members, simultaneously struck with conviction that they'd heard this before, streamed out. Rest of Sitting dull talk and empty benches. *Business done.*—Third Reading of Coercion Bill moved.

Friday.—Coercion Bill through at last! Final bout of talking dull till towards end, when **DILLON** made one of his impassioned speeches (wonderfully improved has **JOHN** since he first entered House). **HARCOURT** stroked Ministerialist back wrong way; and **GOSCHEN** replied in animated speech. One little flash disturbed monotony of earlier part of sitting. Elderly young man, name of **COLERIDGE**, trotted out again the mean and spiteful reference to Old Morality's Book-stall connection. O. M., for once moved to anger, hotly resented impertinence.

Haven't we had enough of this now? It was **TIM HEALY** began it. Not desirable that men without a tithe of **TIM**'s talent should imitate his ingrained ill-manners.

Business done.—Coercion Bill passed by Majority of 87.

SONG BY SIR ABEL HANDY.

'Twas on a summer morning in this tropical July,
A happy thought impelled me an experiment to try.
Hot early, weather promised to be more hot later on:
What were the highest grade the glass would register anon?
A delicate thermometer, the Fahrenheit, was mine;
I placed it in the solar-beams direct, A.M., at nine.
It shortly rose to ninety; and by ten reached twenty more;
Eftsoon degrees one-hundred-nine-and-twenty was the score;
Glass went on rising near as high as it was marked to go.
A hundred, three times ten, and six the highest it could show.
Excelsior! as **LONGFELLOW**'s ascending Pilgrim cried;
So I began to marvel what was going to betide,
Expanding still the spirit rose within, ere noon had past,
Till bang went my thermometer, the brittle tube had brast!
My old and well-tried servant through ten years in hot or cold,
At last it suddenly went smash, a pity to behold,
I sat me down and sent the *Post* the story of its loss,
Take warning all Philosophers my tale who come across!
Experimental Science—mind the moral that I sing—
Is with a little knowledge in pursuit a parlous thing.

IN CONVOCATION.

THE Bishops are considering the "Amen-Corner" Amen-ments to the Catechism. *Dr. Punch* happening to drop into the Upper House as a cool retreat on a July day, reminded their Lordships of the touching appeal of *Little Billee* when he went "down upon his bended knees" to the inhuman *Gorging Jack* and *Guzzling Jimmy*, imploring a short respite in these words:—

"O let me say my Catechism
As my poor mother taught to me."

And *Mr. P.* asked the Upper House to pause before adding another burden to the sorely tried child on a hot Sunday. Also the learned Doctor of Divinity wished to ask why, when amending, is it considered necessary to preserve the prim archaic style of English, which is nowadays only associated with the strictest Quaker, and which is so suggestive of formality and unreality? Why say "What meanest thou," and so forth? It was Puritanical; now it is pedantic. The Bishops agreed with *Mr. Punch*, but the Thermometer being 120°, they adjourned to the "Wholly Shade," adjoining the lawn-tennis ground.

It is pleasant to record how something was done in the House of Laymen. Lord **NELSON** said he had received a blow on the head, from a draught. The President wanted to know if it was a draught of a resolution? Lord **NELSON** explained that it wasn't. He had alluded to an air-draught. He wished to propound the old theological question, "*Cur induit albam Millerus tegulam?*" with its answer, "*Ut caput servat calidum.*" ("Hear, hear!") He wished to know whether, for the reason above mentioned, he might wear his hat. The President remarked that he thought it would be out of order if he did. Earl **NELSON** observed that he would soon be out of order if he didn't, as he should have a severe cold. Mr. **HUBBARD**, M.P., who is to be made a Peer, with the title of *Earl-y-CHURCHHOUSE*, was understood to say that if he wasn't allowed to wear his hat, he knew he should have a *gravamen* to-morrow. The President then gave the required permission. Hats are now worn in the House of Laymen.



Head of a Chapter.

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

No Amateur Reciter can consider himself fully equipped for the Drawing-room or Platform unless he is furnished with at least one poem in dialect, and Mr. Punch has accordingly commissioned from his Poet a recitation couched in the well-known vernacular of Loompshire. Loompshire, it need hardly be explained, is the county where most of the stage-rustics come from. The author of this little poem ventures to hope that philologists will find much deserving of careful study in some of the local expressions and provincialisms, while he can guarantee their entire authenticity, as they are mostly of his own invention. The phraseology is strictly copyright and must not be infringed, except by a dignitary of archiepiscopal rank for a charitable purpose. As for the piece itself, it is founded on a little anecdote related to the poet, which he believes has not hitherto seen the light in a metrical form. It has a good old-fashioned double title, viz:—

MICHAELMAS DAY; OR, HOW TAMMAS PATTLE VERY NEARLY COOKED HIS GOOSE.

Begin by explaining the situation, thus:—"This is supposed to be spoken by a Loompshire cottager, who overhears a stranger admiring the goodly proportions of his goose,"—then start with as broad a drawl as you can assume. Remember that to be effective you must be unintelligible.



"Bewty," I 'ears ya carl her?—aye, ya niver spoöke truthfuller wurréd!
Rammack t' cuntry side ovver, an ya weánt see no foiner burred!
Passon he axed ma to sell her—but I towld him, "Beánt o' naw use—"

She's as mooch of a Chris'en as moást," I sez, "if she's no nobbut a guse!"

Coom, then! (*This coazingly, to an imaginary bird—be careful not to seem to make any invidious distinctions among your audience.*) . . . Naäy, but she wunna! she's gotten a wull of her oan!
Looók at the heye of her,—pink an' greëy, loike t'fire in a hopal stoän!

Howsiver she sims sa hinnercent-loike, she's a fol-lerin' arl I saäy:

An' I boärt'er at Kettleby Feär, I did, two year coom Cannelmás Daäy.

Araminta her neäme is—but I carls'er "Minty," fur shoärt,

She weánt naw moor nor a goslin' o' coorse, what taime she wur boärt: But a' knawed she'd turn out a rare 'un, to jedge by her weëight an' feäl, An' I reckoned to fat her by Michaelmas Eve, ef I buzzled'er oop wi meäl, Mayhappen ya'll ardy beleäve ma—but she unnerstood fra' the fust, What wur hepected of 'er, (*with a senile chuckle.*) I thowt that burrd 'ud ha' bust!

Cram her, a' did! but she swuckered it doon, wi' niver a weästed drop, Fur she tuk that hinterest in it as she'd ruther ha' choäked nor stop!
An' she'd foller wheeriver a went—till I hedn't naw peäce fur t' foäk,
"Ere be TAMMY long of his sweetart!" wur hallus the village joäk!

An' I'd saäy: "Tis ma Michaelmas denner I'm squirin' aboot, owd chap!"

An' Minty she'd stan' up a' t'iptoe, an' fluther her neck, an' flap!

Did I appen to gaw of a hevenin, to loók at ma hinion patch?

Minty 'ud coom in along o' meä, an' rarstle aboot, an' scaratch,

Cooking her heye at the bed o' saäge, with a kink as mooch as to saäy:

"Wull the saäge an' th' hinions be ready fur meä, by toime I be ready for theëy?"

Or she'd sniffer at arl the windfalls as ligged i' the horshard graäss,

I knawed what she wur erfter, a did—she wur pickin' 'em oot for the saäss!

An' I'd roob ma ands fur to see her a ploddlin' across th' roärd,

(*Tenderly.*) "Thee'll mak' a denner, ma pratty," I'd saäy to her, "fit fur a loärd!"

Maäin an' boölky she wur as Michaelmas week coom nigh,

"Her'll niver not bulge naw bigger," I sez, "an she art fur to die!"

I knawed she wur doittlin' soomwheer by the pasture under t' moör,

Sa I fetched the chopper an' fettled 'im oop—an' I went fur to do'er! (*Grimly.*)

An' I chillupped to Araminty, an' oop she rins with a clack,

"Seeä what I've gotten to show 'ee," I sez, (wi' the chopper behind ma back)

But I looked sa straänge an' callow, she knawed I wur meanin' 'er ill,

An' she kep a sidlin' an' edgin' awaäy, an' a gaäpin' wi' hopen bill!

Then I maäde a grab at her sooden—an' she skirtled off to a feäld,

Wheer Squire had been diggin' fur firecläy—eh, but she yelocked an' beäled!

Cloppity-joggle I chaäsed her, sa well as I cud, bein' laäme,

An' hippity-flopper she kep' on ahead—an' a' squawked out "Shaäme!"

(*The Amateur Reciter should find little difficulty here in suggesting something of the intonation of a frightened goose: Pause—then continue apologetically.*)

I wur haäf asheämed o' mysen' I wur, afoor I coom to the hend,

(*Remorsefully.*) "Ye owd ongreätful guzzard," I thowt, "to gaw killin' ya hoänly friend!"

But ma friend wur a Michaelmas denner tew as I hedn't naw art to refuse!

(*More remorsefully.*) An' it maäde me seeä what a gowk I'd beäen to ha' gotten sa thick with a guse!

Sa I danged'er well as I slummocked on, as ard as ma legs cud stoomp,

"Waäit till I gets tha, ma laädy!" I sez,—when, arl on a sooden . . . Boomp!

—An I wur a sprawlin' an' floppin' in wan of the owd Squire's pits,

But fur t' cläy at t' bottom an' that, I mout ha bin brokken to bits!

An' I roared fur 'elp, fur I cudn't git up, an' the watter wur oop to my chin. [*wur in!*]

But nobbudy eerd ma a' beälin', nor thowt on the hole I

They'd niver find nawthin but boäns, I knawed, if they'd

iver the gumption to dredge,

Then I groäned (*impressively*)—fur I eerd Araminty a

tooklin' 'oop by the edge!

(*Sulky sarcasm.*) "Wunnerful funny, beänt it?" I sez,

(I wur feälin' fit for to choäk, [*the joäk!*])

To be catched loike a bee in a bottle—an' see her enjiyin'

(*Indignantly.*) "Hevn't ya naw moor manners," I sez,

"ya greät fat himpident thing!"

(*Pathetically.*) Fur I'd bred her oop from a goslin', I

had—and theer wur the sting! [*hoäpe—*

Well, she left ma aloän at laäst, an' I hedn't a mossel o'

When by coom HARRY the hedger, an a' hoicket ma oop

with a roäpe!

"Shudn't ha' heerd 'ee, TAMMAS," he sez, "or knawed

as owt wur t' matter—

Ef it hedn't ha bin fur yon guse o' thine, as coom an

raaised sech a clatter, [*hopen shaäft!*]

An' drewed ma hon in spite o' mysen—till I moinded the

(*Catch your breath, then brokenly.*) Aye, Minty wur

saävin ma life oop theer—when I wur a thinkin' she

laäft!

Then I rooshed fur to catch her to coodle and gie her a

greätful kiss—

Eh, but I right down bloobered (*with pained surprise*)—

fur she scatted awaäy with a hiss!

"Weän't niver 'urt 'ee ageän!" I sez, "if thee'll hoänly

forgit what's past!"

She wur raäre an' stiff fur a bit, she wur—but (*with a*

doddering complacency) I maäde her coom round at

last!

An' I had ma Michaelmas denner the saäme—an' a arty

good denner he wur! [*her!*]

Sat down coompany. tew—fur I cudn't ha' done without

What did we maäke a meäl on? (*Shamefaced con-*

fusion here, expressed by scratching the head.) Well,

—happen thee'll think me a haäss—

But I'll tell 'ee: (*with candour*) I dined wi Minty on the

stooffin' an happle saäss!

(*Retire without ostentation, to have your jaw set at the*

nearest Surgeon's.)

SCARCELY WORTH WHILE.—For some personal remarks

on the Prince of WALES, utterly gratuitous and in the

worst possible taste, the P. M. G., as we hear, has been

dropped by the Service Clubs, and subsequently by the

Turf. As a mark of strong disapprobation this was right

enough, but if it was intended as a punishment which

would inflict loss, we are inclined to think such boy-

cotting may have had exactly the contrary effect. How

happy was THACKERAY's title "*The Pall Mall Gazette*"

written by gentlemen for gentlemen!" If it is not so

now, what have we got in-STEAD?

Philosophy at the Popping Crease.

"THE glorious uncertainty?" why, to be sure

That it *must* be the slowest should see at a glance,

For Cricket, as long as the sport shall endure,

Must be in its nature a mere game of chance.

"Tis all pitch and toss;" one can show it is so;—

'Tisn't science or strength rules its losses or winnings.

Half depends on the "pitch"—of the wickets, you know,

The rest on the "toss"—for first innings.

"GOOD BUSINESS."—An advertiser in the *Daily Chro-*

nicle of the 12th inst., has not a bad idea of a fair profit:—

BABY-CARRIAGE Bassinette, unsoiled; 4 rubber-wheels,

carriage-springs, reversible hood, handsome rug, complete,

£27; cost £4 10s., last month. Mrs. W.

If "Mrs. W." has not already obtained her price, we

sincerely wish she may get it. She deserves it.

"THE BANCROFT SCHOOL."—On Saturday last Prince

ALBERT VICTOR laid the foundation-stone of the new

buildings at Woodford. This sounds promising for the

Theatrical Profession. Of course Mr. BANCROFT will take

the male pupils, and Mrs. BANCROFT will instruct "the

Spindle side."

SARAH B. at the Lyceum, under the management of

M. MAYER. May'er season, be successful!



"LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AMUSE."

She. "BY THE BYE, I MET YOUR BROTHER AT DINNER LAST NIGHT. SUCH A DELIGHTFUL PARTY! SUCH A DINNER!! SUCH FLOWERS!!!"

He. "INDEED! WHERE WAS IT?"

She. "AT THE—A—THE—A—UPON MY WORD, I REALLY FORGET WHOSE HOUSE IT WAS I WAS DINING AT!"

THE QUEEN AT HATFIELD.

IN days of old in
Hatfield halls,
They feasted late
and early,
The grave Lord
Keeper led the
brawls,
And danced beside
Lord BURLEIGH.
The stars of great
ELIZA's reign,
Were seen in all
their glory,
Smart ESSEX girt with golden chain,
And RALEIGH known to story.
'Tis said that 'neath a Hatfield Oak,
ELIZABETH was sitting,
When courtiers hastened there and spoke,
In lowly tones, befitting
The mighty message that they bore;
There, where the leaves waved o'er her,
They hailed her QUEEN from shore to shore,
And humbly bowed before her.
And now another QUEEN has gone
Where Hatfield lawns are shady;
The ancient oaks have looked upon,
Another gracious Lady.
Once more a CECIL plays the host,
And bows in Royal presence;



What wonder if Queen Bess's ghost,
Looked down upon the pleasure.

The past and present seem to meet,
In those historic portals;
Methinks our modern Statesmen greet,
ELIZABETH'S immortals.
And, as the phantoms fade away,
While bells clash from the steeple,
They cry, "Long live VICTORIA,
To bless her loving people!"

VERY ANNOYING.—Just when everything was going along so smoothly, just when the Jubilee police arrangements had been so successful as to warrant a tribute from Chief Commissioner *Punch*, and a recognition from Londoners generally, to have these police difficulties suddenly sprung upon Sir CHARLES WARREN was enough to drive him wild,—enough to make him a rabid WARREN. But he has taken the right course, and much good will come out of all this trouble. Cheer up, Sir CHARLES! Anyhow you are not in for a CASS-tigation.

ON Messrs. RICHARD BENTLEY AND SONS' list of books appears *Mr. Hissey's Journeys in England*. What an unpleasant visitor, if he is only true to the name of HISSEY, and makes the tour of the Theatres in London and the provinces. Managers, beware!

A DAY OUT. (By Jacques Junior.)

A FISHING, paddling pic-nic! What, to stand
On the lush margent of the gusty stream,
With feet benumbed, and watch the bobbing quill,
And then to dine *al fresco*—not for JACQUES!
Where, for the smooth mahogany of Ind,
The unplanned earth is board; for cushion'd chair
The damp earth, ant-infested, or rough root
Chafing the unaccustomed cuticle;
Where mint sauce th' insecure platter doth o'errun,
With hose and doublet playing Lucifer;
Where glasses must be emptied as they're filled,
To the great prejudice of temperance,
Or, if set down, drops me a spider in,
To spoil the fortune he cannot enjoy,
Like Sir No-Company, who makes a third.
While e'en a grumble, relishabler far
Than that keen sauce of Sparta, is denied.
For one there'll be who'll not let ill alone,
But, "I prithee try this compound; I learnt the knack
In Venice," or, "Thus in England wines are mix'd!
Pray you pronounce upon't." Another, worst,
Will keep all waiting while he spoils good food,
Concocting some vile preparation,
Calling't a Sallet. "Taste in charity,
For Fate's against me; some ingredient
Of utmost import hath been left at home."
And so the wholesome green is all besprent
With bile-disturbing mixture. Out upon't!
I'd rather find a kitten in a stew
Than one of these same preaching salad-bunglers.
What are the uses of *al fresco* meals?
Who likes a toad, ugly and venomous,—
Where's such a precious fool—upon the bread?
And they who, in contempt, the Dryad's haunts
Profane with empty bottles and loose papers,
Find tongues in tarts, ants running on their boots,
Wasps in the wine, and salt in everything!

AT THE LYCEUM.—Saturday was the last night of Mr. IRVING'S Season,—a season remarkable for the inexhaustible popularity of *Faust*, produced in 1885, and for the revival of most of the Lyceum successes, by way of airing them for American exportation. On this occasion *The Merchant of Venice* was given. Miss ELLEN TERRY'S *Portia* is one of the best examples of true comedy acting in the present day. Mr. IRVING'S *Shylock* is a marvelously subtle impersonation, full of humour, pathos, and tragic power. After the play he made a short speech bidding a temporary farewell to his friends. *Mr. Punch* replies, "Good luck go with you, *Au revoir!*"

"MY LAWYER."

[Crown 8vo., 6s. 6d., MY LAWYER: A Complete Abridgment of, and Popular Guide to, the Laws of England. By a Barrister-at-Law.]

Who was it, when I thought I saw
In something I had signed a flaw,
Gave me my first distaste for law?
My Lawyer.

Who, when into his hands I fell,
As I my grievance tried to tell,
Around me wove some fatal spell?
My Lawyer.

Who from my mind at once all trace
Of doubt and fear did quite efface,
And made me think I had a "case"?
My Lawyer.

Who of all obstacles made light,
And, whether I was wrong or right,
Insisted that I ought to fight?
My Lawyer.

Who, as I saw the costs increase,
And wished to come to terms of peace,
Declined to let the turmoil cease?
My Lawyer.

Who daily plagued me more and more,
And every time I passed his door
Charged me straight off thirteen-and-four?
My Lawyer.



"WHAT'S THE NEXT FASHION?"

"Varium et mutabile semper
Femina."

Madame France. "I WONDER WHICH WILL SUIT ME BEST, AFTER ALL. I'M BEGINNING TO BE TIRED OF THIS."

Who, liking not his little games,
When I resolved to waive my claims,
Quick added fuel to the flames?

My Lawyer.

Who, though some compromise I sought,
And did not wish the matter fought,
Before a jury had it brought?

My Lawyer.

Who, though at last I got enraged,
The battle still more stoutly waged,
And leading Counsel, three, engaged?

My Lawyer.

Who, when, of course, my case went wrong,
Because it wasn't worth a song,
Sent in a bill twelve pages long?

My Lawyer.

And who, now that I'm wiser grown,
And to this book for aid have flown,
Would still on me inflict his own?

My Lawyer.

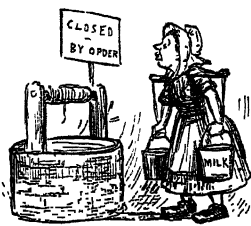
Yet now, spite all his legal tricks,
Henceforth this work, price six-and-six,
Shall promptly be, in every fix,

My Lawyer.

CRICKET AT LORD'S.

Hits by Dumb Crambo, Junior.

Some fine Free Hitting.



Well Stopped!

THE LESSON OF THE ROYAL REVIEW.

(By Our Special Scientific Experimentalist.)

It was with great satisfaction that I received my orders to visit Aldershot on the occasion of the Royal Review, "to deduce from the display the exact position occupied by England amongst the Powers of Europe as a Military Nation." I felt that hardly a better man could have been chosen for the task. My experience in the four divisions of the globe, my knowledge of the wars of the last three quarters of a century, exactly fitted me for the task. I said to myself, "I am intrusted with the performance of a solemn and sacred duty. I am asked to carefully report upon the condition of a large body of men, with a view to sampling the entire British Army. The large body of men shall have my careful consideration." Actuated by these worthy motives, I left Waterloo in the early morn (it was scarcely nine o'clock), and travelled to Aldershot.

On my way down I entered into discussion with four civilians, whose interest in the day's proceedings seemed to be centred in the great question of lunch. It was in vain that I attempted to sound them upon the efficiency or the reverse of the Auxiliary Forces (they were all more or less connected with the Volunteers), because they confined their conversation to where they were likely to find So-and-So's drag on Bourley Wood, and where the Volunteer Battalion of the Royal Such-and-Such a Regiment was situated.

"What do you think of canvass as a shelter?" I asked, note-book in hand.

"Oh, a mess-tent is as good a place as anywhere else if the cookery and wines are all right," was the only reply I received that had the slightest bearing on the military situation. Then my companions refused to talk of anything further save the racing fixtures for the following fortnight.

At Aldershot I found a number of omnibuses drawn up, labelled "House of Commons," which were soon occupied by elderly ladies, who appeared to be excellent representatives of our Legislators. Seeing that the flymen had arranged a tariff that measured distances with sovereigns, and hours with bank-notes, I determined to walk to the Long Valley, and my example was largely followed. Smartly-gowned ladies, and men whose attire suggested the shady side of Pall-Mall, dispensed with all conveyances, and sturdily trudged to the review ground, to the intense disgust of the cabmen, whose harvest could not have been particularly lucrative. The only vehicles that we saw on the road were waggons filled with country-folk, and harnessed to heavy lumbering cart-horses, that moved very deliberately and slowly, and now and again a London coach. A specimen of the last came up to me just as I was getting out of the town—it was occupied by a company of ladies and gentlemen with an up-all-night look about them. As a matter of fact, I believe it had started shortly after midnight, or thereabouts. I recognised one of the occupants, who, until he caught my eye, had seemed rather depressed, but who, upon exchanging greetings with me, assumed a most jovial air, and seemed quite to wake up. He subsequently told me that he had never enjoyed himself so much. "Up over-night, you see, then a long drive in the dawn and early morning, getting to Aldershot before the QUEEN. Review, lunch, and home again." The last item, I fancy, must have been rather an anti-climax, although my friend would not admit it. However, I have a kind of instinct that should there be another big Review, he will choose the rail in preference to the road.

As I passed the barracks I could not help admiring the waggery of the Military Authorities in setting up placards requesting "the Public not to walk on the grass." The light-hearted Authorities (it is scarcely necessary to say to those who know the latent humour in the breasts of the Head-quarters' Staff) had selected a site for these posters where no grass would grow. From the hurry-scurry observable on all sides, I gathered that the Procession was on its way—a supposition that was turned into certainty by the boom of a Royal Salute. And yet I was miles from my seat! There was only one thing to do—to force my way down a road that had been closed since

nine o'clock. The entrance to this pathway was guarded by a mounted sentry. I approached him, and showed him my pass, which made me free of all "camps and bivouacs." He complained that he was not a "camp," but had nothing to urge in denial when I insisted that "then he must be a bivouac." As some dozens of others were attempting to force the passage, he allowed me to pass, and from that moment practically the British Army was at my mercy. No provision had been made to deal with spectators when once the gallant Scots Grey had been passed. Thus I was able to lead the Royal Procession, and was greatly pleased to find every one on the alert. Battalion after battalion seemed to me well set up, and the Duke of CAMBRIDGE with his drawn sabre left nothing to be desired. I inspected them all, and can certainly say that I had not to stop to re-arrange a belt or even a general-officer's scabbard. This being the case, my movements were rapid, but not faster than those of the Derby Dog. In the fearful heat I found my seat (a very comfortable one) close to the saluting point, and then was prepared to see the march-past. The bands struck up. "GEORGE RANGER" waved his sword and there was a shout. Then came the tramp of armed men, and it occurred to me that after a very long run, I could scarcely do better than close my eyes. I found by doing this that I could think the matter out. What had perplexed me on the road down was how I should find the mess of the particular regiment that had honoured me with a card of invitation for luncheon.

I soon made up my mind that I had better ask my way. This I did, and found the country Constabulary most intelligent. As I had come to Aldershot to see the soldiers, rather than to enjoy the pleasures of the table, it would perhaps be out of place to mention here how good lobster salad is when you are really hungry, and how very grateful to the palate claret cup appears when one has had nothing to drink for many hours. Enough to say, I enjoyed myself thoroughly, and catching a train to Waterloo, was once more at home.

On reading my notes I find that I have left unanswered the question with which I commenced this article. I was sent to Aldershot to "deduce from the display, the exact position occupied by England amongst the Powers of Europe as a Military Nation." Quite so. Well—but perhaps on second thoughts I had better get the Editor to send me to another review before I attempt to solve the problem.

[Certainly: try it—Ed.]

OF THE MASKE-ALINE GENDER.

THE great success of the Gray's Inn *Maske*, has raised in the mind of some of the critics the consideration whether a revival of this form of entertainment could not be established. Ever ready to assist in carrying out a valuable suggestion, *Mr. Punch* begs to provide a *Scenario* for a modern *Maske*:—

SCENE I.—*The Exterior of the Castles of TORIUS and GLADSTONIUS with a view of the Palace of Westminster, seen through the gateway. Enter SESSIONIUS, who looks about him and ponders.*

Sessionius. This should not be! Such a time as this puts down a thousand pleasant schemes of summer! When a Bill, an Opposition, and a Closure are met within the Hall of great St. Stephen's! Let the Ex-M.P. bless the summer day, but Whigs, Rads, and Tories, needs must nod to the Sessions Reign.

*Enter VACATIA.**Vacatia.* Well, o'ertaken Session!

Sessionius. What's that I see? How dare you approach. D'ye mean to give the lie to the prophets, who say I shall not be done until October? Away, thou tempting fancy! Begone! Stay not a moment!

Vacatia. Nay, be not angry! In days gone by thou used to welcome me! Why is it?

Sessionius. Do you not see I cannot move? With Irish Members and Coercion Bills, I may stay here for ever!

VACATIA weeps, and is appeased by TRIPPIUS, who explains that they can go unto the seaside by the Sunday trains. Then all go out. Then enter the Excursionists, who sing strange songs in praise of wine and tobacco. After a while the fun grows fast and furious, and the Scene changes to,—

THE GARDEN OF PARLIAMENTARY FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

First song, wherein the SPEAKER works a charm by which certain Irish Members dance a measure with sticks, and striking the floor, then one another's coat-tails, and, lastly, one another's heads. When this is done, HARCOURTIUS appears in the pavan, or "peacock's strut," and marches about. He disappears, and there is a Dance of Woodmen with hatchets by the Gladstonian Family. All this ends merrily with a view of VACATIA working a change as TRIPPIUS introduces a View of a possible Autumn Session.

"WHAT I want some fellow to tell me," said Mr. DUFFER, looking up from an advertisement of a forthcoming 'sale at Aldridge's, "is—what the dickens is the use of a broken sporting dog?"



"À LA PORTE!"

Wolff. "MUST REALLY BE GOING NOW! HAD A DELIGHTFUL TIME OF IT. SPENT A LOT OF MONEY, AND ENJOYED MYSELF AMAZINGLY. TA! TA!"

Sultan. "SO SORRY YOU'RE GOING. BY THE WAY, I'LL ATTEND TO THAT LITTLE MATTER YOU CAME ABOUT, AT THE EARLIEST MOMENT POSSIBLE. TA! TA!"

CLEAR AS CRYSTAL; OR, ALL ABOUT IT.

Interior of a Railway Carriage on a Suburban Line. Well-Informed Politicians discovered discussing question of the hour.

First Well-Informed Politician (summing up the situation with confidence). Well, that's how it stands. DRUMMOND WOLFF has telegraphed to say that the thing's no go, and that he can't get 'em to sign. So he has put the Convention into his pocket, and is coming home as fast as his legs can carry him.

Second Well-Informed Politician (tentatively). Pardon me, but I don't think it has quite come to that, has it? He was to have left, but the SULTAN, you know, asked him to wait for an audience, or something of that sort. I saw something about it just now in the paper. [Hunts up and down the columns of the "Times" vaguely.]

Third Well-Informed Politician. O yes, I know what you mean. Here; it's here. (Produces "Standard.") Ha! this is it. (Reads.) "Sir H. D. WOLFF was to have left yesterday, but having asked an audience to take leave, and the SULTAN not having named a day for it, his departure has been postponed."

Second Well-Informed Politician. Yes, that's it. (Addressing First Well-Informed Politician with more assurance.) You see there's evidently a chance of further negotiation. I shouldn't be surprised to hear that the thing was settled yet.

First Well-Informed Politician (with warmth). Stuff, Sir—there'll be no settlement—and a precious good job too! Who wants any Convention? Not England. No, we're well out of it, and, what's more, SALISBURY knows it.

Third Well-Informed Politician. You quite surprise me. Surely Lord SALISBURY had set his heart on the signing of the Convention.

Second Well-Informed Politician. Oh yes, I'm sure of that. Why, I've just been reading it—in the Vienna Correspondence, I think it was. Where was it? [Again commences a vague hunt up and down the columns of the "Times."]

First Well-Informed Politician. Nonsense—I don't care what the "Vienna Correspondence" says. Tells a pack of lies, I'll be bound. I tell you SALISBURY's no fool, and he knows when he has got a free hand.

Third Well-Informed Politician (slightly bewildered). But I thought the Convention, don't you know, did give him a free hand—at least, a sort of a free hand—that's to say, that's the way I took it.

Second Well-Informed Politician (brightly). Of course. Why that's the reason France and Russia put the screw on the SULTAN.

First Well-Informed Politician. France and Russia put the screw on! Stuff, Sir! Who cares for France and Russia? SALISBURY knows a trick or two worth any game they can play.

Fourth Well-Informed Politician (who has been waiting his chance, putting down the "Daily News"). I don't suppose this country will play any game, at all events, till the Grand Old Man's in again.

First Well-Informed Politician (hotly). What! The Grand Old Man! Why, Sir, what do you mean? Why it's he who's responsible for every blessed muddle and mess, including this Egyptian business, that has overtaken the country for the last twenty years. Bless my soul, Sir, I can't understand your having the face to put forward such an opinion.

Fourth Well-Informed Politician (doggedly). Oh, you may bluster, but you won't change my view of things, I can tell you. GLADSTONE's the man for Egypt, and for everything else.

First Well-Informed Politician (boiling over). Confound it, Sir. Do you wish to insult me. I'll tell you what it is, Sir, I'll—I'll— [Left throwing more light on the situation as scene closes in.]

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

[Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL said that the loss of the North Paddington Election might prove a "blessing in disguise" to the Unionist Party.]

Unhappy Unionist loquitor:—

OH, GRANDOLPH, GRANDOLPH, was it all your chaff?
I for your *real* thoughts would give a penny.
Of such strange "blessings" we could spare one half;
We have so many.

There's SMITH; no doubt *he* is a blessed boon;
His dash, his sparkle, and his tact are wonders.
But why *does* he "disguise" them late and soon
As awkward blunders?

Then BALFOUR; he is courtesy's pure pink,
But why will he persist in masquerading
As cynic rudeness? Such "disguise," I think,
Is most degrading.

MATTHEWS, again! Yes, he *au fond* would bless
A Cabinet of angels! 'Tis surprising
To see him as a muddler in a mess
Himself "disguising."

Then you yourself, my GRANDOLPH! Blessings flow
From your bold eyes and trim moustache so tufty,
But why, sweet benediction, choose to go
So much in *mufti*?

When you to spot our blunders use those eyes,
And of our errors turn astute detective,
Whate'er the "blessing" may be, the "disguise"
Is most effective.

The "Union" Cause our Country's cause remains,
But oh! how long shall we remain its bosses,
If all our blessings come disguised as banes,
Our gains as losses?

Is it, sweet optimist, too much to ask
That you, and all our failures, muddles, messings,
Should, just to comfort us, throw off the mask,
And come as blessings?

We were glad to hear that the charges brought against the London Scottish rested upon the slightest possible foundation. There let them rest. They will not now change their title to the London Skittish.

DUMB CRAMBO AT WIMBLEDON.



Bar 'll cool her!



An excellent Range-Finder.



A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Little Tommy (who has never been out of Whitechapel before). "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Kind Lady. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, TOMMY?"

Little Tommy. "WHY, WHAT A BIG SKY THEY'VE GOT 'ERE, MISS!"

AT THE NAVAL REVIEW.

Neptune (to Vulcan). Hillo, Mate, you here?

Vulcan. Yes, my hearty; why not?

Neptune. Well, my ancient monopoly's all gone to pot.

You've been "inching it in," for a number of years;

Your Lemnos no longer has charms, it appears

To detain you on shore. Once a Naval Review

To a smithy-smoked game-legged land-lubber like you —

Vulcan. Oh, avast heaving there, Mate!

Neptune. By Jove, he's as pat

At our nautical patter as DIBDIN, that's flat.

Can't you tip us "Tom Bowling"?

Vulcan. Aye! (sings) "Here a sheer hulk!" —

Neptune. Oh, stop! What a voice for a chap of your bulk!

'Tis as shrill as a file-squeak, and equally mellow.

Vulcan. Oh yes, you old Stentor, a big breezy bellow

Is your sole idea of a song.

Neptune (offering his 'baccy-box amicably). Have a quid?

Vulcan. I don't care if I do. But you know as a kid

After leaving Olympus —

Neptune. Ha! ha! A fair "chuck."

Poor Juno! She felt she was quite out of luck,

To bear such a skinny young dot-and-go-one.

Vulcan. Oh, if these are your manners —

Neptune. Pooh! Only my fun.

Fire away with your yarn. Let's see, where had you got to?

Vulcan. You know that I lived some nine years in a grotto,

With Thetis, that belle of the Ocean, and therefore

I'm not such a land-lubber. Not that I care for

Your coarse briny flouts, my old Mulberry-nose.

Neptune. Humph! You've turned a teetotaller now, I suppose,

And should I sing "Hey! Ho! and a bottle of rum,"

You'd not join in the song — or the swizzle?

Vulcan.

Oh, come,

We have no WILFRID LAWSON in Sicily yet;

All my Cyclops would strike. Yes! I'm game for a "wet."

Neptune. That's hearty. Now, then, you young TRITON, look slippy,

Fetch up t'other bottle. I feel rather nippy.

And then the occasion! BRITANNIA's my dear,

We must drink to her health in this Jubilee Year.

Vulcan. I'm glad you say "We."

Neptune. Well, I own you are "in it."

I wouldn't dispute your fair claims for a minute,

But they're thundering ugly, your new Iron Walls,

And when a big fight comes, — well, look out for squalls.

This playing at battle is all very grand,

But I think twelve-inch metal much fitter for land.

Wood's the stuff for the sea; that's a point in my credo.

That "mount" of yours safe? I don't think a torpedo

A patch on a Sea-horse, or even a Triton.

Vulcan. All right! 'tisin't charged, so there's nothing to frighten.

Things are not now done in your toasting-fork way.

Neptune. Humph! My trident enabled BRITANNIA to sway

In a style that's admitted on every side;

Whilst your guns and torpedoes remain to be tried.

Your ARMSTRONGS and WHITEHEADS may give themselves airs,

But they don't seem to stop periodical "scares."

Perhaps you may wish, when it does come to war,

For the old Man-of-war and the old pig-tailed Tar.

However, old boy, here's the grog. That's a bottle

That might have glug-glug'd down my NELSON's brave throttle;

It's been in my cellar since Trafalgar.

Vulcan.

Truly?

Neptune. Yes. 'Tis a big day, — let us honour it duly;

A splendid wind-up to the Jubilee fêtes.

Well, manhood and pluck are not matters of date.

Let us hope, when it really does come to a tussle,

That brave British spirit and stout British muscle

May have the same pull as they did in the days

When "yard-arm to yard-arm" was JACK's favoured phrase,

When death-stored torpedoes and Titan-lipped guns

And steel in huge masses, and fast-flying tons

Had never been dreamed of. Ah! Vulcan, your reign

Has played up rare pranks with my briny domain;



SPITHEAD, JULY 23RD, 1887.

FATHER NEPTUNE (*cheerily*). "WHAT—VULCAN, MY HEARTY! WELL, WE'RE SHIPMATES NOW, SO HERE'S 'THE QUEEN!'—GOD BLESS HER!"

My spirit may sometimes rebel when it dwells on
The jolly old days of DRAKE, BENBOW, and NELSON.
However, we're shipmates to-day, so here goes,
Success to Old England, short shrift to her foes;
My favourite, spite of all change, I confess her.
A bumper, my boy! Here's the QUEEN, and God bless her!

LANE AND GARDEN.

"OH, TODGERS's could do it when it chose! mind that." AUGUSTUS DRUMIOLANUS can "do it," too, when he chooses, mind that, and his production of *Les Huguenots* on Monday the 11th was a convincing proof of this assertion. The *mise-en-scène* was as perfect as if the Opera had been a brand new one. The costumes were gorgeous, the scenes brilliant, and the *jeu de scène* original and artistic.

Monsieur MAUREL was an ideal *Count de Nevers*, a chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*. Miss ENGLE won all hearts as *Marguerite de Valois*. "Non 'Engle' sed 'Angel,'" as the POPE didn't say.

The Page was rather weak, but made up in action and archness—the archness was not confined to the eyes, but was also strikingly exhibited in another feature—for whatever might have been lacking vocally; and then of course there were the two brothers, JEAN and EDOUARD DE RESZKE, always ready to come to the resky. We stopped till the end, and congratulated ourselves on having heard the very last of the *Huguenots* for the first time in our chequered career. We saw Signor FOIX, as *Marcel*, perform a marriage ceremony between *Valentine* and *Raoul*, from which fact we gathered that the *Count de Nevers* must have been shot, otherwise *Valentine* would be a bigamist; and, in fact, the moral position of the three parties would be an extremely unpleasant one, in view of their hurried departure from this wicked world, which the muskets of the soldiers, executing the victims and the dramatist's design at the same time, compel them to make. The band and choruses were excellent.

At the Garden, on Tuesday the 12th, the new Opera, *La Vita per lo Czar*, was produced and placed on the stage by Signor LAGO, as if it had been brought out at the beginning of the season instead of the finish. An eccentric Opera. The first Act fresh as the newly-painted scenery: full of life, colour, and melody. It started well with a chorus which was unanimously and enthusiastically encored. Mme. ALBANI was never in better voice. GAYARRÉ and DEVOYON were excellent. The First Act was an undeniable success, and everybody was happy.

Then came the Second Act, all chorus, hops, and Poles. No ALBANI, no GAYARRÉ, no DEVOYON. Music pretty, but as TOBY in the *Essence of Parliament* puts it, "Business done. None." Curtain down: people a bit scared. Not accustomed to an Act without Principals. Evidently such an Unprincipal'd Act must be wrong. Act Third revived all hopes. ALBANI the bride, GAYARRÉ the bridegroom, SCALCHI the best boy, DEVOYON the best boy's father, a venerable grey-headed peasant, the very reverse of the mild old gent in LEECH's picture who was represented by the "Bus cad as 'a cussin' and a swearin' like hanythink," inasmuch as he is always either blessing somebody, uttering patriotic sentiments about the CZAR, or down on his hands and knees with his nose in the dust saying, or rather singing, his prayers.

Third Act pleases everybody, raises our hopes, and then in the Fourth Act we discover, to our amazement, that we are only to see SCALCHI once again, that we have bidden farewell for ever to ALBANI and GAYARRÉ, and that the remainder of the Opera is to be carried on right up to the end by the heavy father, a chorus of Poles,—all acting well, and not a stick amongst them,—and a transparency representing the Coronation of the CZAR. And though the absence of ALBANI, SCALCHI, and GAYARRÉ made everyone's heart grow fonder, though we all missed them, yet we "pitied the sorrows of the poor old man," admired his acting and singing in a most difficult situation, and agreed with everybody that this strange Opera was a decided success. The Second scene of the last Act might be curtailed with advantage. This is speaking only dramatically; perhaps on a second hearing we should change our opinion.

However, so ends the Covent Garden Opera Season; it has finished first,—a good first.

THE New Silver Coinage will be re-named, until it is re-called, "The Silber-Goschen."



VERB. SAP.

(To a Wandering Star.)

"I AM willing to throw in my lot with that of my friend HUXLEY, and 'to fight to the death' against this wicked and cowardly surrender. A desperate gamester mis-called a Statesman, has chosen to invoke ignorant foreign opinion against the instructed opinion of his own countrymen."—*Professor Tyndall's last Letter to the Times.*

TYNDALL, TYNDALL, learned star,
How we wonder where you are!
Fizzing up like penny pop,
Coming down on GLADSTONE
hop!

"Desperate gamester!" TYNDALL
mine,
Such invective is not fine.
Have you not a card to trump,
Rattling RANDOLPH on the stump?

Science in her calm retreat
Ought that sort of bosh to beat;
She, whose words should drop
like gold,
Must not ape an angry scold.

Party scribes who rage for pay,
When most rabid write that
way,
Politicians of the pot
Perpetrate that sort of rot.

Just suppose that W. G.,
Fancying your remarks too free,
Dubbed you, in polemic rage,
"Sciolist mis-called a sage."

How you savants would cry
"Shame!"

Why should Science only claim
Right to be exceeding rude,
Sourly false and coarsely crude?

"Wicked! Cowardly!" Oh,
bless us!
Hercules in the shirt of Nessus
Did not rage in wilder fashion
Than our TYNDALL in a passion.

Difference exists no doubt;
Let us calmly fight it out;
But to call each other names
Is the vulgarest of games.

Honestly one view you hold;
If to differ one makes bold,
Is it fair, Sir, to infer,
That he's rascal, traitor, cur?

Pooh! That's Party's puerile
plan.

Wisdom, Sir, should play theman.
Drop these tart polemic pennings,
Leave that sort of stuff to JEN-
NINGS.

ROBERT AT THE GILDHALL BALL.

AFORÉ the Jooblee Seesun is quite gone, I wish to rikcord my sediments with regard to the show at Gildhall. I never, even in my wildest dreams of rapshur, xpected to see sitch a site as I seed there. I have, in my long perfeshnal career, seen lots of Kings, and Queens, and Princes, and setterer, but in them cases, I mite say, in the grand words of the old song, "Their Royaltys came by twos and twos, hurrah, hurrah!" But on that okashun, they aashally cum by shoals; and when they was all assembled they mustard no less than sixty-wun true-born Royalties. Wat a site for a tren-blew Conservatif! The mere common compny, such as Common Counsellmen, and setterer, was railed off at a respectful distance, but they stood by the hour a gazin at 'em with rapshur, altho' none of 'em hadn't no chairs to sit on. How they all seemed to enwy the mortal happyness of the Com-mittee-men, who, with their long wands, was alloud to stand inside the sacred inklosure. I didn't see the Royal Quadreel, tho' I was told as it wasn't anything werry pertickler as to the dancing, not at all equal to the dancing at the Hopera. The ginerall compny seemed to suffer terribly from the want of cheers. As I passed under the Gallery I seed one most charming Lady, drest jest like a Princess, aashally a sitting on the floor from fatigue, and her husband a watching over her like a garden angel, tho' he was a Feild Marshall!

The world may be surprised to learn that Royalty wants its supper jest like meer common peeples, so there was sum difficulty about waiting on 'em, as of course they had to sup alone, with only the Lord and Lady Maress with 'em. But one of the most experienced gentlemen in all London offered to do it for nothink if he mite sleet his staff.

"I must 'ave ROBERT to wait on me pussunally," says a certain Illusterious Personidge. "I'm there, your Royal Eyeness," I says, as I persented the rosewater on my bendid nees.

I had the almost crushing honner of anding ewery dellyceassy of the season and amost ewery kind of the grandest of Shampains to such a supper party as praps Urope has never before witnessed. I have nothing to rewel of the many strange things as I herd on that memroble oocashun, becoz we was all sworn to secrecy, as usual, on a Carving Nife. I breaks through no law when I says that Royalty werry much enjoyed its supper.

I wundered to myself what the feelixx of Royalty must be when they knows and sees that all they has to do to give thowsands of most respectable peeples a feeling of rapshur amost impossiberal to realise, is for 'em to stand still and let 'em gaze at 'em by the hour! One wood think it might paul upon 'em after a time, but one would be rong.

With the dipparacher of Royalty the great charm of the nite was gone, the sun had set and the moon had not risen, to speak poetically, but the recklesshun of the Blaze of Royalty that they had been alloud to gaze on, will last them for long ears and be told to children yet unborn as the crowning glory of their blessed lives.

ROBERT.



HOPE FOR ALL.

"Coach" (to Volatile Pupil). "ARE YOU AT THEOREM B OR C, MR. TITTERBY?"
 Mr. T. "'T' TELL Y' TH' TRUTH, SIR, I'M 'AT SEA'—AT SEA, SIR,—COMPLETELY." (Chuckles.)
 (He turned out an utter failure, was plucked at College, and had to take to ART-CRITICISM.)

LARKS FOR LEGISLATORS.

"THERE would be no departure from the most highly respectable precedents in holding open-air sittings of the House of Commons, while its advantages in the hot weather, as regards not only physical comfort, but mental and moral fitness for the work of the senator, are too obvious to need enumeration."

Daily Paper.

SCENE—The Grounds of the Crystal Palace. The House of Commons assembled in the Rosary; Reporters (armed with speaking trumpets) in the Band Stand and on branches of Trees.

The Speaker (in his shirt-sleeves). Order, order! I must request Members to abstain from touching the Fireworks till the evening.

Dr. Tanner. I rise to a point of order, Sir. What are we to do if it rains? I see no preparation for rigging up an awning over us, and I must protest against this cowardly attempt on the part of the Government to stifle, or perhaps I ought to say drown, discussion, and—

The Speaker (interposing). If the Hon. Member talks of rain before it comes, I shall have to suspend him—ahem!—from the nearest tree. (Laughter.) The first Order of the Day is the Adjourned Discussion on the London Local Government Bill.

Sir W. Harcourt. Before the discussion begins I should like to ask your opinion, Sir, whether it is in order for the First Lord of the Treasury to go off to the tobogganing slide instead of stopping to answer questions? ("Hear! hear!")

The Speaker. The question is one of some difficulty. I have carefully examined the precedents, but there is no mention of tobogganing in the records of this House. I must therefore leave the matter to the good sense and powers of self-restraint of Hon. and Right Hon. Members. (Cheers.)

The Attorney-General (resuming the Debate on the London Government Bill). A very much better idea of the different municipal districts into which the Metropolis will be mapped out can be obtained by ascending the great Water-Towers, and I therefore propose an adjournment of half an hour for that purpose.

"MARGARINE."

(A Middleman's Lament.)

"For the protection of the public, all consignments of the spurious compound that has hitherto, under the title of 'Butterine,' passed current in the market for genuine butter, will in future be distinctly labelled and known as 'Margarine.'"—Trade Intelligence.

Ah! tell me not they've changed thy name,

So long a sweet decoy,
 By which I've made my little game,
 And palmed off thy alloy.
 Of chemicals and horses' fat,
 And things not nice or clean,
 You were composed; but what of that?—

You looked like butter in the pat.
 Why call you "Margarine"?

Ah! why the public undeceive?
 They bought thee with a will,
 And in thy virtues so believe
 That they would buy thee still!
 Why have such meddling measures framed

By legislation mean?
 Alas! thy origin's proclaimed;
 No more with butter art thou named,
 But henceforth "Margarine"!

INÆSTHETIC EDILES.

BAD luck to the Board of Works in their project of demolishing the steps, and disfiguring the platform of St. Martin's Church, on the mere pretence of widening the entrance of the proposed Charing Cross Road. All my eye and BETTY—namesake, but no relation to the Saint. Convenience is a mere cloak for their unnecessary Vandalism, a cloak which St. Martin would never have divided with tasteless beggars.

[The Motion is agreed to without a Division. On the expiration of the time an Hon. Member, who is indistinctly heard by the Reporters, is understood to propose that the selling of lemonade at sixpence a glass, without ice, to Members of Parliament constitutes a breach of the Privileges of the House, but is ruled out of order.]

The Speaker. I call on the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to resume his speech.

[Ineffectual search made all about the Rosary for the ATTORNEY-GENERAL.]

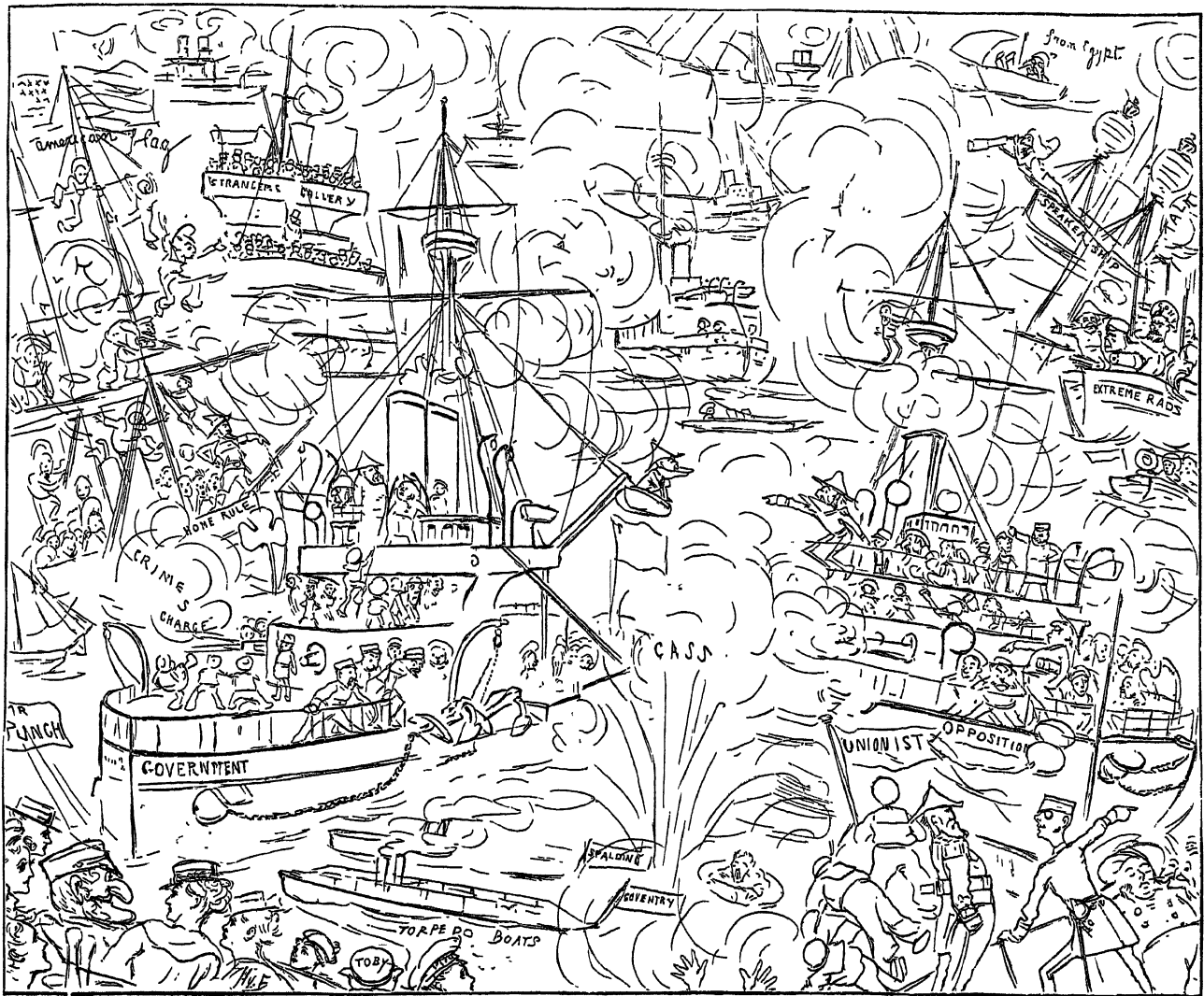
An Irish Member. Try the Switch-Back Railway.

[Laughter, and cries of "There isn't one!"]
 Another Member thought that very probably the learned Gentleman had looked in behind the scenes at the Open-air Ballet.

[More Laughter.]
 The Member for the Tower Hamlets (resuming the discussion) proceeded to dilate on the necessity of more communications being established between the North and South banks of the River, in any scheme for Municipal Reform, and alluding to the Tower Bridge erected in the grounds, remarked that of course Members knew that in half-an-hour the time would have arrived for it to be illuminated, and for the "Fire-Portraits of Mr. PARNELL and all his followers" to be lighted (general cheering), and he therefore moved, as a matter of urgent public importance, that the House do now adjourn, especially as he had felt a few drops of rain, and had forgotten to bring his umbrella.

The Speaker. Those who are in favour of adjournment say "Aye." (No response.) Those who are against it—why, bless me, there's nobody left! Even the Sergeant-at-Arms has gone off to see the ballet! How Unparliamentary! Surely those figures coming down the toboggan-slide can't be Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, racing Mr. SMITH and the HOME SECRETARY? Why, I believe it is so. How exciting it looks! Well, this adjourning at nine o'clock is much nicer, after all, than the old late hours. *Al fresco* sittings rather a success. Feel rather all-frisky myself. Think I'll go off and try a toboggan.

[Left sliding.]



MR. PUNCH'S PARLIAMENTARY NAVAL REVIEW.

(Fac-simile of Sketch made by Our Special Artist on the spot.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 11.—Another Child of Victory up to-day in person of BALLANTINE, who won Coventry for the Liberals. "We shall have quite a family soon," said GLADSTONE, who sat on Front Bench, arrayed in wonderful summer suit. "Blessings in disguise," GRANDOLPH calls the new recruits to Opposition forces. But it comes to same thing.

Old Morality created sensation by openly avowing himself a Separatist. Is firm with respect to Union with Wales and Ireland, but weak on Scotland. Confession made in connection with promised Boundary Bill. PULESTON asked whether Wales was to be included in measure.

"I have not been able," said RITCHIE, with fine sarcasm, "to separate Wales from England in my own mind."

"Is Scotland in the Bill?" asked ANDERSON.

"No," said Old Morality.

"Then," said TIM HEALY, "you separate Scotland in your own mind?" This was awkward; but the truth must be told, and Old Morality told it.

"I separate Scotland in my own mind," he said, in a voice low but firm.

Profound sensation on Ministerial Benches. Things looking bad for Ministry lately, what with Spalding, North Paddington, Coventry, and Miss CASS. But now, Leader of House having avowed himself a Separatist, outlook black indeed.

Elated with having brought out this damaging fact, TIM HEALY went on rampage for rest of sitting. ARTHUR BALFOUR moved Second Reading of Irish Land Bill. CHAMBERLAIN, breaking long silence, delivered speech in support of measure. TIM kept up running commentary, growling, laughing spasmodically, and interjecting remarks. CHAMBERLAIN an ugly customer to tackle when at bay. Gave TIM as much as he brought. Wrangling getting a little high, when SPEAKER interposed, threatened to name TIM.

"Name away!" TIM sang out, cheerily; but knowing from experience that SPEAKER not to be trifled with, presently subsided.

On the whole a small House, and only whilst CHAMBERLAIN speaking any evidence of interest in proceedings. Next to the unexpected disclosure of Old Morality's falling away, most startling event of the evening was announcement by FERGUSON that WOLFF's pic-nic had already cost the country £27,000.

"£27,000!" exclaimed CODDINGTON, making his maiden speech, and that sotto voce. "I'll undertake to say that if it had been proposed to him at first, WOLFF would have taken the odd seven thousand and closed the bargain, leaving the tax-payer a clear gain of £20,000." And the Member for Blackburn softly whistled, and feebly rattled the loose change in his pocket.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill introduced.

Tuesday.—WOLFF at door of both Houses. In fact he's there every night now. Peers and Commons are Unionists in desire to know when the pic-nic will be over, or, as BRYCE put it to-night amid cheers, "When will finally and positively terminate the unparalleled and undignified position in which the country is placed?" In Lords the Markiss disowned a capital retort the reporters invented for him. On Monday, ROSEBURY understood to ask whether WOLFF WAS

supposed to be in a state of suspended animation what time the SULTAN made up his mind. The Markiss reported to have replied that WOLFF was "rather in a state of animated expectancy." Capital capping of a joke, only it appears Markiss isn't personally responsible for it.

"It would," he said, with a wink at GRANVILLE, "be disrespectful to use language like that with respect to Her Majesty's Ambassador."

HERSCHEL says, Markiss is only mad because he didn't think of it at the time, and is jealous of the more nimble fancy of the reporters. In the Commons, BRYCE announces that he will continue nightly to inquire about WOLFF till he gets satisfactory answers.

A hot dull night and the Irish Land Bill again. JOHN DILLON had the best of it, delivering a lively speech to full audience. After this, Members began to go to dinner, and forgot to return. A full muster on both Front Benches. GLADSTONE again in summer costume, with a rose in his coat and a gleam in his eye. Has grown ten years younger in the last fortnight. Spalding wiped off five years, North Paddington two, and Coventry the rest.

"A few more triumphs at the poll," says JOHN MORLEY, "and he'll be younger than any of us."

After dinner, GORST made a speech on behalf of Bill. Shrewd, pointed, and weighty with argument. "Another proof of fatuity of Government," said PARNELL, who has come back in a brown billycock hat, "that they don't make more use of

GORST. Worth a bushful of GEORGY HAMILTONS, GIBSONS, MATTHEWSES, or even SMITHS."

When spirits of House properly attuned, H. C. E. CHILDERS appeared on the scene, and delivered prodigious speech, through which the few Members present gently dozed.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill.

Thursday.—Cheerful presence of ASHBORNE diffused over Ministerial Bench in Lords to-night. Not often here. Has given up to Dublin what was meant for mankind. Always unfeignedly delighted to get back to Westminster. Business to-night to move the Second Reading of Coercion Bill. Considerable gathering of Peers, expecting debate, and possible division. Amazed to find Front Opposition Bench almost empty. GRANVILLE rises to explain that it is useless to fight measure, and therefore don't intend to raise debate. ARGYLL furious. Had meant to smash Opposition, and they had run away! ASHBORNE sleekly sarcastic. Admitted he, too, had speech ready, but would wait for audience on Front Bench opposite. General feeling of disappointment. Several Peers who had come down, expecting lively entertainment, wanted their money returned at the doors. Markiss referred them to GRANVILLE, but GRANVILLE had already smiled his way out. Bill read Second Time, and sitting comically collapsed.

H(ere) C(omes) E(verybody) Ch-ld-ra.

Commons crowded. GRANDOLPH's name underlined on the bills. Understood he meant to "go for" the Government. Expectation fully realised. Took the Land Bill out of BALFOUR's hands, publicly danced on it, kicked it up and down floor of House, and finally tore it to shreds.

"I trust," he said, when, at end of hour's exercise of this kind, nothing was left of the Bill but its title, "that I have not by these observations added to the difficulties of the situation."

"Not at all, not at all," said Old Morality, polite to the last. After GRANDOLPH's finished performance, HARCOURT a little heavy. Humour rose to highest level when he alluded to JESSE COLLINGS as "the Member for Three Acres and a Cow." HENRY JAMES deeply offended at levity of HARCOURT's tone. This last hit too much for him. Rose and quitted House amid hilarious cheers from Parnellites. "That's the worst of these fellows," said Mr. LEAHY, looking on

reflectively from the Bar. "Now they've begun to associate with gentlemen, our company's not good enough for them."

More speeches, including one from PARNELL and another from GLADSTONE. But GRANDOLPH's speech worth more than a division; so Second Reading of Land Bill passed without challenging one. *Business done.*—Lords read Coercion Bill Second Time, Commons the Land Bill.

House of Lords, Friday.—Glad it's all over, and nobody shot. At one time homicide seemed imminent. GRANVILLE, taking note of complaint of absence of Opposition on previous night, skilfully touched a chord of human nature. Explained that he had been present till eight o'clock, an hour which suggested dinner. More than one mouth watered, and a sob of sympathy was heard from Bench where new Peer, formerly known as SCLATER-BOOTH, sat. NORTHBROOK, however, obdurate. Introduced statement, which drew from GRANVILLE quiet remark, "That is not true." NORTHBROOK hotly resumed his seat, as he said, to give GRANVILLE opportunity for explanation. Here was a pretty go! LORD CHANCELLOR, with great presence of mind, adroitly, and apparently accidentally, covered Sword of State under heap of papers. Who could say what might happen if a bloodthirsty eye rested on this fortuitous means of attack? GRANVILLE, cool and self-possessed, repeated his abrupt ejaculations in more delicate, round-about fashion.

"I certainly," he observed, defiantly eyeing NORTHBROOK, "said, as far as my knowledge goes, the statement is inaccurate."

A moment's breathless silence. The offence was repeated, with the added insult of mocking phrase. Would NORTHBROOK ask GRANVILLE to "come outside," or would he swallow the affront? NORTHBROOK looked a moment at the veteran Leader, noted his resolute look, his straightened figure, and the forefinger of his right hand dallying with a corner of a paper containing the Orders of the day, as if he were playing with pistol-trigger. On the whole, he thought he'd change the subject; which he did, to the relief of the excited ring of spectators. *Business done.*—Lords passed two stages of Coercion Bill right off. Commons in Supply.



"That's the worst of these fellows."



SIR WILLIAM'S SKETCH OF THE GIPSIES ON THE TREASURY BENCH, JULY 14.

"Gipsies, said the play, disfigured the children they stole in order that they might pass them for their own. (Laughter.) The gipsies on the Treasury Bench (renewed laughter) stole the Bankruptcy Clauses of the Right Hon. Member for West Birmingham, and disfigured them in order that they might pass them for their own. (Cheers and laughter.)"

NEW NOVEL, dedicated to Dr. JACKSON of New York: *The Coming Man; or, The Lost Hair of the Ages.* By BALDER DASH.

MRS. RAM says, of all uniforms she prefers that of the Horrible Artillery Company.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

A NATURAL anxiety that his pupils should be furnished with as complete a repertory as possible, has prompted Mr. Punch to command one of his spare Poets to knock off a little dramatic piece founded (at a respectful distance) upon a famous Transatlantic model. The spare Poet in question—all reluctant as he felt even to appear to be competing with the inimitable—had, as the minion of Punch the Peremptory, no option but to obey to the best of his powers. The special merit of the present production will be found in the care with which it has been watered down to suit the capacity of amateurs for whom the original would offer difficulties well-nigh insuperable. This poem is particularly recommended to diffident young ladies with a suppressed talent for recitation. Some on reading it may imagine that its rough but genuine pathos is scarcely adapted to feminine treatment—but wait until you hear some young lady recite it! Mr. Punch, for his part, is content to wait for almost any length of time. The Author calls it:—

HASDRUBAL JOFF.

The Reciter is supposed to be in the Strand, facing the audience. As you come on, the idea is that you are suddenly attracted by an advertisement borne by the last of a string of Sandwich-men. You stop him, and begin as follows. By the way, as you are enacting an American, you will of course be careful to speak through your nose, whenever it occurs to you. Now then:—

H'yur, you! bossing them boards—Jes you fetch up a spell!
[*Rough good-nature expressed by forefinger.*]
Don't go twitching your cords! (*Impatiently.*) Lemme look at ye well:

(*Genial amusement.*) Why, I'm derned ef ye don't look as skeered as a tortoise growed out of his shell!

What's the style of your show? This yer pictur looks gay:
Why, ye don't tell me so! (*Homely gratification.*) It's a Murrican play!

And you mosey along with the posters—wa'al, now, do ye find the job pay?

(*With a kindly curiosity.*) Say, what was it—drink? As has led to it. . . . Stop!

Wa'al, on'y to think—Ef it isn't his shop!

This identical theater as hires ye. Hev ye heerd on him?—HAS-DRUBAL JOFF!

So ye hev, I deelar! Oh, it's likely the same,
Which I knew him out thar (*indicate the United States by a vague jerk of your thumb*), And I reckon it's Fame,
If a broken-down blizzard like you—(No offence!)—kin look so at his name!

(*By the word "so" you should suggest a movement of pleased surprise on the part of the Sandwich-man.*)

Can't ye stay for awhile—Till I've opened my head?
So he's bin an' struck ile? Which the same's what I said—
Fur I see him in *Fish outer Water*, and sez I (*sententiously*), "A Tragedian bred!"

Yes, I allays allowed, As he must make a hit;
And not at all proud—No, *Sir*—all on him grit! (*Affectionately.*)
Jes you wait till he hears I'm around, and you mark the reception I git!

For us two were such chums As ye don't often find.
Lord! the way it all comes Scrouging in on my mind!—
(*Abruptly.*) This dern sun is that pesky an' strong, it's enough for to strike a man blind!

(*Here you should convey the idea that this is a mere excuse for a not unmanly emotion; this is generally done by wiping the eye surreptitiously on the coat-sleeve.*)

A freehanded cuss Never stepped on a street.
Which he'd raise such a fuss, When we happened to meet—
I could see he'd be hurt in his feelins ef he warn't not allowed to stand treat!

So he's managed to climb To the top of the tree!

[*Homely, unselfish satisfaction.*]
But I'll bet every time—Big a boss as he be—
He remembers his pardner in Frisco—Yes, he don't forgit little old Me!
[*This proudly, but tenderly.*]



(*Here the Sandwich-man is supposed to make some sort of assent. You turn upon him savagely, with an irritation assumed to conceal deep feeling.*)

What on airth do you mean? By a' sayin' "You're sure Of it." (*With half recognition.*) Seems like I've seen Those yer featur's afore! [*Hand to chin, dubiously.*]

A mistake? (*Roughly.*) Well then, you hold yer hosses, and don't interrup' me no more!

(*The Sandwich-man here makes another attempt to escape; you put out two detaining fingers.*)

Come, you ain't going yet? (*Heartily.*) H'yur, you lem me run on! Why, we've on'y jest met—And you want to be gone!

I must hev some critter, I tell ye, to practise chin-music upon! No, theer don't seem a doubt—He is cock of the school;

And the stuffing's knocked out Of your IRVING and TOOLE!
[*Outburst of rapturous exultation.*]

Jest, to think o' JOFF busting up BARRETT!—thar, call me a soft-hearted fool!

(*Second emotional display; half turn, and use your handkerchief with ostentation; the Sandwich-man is also affected, which you observe with some surprise.*)

Why, you air lookin' queer! Darned ef I kin see why! Sho! you thought 'twas a tear As I've got in my eye?

[*Rough shame at your own weakness.*]
No, I don't take no stock in hydraulics—it's on'y a dod-gasted fly!

[*Resume with a proud anticipation.*]
He'll be chipper an' smart.—But, fur all he has riz,

He will open his heart And a bottle of fizz
Right away when he sees me! (*Here you seem to detect a lurking doubt in the Sandwich-man's eye.*) Hightoned, Sir? You'd better believe that he is!

I ain't feared o' no change: JOFF'll be jest as true!
[*Stop abruptly, and stare glassily.*]

(*In a husky whisper.*) Blame my cats—but it's strange! (*Take a step backwards.*) What in thunder! . . . JOFF it's—YOU!!!

[*With a shout.*]
(*Crestfallen tone.*) So ye're not on the boards, but between 'em!

(*Change to hasty and somewhat confused apology.*) . . . Ye'll excuse me—I've suthin' to do!

[*Go off hurriedly, with air of a man recollecting an appointment.*]

It is hardly necessary to advise you that the effect you should aim at is the securing of your audience's sympathy for yourself—as the victim of such an unfortunate mistake—don't let them trouble themselves about the unseen Sandwich-man.

DR. TANNER'S RECONCILIATORY COUPLET.

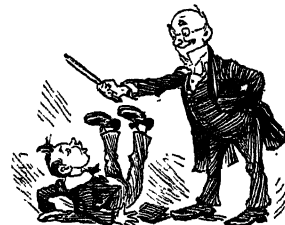
THIS the burden of my song—
Love me little, love me, LONG!

DUMB CRAMBO'S SCHOOL-BOOK REVIEW.

THE following book, advertised in Messrs. RIVINGTON's list, has attracted the attention of our Mr. D. C.:—

A SCHOOL FLORA. For the use of Elementary Botanical Classes. By W. MARSHALL WATTS, D. Sc. (Lond.), B. Sc. (Vict.), Physical Science Master in the Giggleswick Grammar School.

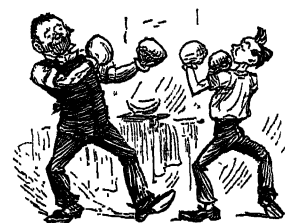
A SCHOOL FLORA (ILLUSTRATED).



The Knock-down Blow.
(One specimen.)



The Birch.
(Second Specimen.)



"The Master of Physical Science."



Giggleswick Grammar School.



MODERN CRAZES.

(The Last Thing in Musical Prodigies.)

"THE BABY BOTTESINI."

DESPATCH WITH ECONOMY.

(Minutes relative to a Misdirected Telegram, found not a hundred miles from the G. P. O.)

ORIGINAL TELEGRAM:—

From Lucy to Flutterby, Peacock's Priory, Battersea.

"Ask JACK to dine with us at eight."

First Minute. This Telegram was sent to Peacock's Rest, but there refused as Mr. FLUTTERBY was not there. It was re-directed to what was supposed to be his address, "Morton's Repository, Whitechapel." It was again refused. We cannot recover the sixpence.

(Official Initials.)

Second Minute. Who re-directed the Telegram, and why was it not paid for before delivery?

(Initials as before.)

Third Minute. We cannot ascertain the name of the person who re-directed the Telegram, and did not receive the sixpence because the Telegram was never accepted.

(Initials as before.)

Fourth Minute. Who sent the Telegram originally?

(Initials as before.)

Fifth Minute. We have sent an Officer to inquire, and find that LUCY lives in Flower Cottage, Kensington—she is the sender's wife. She says she knows nothing about the telegram.

(Initials as before.)

Sixth Minute. Cannot the address of the sender be ascertained?

(Initials as before.)

Seventh Minute. We believe the sender must also live in Flower Cottage, Kensington. Shall we send an Officer to inquire?

(Initials as before.)

Eighth Minute. An Officer from the Head Office had better be sent.

(Initials as before.)

Ninth Minute. An Officer from the Head Office has been sent. The sender of the telegram is either out or says he is out. His wife declares she knows nothing about it.

(Initials as before.)

Tenth Minute. Has the sender no other address besides Peacock's Priory, Morton's Repository, and Flower House, Kensington?

(Initials as before.)

Eleventh Minute. What is being done about that missing sixpence? A week since last reply. Its non-payment interferes with the Estimates.

(Initials as before.)

Twelfth Minute. Nothing has been done. What can be done?

(Initials as before.)

Thirteenth Minute. An Officer should call upon the sender of the telegram and demand payment of the sixpence.

(Initials as before.)

Fourteenth Minute. An Officer has called several times, and cannot find the sender in. His wife repeats she knows nothing about it, and declines to give information.

(Initials as before.)

Fifteenth Minute. Has the sender no other address? He must pay the sixpence. Let him be told this.

(Initials as before.)

Sixteenth Minute. We have found him at another address, but he still declines to pay the sixpence, he says he has never received the telegram.

(Initials as before.)

Seventeenth Minute. Try again. Let him be informed that if he does not pay the sixpence, no further telegram of his will be directed.

(Initials as before.)

Eighteenth Minute. He has been told so. He says he does not want his messages re-directed. He has not as yet paid the sixpence.

(Initials as before.)

Nineteenth Minute. Ten days since last communication. Has that missing sixpence been recovered?

(Initials as before.)

Twentieth Minute. No. The sender of the telegram, we believe, has gone abroad.

(Initials as before.)

Twenty-first Minute. Month since receipt of last information. Has that missing sixpence been recovered? The sender must be asked for it again it is has not been received.

(Initials as before.)

Twenty-second Minute. An equivalent to the money due on redirecting the message has been recovered. The sender has given an Officer of the Department a French franc.

(Initials as before.)

Twenty-third Minute. Let the French franc be exchanged for English money and paid into the account of the Department. Account of expenses to the Department for collecting the sixpence should now be sent.

(Initials as before.)

Final Minute. In compliance with instructions, account of expenses incurred in collecting the sixpence will be forwarded forthwith. Some time will be required in setting out the details. Being rather large, it has been considered advisable to send the packet by Parcels Post.

(Initials as before.)

JACK'S RESPONSE.

(Spithead, July 23, 1887.)

[In replying to a Naval Deputation which waited upon the QUEEN with a Jubilee Album and Address, HER MAJESTY said, "she felt certain that the Navy would always uphold the honour of the Kingdom."]

RIGHT Royal Lady on the throne!

From stem to stern, from top to kelson,

The British Fleet is all your own,

To-day as in them times of NELSON.

'Twill help you still to rule the wave,

Though swabs may croak and lubbers twaddle;

That Album MILNE our Admiral gave,

Shows many a change in rig and model,

But could they hail us at Spithead,

To-day, old DRAKE, or HOWE or HOWARD,

They'd find the race as never bred,

To scour the brine, traitor or coward.

What the old *Victory* did of old,

The *Ajax* or the *Devastation*

Would dare to-day, and JACK makes bold,

In this here year of Jubilation,

To answer to his Sovereign's trust,

Like every British son of ADAM,

(Midst the enthoosiotic bust

Of loud hoorays) his "Aye, aye, Madam!"

MR. PUNCH'S HISTORICAL PARALLELS. No. 1.



LORD CHURCHILL, KNOWN AS GRANDOLPH, AT THE BATTLE OF THE ESTIMATES.

SEEING HIS WAY.

THE *Times* Correspondent at Berlin lately alleged that the cautious and diplomatic attitude of Prince FERDINAND of Coburg had somewhat damped the enthusiasm of the deputation that waited on him to offer him the Bulgarian Throne. The following are a few of the "posers" that His Serene Highness is said to have put to the delegates on the occasion in question.

What sort of a place is Sofia? Does the climate resemble that of Hampstead, will it support two Italian Operas in the Season, can it boast an Underground Railway, and does it contain any respectable agent for the sale of Turkish cigarettes?

Does the Palace want repapering? Does it contain a throne, regalia, and other royal appurtenances, left by the late tenant; and, if not, could the deputation recommend any local emporium where these and other suitable and necessary things could be temporarily secured at advantageous terms on the three years' hire system?

Will the Royal Salary touch £300 a year, and will it be paid regularly in cash, and not in promissory notes at uncertain intervals? Will the great Sobranje vote an additional sum to the civil list for

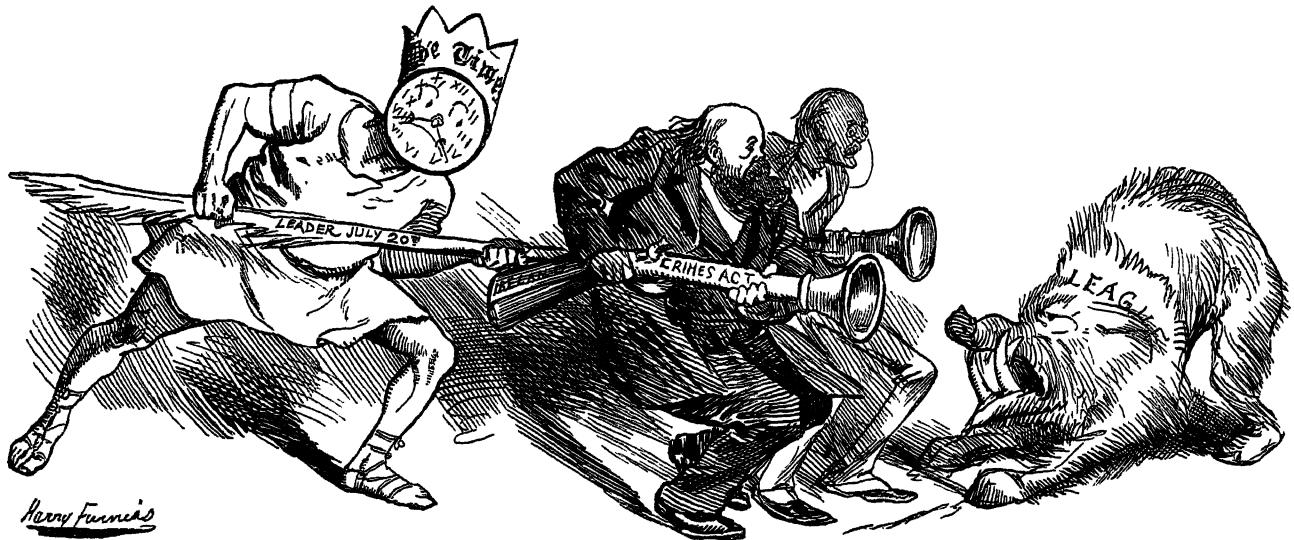
boot-cleaning and the expenses of a weekly charwoman for the Royal household? Will the Prince's cab-hire, on the occasion of his attending Official banquets, be forthcoming from the same source?

Will the National party raise any objection to the Prince counting five Russian Generals among the members of his Cabinet, as a slight means of securing the amiable consideration of the Czar?

In the event of a sudden night *émeute* threatening the stability of the throne, would it be the business of the Prime Minister to arouse the Prince, bring him his boots and shaving-water, and, providing him with a trick-wig and comic disguise, point out to him briefly in a local *Bradshaw* the best available trains starting before dawn for the frontier?

Finally, if the Prince consented to accept the throne, and hired his crown and coronation-ropes from a well-known costumier's for the occasion, would the great Sobranje defray the cost, or, if with a view to the situation being a permanency, he could secure them at the price of second-hand goods, would they be prepared to come to some arrangement for their purchase?

A GROWING INDUSTRY.—Market-Gardening.



PRODDING THEM ON.

Times (*loquitur—to S-l-sh-ry and B-l-f-r*). "NOW THEN, WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF? YOU'VE GOT YOUR WEAPON; USE IT. OR, IF YOU DON'T, YOU'LL CATCH IT FROM ME!"

AN EPITAPH

TO THE MEMORY OF
THE EGYPTIAN CONVENTION.
IT WAS AN ILL-STARRED INSTRUMENT,
CONCEIVED IN DOUBT, MATURED IN PERPLEXITY,
AND
COMPLETED IN CONSTERNATION,
IT WAS ULTIMATELY DRAFTED WITH THE IMMEDIATE BUT
AMUSING EFFECT OF
SENDING THE DUC DE MONTEBELLO INTO HYSTERICS,
CAUSING AN ICY INDIFFERENCE ON THE PART OF M. NELIDOFF,
AND
INDUCING THE SULTAN TO SING
ONCE AND FOR ALL STRAIGHT OFF
AN ENTIRE ENCORE VERSE OF
"OH! WHAT A SURPRISE!"
THUS
HAPPILY AT ONE AND THE SAME TIME
HAVING FULFILLED THE TRIPLE PURPOSE
OF
RAISING THE PASSING SMILE OF DIPLOMATIC EUROPE,
THROWING SIR H. DRUMMOND WOLFF INTO A CONDITION OF
"ANIMATED EXPECTANCY,"
AND
COSTING THE BRITISH TAX-PAYER £28,000 STERLING,
TO THE PERMANENT ASTONISHMENT OF ITS AUTHOR,
THE SMOTHERED SATISFACTION OF THE SUBLIME PORTE,
AND THE GENERAL REJOICING OF THE EGYPTIAN BOND-HOLDER,
IT RETURNED AT LENGTH TO THIS COUNTRY,
UNCRUNKLED, BUT UNSIGNED,
TO BE RELEGATED COMICALLY, BUT EFFECTUALLY,
TO A WASTE-PAPER BASKET AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE,
FROM WHICH IT IS THE DEVOUT HOPE OF THOUGHTFUL POLITICIANS,
THE SETTLED VERDICT OF PUBLIC OPINION,
AND
THE DETERMINED RESOLUTION OF LORD SALISBURY,
THAT ITS SHATTERED FRAGMENTS
SHALL NEVER, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES,
AGAIN EMERGE.

Foul is Fair.

(*A Parliamentary Song of Sixpence.*)

THE Irish M.P.'s, who are born to the manner,
Can't see any harm in the language of TANNER.
In war for ould Ireland they boldly declare
That the course they pursue is quite (Donnybrook) fair;
And with joy each impulsive Milesian howler
Cries, "If 'TANNER' be foul, there's 'BOB' that is FOWLER."
But Stooping to Conquer is always their plight;
Sir ROBERT'S, at worst, the Mistakes of a Knight.

THE GREAT THIRST LAND.

WHY, in this clever age,
So "point-device,"
Is there no beverage
Cool, cheap, and nice?
It's safe to rile ye,
Dog-days being here,
When you're charged highly
For iced ginger-beer.

Who can be placid
When sixpence is paid
For sweet citric acid
Dubbed lemonade?
Is there no substitute
Which we may quaff
For tea with milk dilute,
Or shandy-gaff?

A sheer abuse is
Ice joined to beer;
Our gastric juices
Hate it, and fear;
Half-pint-partakers,
When weather's hot,
Barons or bakers,
All go to pot.

Should spirits tempt you,
Need it be said
Nought can exempt you
From a racked head,

Just like poor SISERA?
Soda's a snare?
Milk clogs the viscera;
Of "fizz" beware!

Brandy each new nipper
Maketh go mad;
Juice of the juniper,
You're berry bad!
Now that so many men
Counsel "Abstain!"
It's rum that any men
Drink to their bane.

In this heat tropical,
He's a true friend
Who, philanthropical,
Bids our thirst end.
Will no inventor
Try a new shot?
Here our hopes centre:
Who is our WATT?

Our British livers
Don't care a rap
For "corpse-revivers,"—
A nauseous tap!
Drink for the Million!
Nor dear or heady;
Bring me a chilly one—
But none is ready!

THE COURT CIRCULAR.

THE Levée held by Mr. JOHN CLAYTON, and Mr. ARTHUR CECIL, on Friday night, was numerously attended. Excellent specimens of Mr. PINERO's work were presented in the first Acts of the recent Court successes—to wit, *The Schoolmistress*, *Dandy Dick*, and *The Magistrate*. Mr. CLAYTON made an excellent speech, which was enthusiastically applauded, and Mrs. JOHN WOOD and Miss NORREYS received special calls. After a brief interval, during which Court favour will be extended to King William Street, Strand, a more spacious palace will be erected for the reception of Courtiers in Chelsea, where a new Comedy, by Mr. PINERO, will be presented. Mr. ARTHUR CECIL, though retiring from managerial cares, will, when the new Theatre is finished, undertake what would be a difficult task for anybody else, to fill his usual place on the boards.

MAGAZINE TITLE (*applicable to the Police Station where Miss Cass was temporarily locked up*).—"Cass-cells."

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXIX.—A LADY DRAMATIST.

"You must do it at a *Matinée*," said her little crowd of five o'clock tea-visitors, "and get Mr. ELLISTON DRURY to play the Roman Poet."

One of the company was in earnest. Miss ELMIRA JENKS believed



in her hostess and friend. The others thought it "fun" to "egg on" Miss DE GONCOURT to make herself ridiculous.

"And why not take the part of the heroine yourself, dear?—nobody in all your intellectual set recites so well. Why not act in your own Tragedy—how delightful it would be!"

"But you forget," said the Lady Dramatist, pouring out for her friend a fresh cup of tea from a delicious specimen of Nankin blue into an equally artistic cup of Oriental white. "You forget that I am thirty."

On the contrary, their memories were excellent.

"Thirty-five, if she's a day," was the silent verdict; aloud, it ran thus:—"My dear, a woman is no older than she looks. You are twenty-five, and, in the classic dress of the Roman Maiden, you will appear twenty—not a day older."

"You are very kind," she said; "but flattery is pleasant when it encourages one's dearest hopes."

"We do not flatter—we speak as critics, and friends," they replied.

Mr. ELLISTON DRURY, the new Tragedian of the Parthenon Theatre, who had come from the Provinces to astonish London, was the only Actor who had given Miss DE GONCOURT any real encouragement to persevere in the direction to which her ambition pointed; but he was full of sympathy, and knew what it was himself to fight against prejudice, not to say conspiracy. He had literally hewn his way through the ranks of his opponents to the position he now held at the Parthenon. It was not a very high position, it was true, but he had been seen and heard; and the future was before him.

Similarly, he had argued, in the interests of Dramatic Art, Miss DE GONCOURT must fight her way. He used the aggressive verb metaphorically, of course, and in its moral sense; but he meant it to imply all that was fearless in the conduct of an earnest woman conscious of her literary and dramatic power—she must fight her way! It had fallen to his lot to read many original Dramas, but among all the unacted works of his time, none were so full of promise as Miss DE GONCOURT's *Before the Dawn*. He could wish himself no better fortune than the opportunity of creating the leading rôle at a West End Theatre.

Miss DE GONCOURT hung upon the music of his words. At least such was her confession to Miss ELMIRA JENKS, her admirer and satellite, (every dramatic student has a human satellite, or a confiding dog, and the latter is generally the most constant) who agreed with her that in Art, sympathy is everything.

Miss DE GONCOURT may be said to have served an amateur apprenticeship to the art of the playwright; it had begun at school with Charades; it had progressed through several seasons of amateur theatricals; it had culminated in five Acts of blank verse; and apart from the epistolary appeals that had been made to London Managers, to save the reputation of native modern dramatists by its immediate production, Miss ELMIRA JENKS had discussed the work in a certain lady's journal, to which she contributed, assuring the world that *Before the Dawn* was worthy of the noblest efforts of dramatic poetry. Miss DE GONCOURT was also put forward as an honour to womanhood, having preferred the higher life of Art to the lower mission of Matrimony; and all that she and her friends now desired, was a fitting opportunity for the demonstration of the integrity of her ambition, which was to follow in the footsteps of Mrs. INCHBALD, JOANNA BAILLIE, and other distinguished lady dramatists. Miss DE GONCOURT was a spinster and an orphan, with a settled income of three hundred and fifty pounds a year; and she sat in her little Bedford Park study from day to day, with a pen in her hand, and a smile on her lips, a smile of hope and confidence.

It was a dainty room, with a grey dimity dado, that marked

off a few old engravings of poetic and dramatic subjects. The overmantel was green and white, with busts of SHAKESPEARE, SHELLEY, JOAN OF ARC, and FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, upon its little shelves. There were bookcases and cabinets here and there, containing favourite authors and relics of great actresses, such as hair-pins used by HELEN FAUCHT, a shoestring belonging to RACHEL, and a brooch which had been worn by Mrs. SIDDONS. Had not these geniuses, watched, waited and suffered? Then what right had she to be impatient? It must have been a sweet nature that could philosophise thus in face of an entire cabinet of rejected plays, bound in white morocco, emblematic of their purity, though destined, it might be, to revolutionise the present frivolous stage as soon as the production of *Before the Dawn* should send both actors and managers to their author's door ravenous for the right to give her other works to an astonished and delighted public.

This day of triumph might be nearer than either friends or scoffers anticipated. Mr. ELLISTON DRURY had taken a warm interest in her work; had indorsed the advice she had received to try *Before the Dawn* at a *Matinée*; had consented to play the leading character; and, what was more interesting still, had volunteered to coach her in the part of the heroine, if she was willing to impersonate that poetic and self-sacrificing creation. Miss DE GONCOURT was willing to place herself in the hands of Mr. ELLISTON DRURY; Miss DE GONCOURT did place herself in his hands; and oh the rapture of hearing her words read to the assembled company of "Artists" in the Green Room of the Parthenon Theatre on the day when the parts were distributed! The delight of those first rehearsals! She felt so much at home on the Stage, that she began to dream of a pre-existence in which she had been a priestess of Art, somewhat after the manner of her Roman girl who, crowned with a poisoned diadem, was sacrificed in the Temple, but to live again with the gods in a sublimated world of song. Mr. ELLISTON DRURY accompanied her to the train after each rehearsal, and paid her so much homage, that she began to associate him in her tender feminine mind with the Roman youth for whose love she was martyred at the shrine; and, long before the eventful morning came, Mr. ELLISTON DRURY (who had received a fortnight's notice at the Parthenon, but still had the future all before him) had made up his mind to hang up his hat, for good, in the æsthetic little hall of the DE GONCOURT inside the blue-and-white palings of the Bedford Park Estate.

"Was it not a success, then, *Before the Dawn*?" Ask the ring of authors, the conspirators, the tribe of envy, hatred, and malice assembled on that memorable occasion to crush the new authoress. Ask the leading actors, who had always dreaded the day when Mr. ELLISTON DRURY should play a star part in a Metropolitan Theatre. No, Ladies and Gentlemen, *Before the Dawn* was a failure. Certain prominent critics were suborned to say so; and one of them, more cruel than the rest, declared that all the humorous range of modern Burlesque did not supply a reminiscence so positively comic as the scene in which the Roman Maiden, staggering under her poisoned crown (which would fall into an irresistibly funny angle with the Actress's un-Roman nose), hurled back upon TIBERTUS CÆSAR the curse of the avenging gods.

But they have a consolation, the Lady Dramatist and her illustrious husband (he did hang up his hat, and his coat, he had little else to move from his garret in the Strand), in having possibly found a more useful field of duty than that of an active participation in the work before the footlights. It has been sarcastically, and we believe wrongfully asserted by a Tory Earl that critics are men who have failed as authors; but a similar calumny has been perpetrated by Miss ELMIRA JENKS (whose satellitship came to a violent end with the marriage of her bright particular star to Mr. ELLISTON DRURY) who has not hesitated to declare in her unscrupulous paper that the modern teachers of elocution are ladies and gentlemen who have failed as actors and actresses. Mr. and Mrs. ELLISTON DRURY nevertheless pursue the even tenor of their way; their elocution classes are well attended; Mrs. DRURY's afternoons never lack interesting visitors; and her husband's occasional Shakespearian recitals at Hammersmith and Putney, inspire the local critics with eloquent expressions of regret that the degenerate condition of the stage should condemn so rare an actor to the drawing-room and the platform.

Mr. ELLISTON DRURY finds this a sufficient balm for his bruised soul; and his admiring wife declares that walking along the vale of life hand in hand with ELLISTON, is after all bliss enough, without the added and questionable joy of being a popular Lady Dramatist.

"THE SATURDAY REVIEW" AT SPITHEAD.—Our Special's account is too late for this week. He went away on Friday last, and was last seen on board the new P. & O. ship *Victoria*. Wire just arrived says, "Steamed through Fleet in tug. Tender reminiscences. Big guns everywhere. We're the biggest. Salutations." That's all!

Mrs. R. says she is glad her nephew became a good horseman before he was called to the Bar, as he is always now going on Circus.



FELINE AMENITIES.

TWO CASES OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Mrs. de Vere Jones (rushing up to Mrs. Stanley Brown, whom she hates). "OH, HOW DO YOU DO, DEAR LADY WRYMOUTH?"

[Lady Wrymouth is said to be the plainest Woman in the whole British Peerage!]

Mrs. Stanley Brown. "VERY WELL, THANKS, DEAR MRS. CORMORAN. HOW ARE YOU?"

[Mrs. Cormoran is said to be the plainest Woman in the whole British Empire!]

MAKING IT EASY;

OR, THE SHOEMAKER AND THE CONSIDERATE CUSTOMER.

Shoemaker. . . Lord S-L-SB-RY. Customer. . . Lord H-ET-NGT-N.

Customer. H-o-w-o-u-g-h!!!

Shoemaker (solicitously). Beg pardon, m'Lord! Hurt you, m'Lord?

Customer. Hurt? I should think it did, indeed.

Shoemaker. Very strange, m'Lord. 'Tother one seems to fit you to a nicety. (Aside.) Fancied that might be a tight fit now.

Customer. Humph! I can make shift with that. But this won't do at all. Tight across the instep and pinches the toes awfully. (Aside.) Hang it! it's a beastly bad fit everyway; but that it wouldn't suit to me change just now, I'd throw the confounded things on his hands and go elsewhere.

Shoemaker (aside). He looks grumpy; I must mind my eye, or I shall lose his custom. And that wouldn't suit my books a bit—just now. (Aloud.) Awfully sorry, I'm sure, m'Lord. We must try again.

Customer. You ought to have got the measure of my foot better than this, especially when I handed you my old lasts.

Shoemaker. Well, m'Lord, you see, you've a bit—ahem!—outgrown 'em like, don't you see, m'Lord?

Customer. Outgrown them? What do you mean? Feet don't grow at my time of life.

Shoemaker (aside). How shall I put it so as not to huff him? Bunions are a growth; so are corns—of a kind. (Aloud.) Why, m'Lord, I think—I—a—fancy your last pair—Gladstone highlows they were—weren't they?—trying shoes for tender feet, m'Lord—must have been just a trifle too small, and—ahem!—compressed your feet a little, at the joints, m'Lord.

Customer (aside). By Jove, he's right. G.'s tight fits have galled me for some time past, and the last pair he made me I simply couldn't get on. (Aloud.) Hang it, man, what has that to do with it? Your business is to fit my feet as they are. If you can't do it—

Shoemaker (hastily). Can't, m'Lord? No such word in our shop, m'Lord. I flatter myself we could fit the biggest beetle-crusher ever

union'd into the shape of a giant potato or a Californian nugget. Much more your shapely foot, m'Lord, which, if it has been nubbly'd a leetle by misfits, will soon recover its proper proportions—under proper treatment.

Customer. Well, off with this boot, anyhow. You'll have to make it longer and wider, ease it here and slacken it there, before I can wear it.

Shoemaker. Very good, m'Lord. (Aside.) Doosed imperative, but I can't afford to offend him. Though I never expected an old-established high-class firm like ours would have stooped to tout for any of botching G.'s old customers. There's Mr. JOSEPH BRUMMA-GEM, now, fancy my having to kneel at his feet, and take his measure! More particular than this one, if anything, and puts him up to half his objections, I believe. Well, well, trade's bad, and we mustn't be too scrupulous, I suppose. Besides, some of G.'s old customers seem drifting back to the old shop we thought was just about shutting up, and that won't do at any price.

Customer (irritably). What are you muttering and murmuring about?

Shoemaker. Murmuring, m'Lord? Oh dear no, m'Lord. Not at all, m'Lord. Quite the contrary. I was only blessing that there G. for spoiling the Trade as he has done. Brought us down from Wellingtons, and even his own smartly cut Oxonians to borough Bluchers and rustic highlows; and now wants to set a new fashion all on a sudden, and make us all take to his confounded badly cut Irish brogues. Yah! Chaps like G. ought to be boycotted—ahem!—I mean Primrose-Leagued out of the profession. Wonder any gentleman can condescend to deal with him. Now, my customers, as your friend Mr. JOSEPH kindly acknowledged t'other day, are gentlemen to a man, and for cut, style, finish and polish, I will say—

Customer. Oh, yes, no doubt. But the point just at present, my good fellow, is fit. If you miss that you miss all.

Shoemaker (eagerly). Oh, have no fear on that account, m'Lord. Elastic's the word, m'Lord. We've any number of different trees, and our leather is warranted to stretch to any extent. We'll even alter our favourite old-fashioned cut to suit such customers as you!

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SHOEMAKER (*most accommodating*). "THE OTHER FITS ALL RIGHT, M'LORD,—THIS ONE WAS A BIT TIGHT,—BUT NOW I'VE EASED IT YOU'LL BE ABLE TO WEAR IT WITH PERFECT COMFORT. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE YOUR CUSTOM. M'LORD!"

Customer. Thanks. The fashion is changing a little, I fear. I don't want to leave you, and I won't go back to G.—if I can help it. If his brogue should become the vogue—but there, it's shocking to think of it. Give us a decent fit which we can wear in public without reproach, and we'll stick to you. But how about this boot?

Shoemaker (with effusion). Oh, we'll alter it to *any* extent, to suit your taste, m'Lord, though it isn't exactly the cut upon which our House has always prided itself. There! It *was* a bit tight, but now I've eased it you'll be able to wear it with perfect comfort. We can't afford to lose *your* custom, m'Lord!

'ARRY ON ANGLING.

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Ow are yer, my arty, and 'ow does this Summer suit *you*? Selp me never, old pal, it's a scorcher! I lap lemon-squosh till all's blue, And then feel as dry as a dust-bin. Want all SPIERS and POND's upon trust, For it do make a 'ole in the ochre to deal with a true first-class thrust.

But it's proper, dear boy, yus it's proper, this weather is, took on the 'ole, And for 'oliday outings and skylarks it sets a chap fair on the roll. Where d'yer think as I spent my last bust up? I know you'd be out of the 'unt If you guessed for a 'ole month o' Sundays. I passed it, old pal, *in a punt*!

"O Walker!" sez you, "that's 'is gammon!" No, CHARLIE, it's righteous, dear boy.

It's quite true that to chivvy Thames hangers is jest what we used to enjoy. Rekerlek that old buffer at Richmond, and 'ow we shoved foul of his swim, And lost him a middlin'-sized barbel and set his straw tile on the skim?

Hangling isn't my mark, that's a moral, and fishermen mostly is fools; To chaff 'em and tip 'em the kibosh is one of my reglarrest rules; And it ain't our sort only as does it, you take the non-anglers all round, An you'll find that in potting the puntist they're 'ARRIES right down to the ground.

All our chiest stock-jokes and pet patter they mops up, like mugs as they are, For they *might* cut their own chaff, eh, CHARLIE? not borrow it all from the bar. But I've seen little toffs in white weskits a slinging *our* lingo to rights, About colds, and cock-salmons, and shop 'uns; it's one of the rummiest sights.

Of course they all trot out SAM JOHNSON; you know the fine crusted old wheeze. I chucked it one day at a cove as lay stretched at the foot of some trees.

"Fool at one end and worm at the other?" sez he. "Ah! that's neat, and so new,

And as you seem to be worm and fool, one may say 'extremes meet,' Sir, *in you*."

'Owsomever I've 'ad a day's 'ooking at last, and it wasn't arf bad.

You know since I turned Primrose Leaguer I've mixed with the Toppers, my lad; And one on 'em, pal of the Prince, I believe, got JACK JOLTER a pass For some fine preserved waters; no pay, mate, and everythink fixed up fust-class.

JACK asked me and BELL BONSOR to jine him, and seein' it didn't mean tin, And the 'ole thing seemed swell, with good grubbing and lots o' prime lotion chucked in.

I was "on" like a shot. BELL's a bloomer, and JACK, though a bit of a jug, Is too long in the purse to let slip; so the game looked all proper and snug.

JACK's a straw-thatched young joker in gig-lamps, good-natured, and nuts on the sport.

He turns up with four rods and two bait-cans, and tackle of every dashed sort. Such rum-looking gimcracks, my pippin; lines coiled up in boxes and books, And live-bait, and worms all a-wriggle, and big ugly bunches of 'ooks.

I was a'most afraid to set down, for the things seemed all over the shop, And BELL she kep startin' and squeakin', a-settin' me fair on the 'op; Fust a fish as dabbed flop on her 'at, then a 'ook as got snagged in 'er skirt, It was one blessed squork all the time, 'mate, though nothink much 'appened to 'urt.

Pooty spot; sort o' lake green and windin', with nice quiet "swims" all about. Though I must say I missed the Thames gammocks, the snide comic song, and the shout.

No larks at the locks, no collisions, no landings for lotion, you know, And, but for Miss BELL and the bottle, it might a bin jest a bit slow.

But the prog was A 1, and no kid. Though JACK stuck to his tackle like wax, BELL and me was soon stodging like winkles; that gal *did* make play with the snacks.

"Strike!" cries JACK—"you've a *bite*!" "Yes, I know it," sez I, with my mouth full of 'am.

"Wot do *you* think, Miss B.?"—and she larfed till 'er cheeks went like raspberry 'am.

JOLTER looked jest a mossel disgusted, and turned a bit rusty, for *him*, When we made the punt rock in our romps, which he said was "disturbing the swim."

And when he had hooked a fine perch, and Miss BELL made a dash at the line, And the fish flobbered back with a flop, JACK's escape from a cuss cut it fine.

Then he pulled in his "trimmer," and, scissors! a jolly big jack came aboard, Wich flopped round us, and showed his sharp teeth, till Miss BONSOR went pasty, and roared.

Reg'lar shark; made a grab at my pants when I tried to cut in to BELL's aid; And I'm blowed if she didn't turn raspy, and chaff me for being afraid.



THE CONVENTIONAL MISSIONARY WHO COULDN'T CONVERT THE SULTAN.

"Sir DRUMMOND WOLFF's Mission is at an end."—*Papers generally.*

Arter this things appeared to go quisky; BELL's skirt 'ad got slimed, dontcher see,

And she vowed it was spiled, while JACK looked jest as though he could scrumplicate me.

So sez I, "Let us turn up this barney, and toddle ashore for some grub."

And we pulled up the stone and the hanchor, and made a bee-line for our pub.

The dinner soon smoothed down our feathers, though JACK 'ad a sad sort o' look.

Selfish fellows these hangers are, CHARLIE, they can't keep their heyve off the 'ook.

Bless yer 'art, 'cos we struck arter dinner, and chucked up the perch for a spree, [as blue as could be.

And took a turn round, me a pulling, that JACK looked 'Owsomever we chaffed 'im a good 'un. Miss BELL and yours truly got thick,

Wen I told 'er 'er lips wos true "spoon"-bait, *she* twigged wot I meant pooty quick.

"Oh, I can't abide anglers," she whispered, "they're flabby and cold like their fish,

'Ow I wish JACK would jest sling 'is 'ook, and leave hus,—well, *you* know wot I wish."

"Oh, I'm fly, dear," sez I, with a 'ug. So I nobbled the Guard with a tip, [JOLTER the slip.

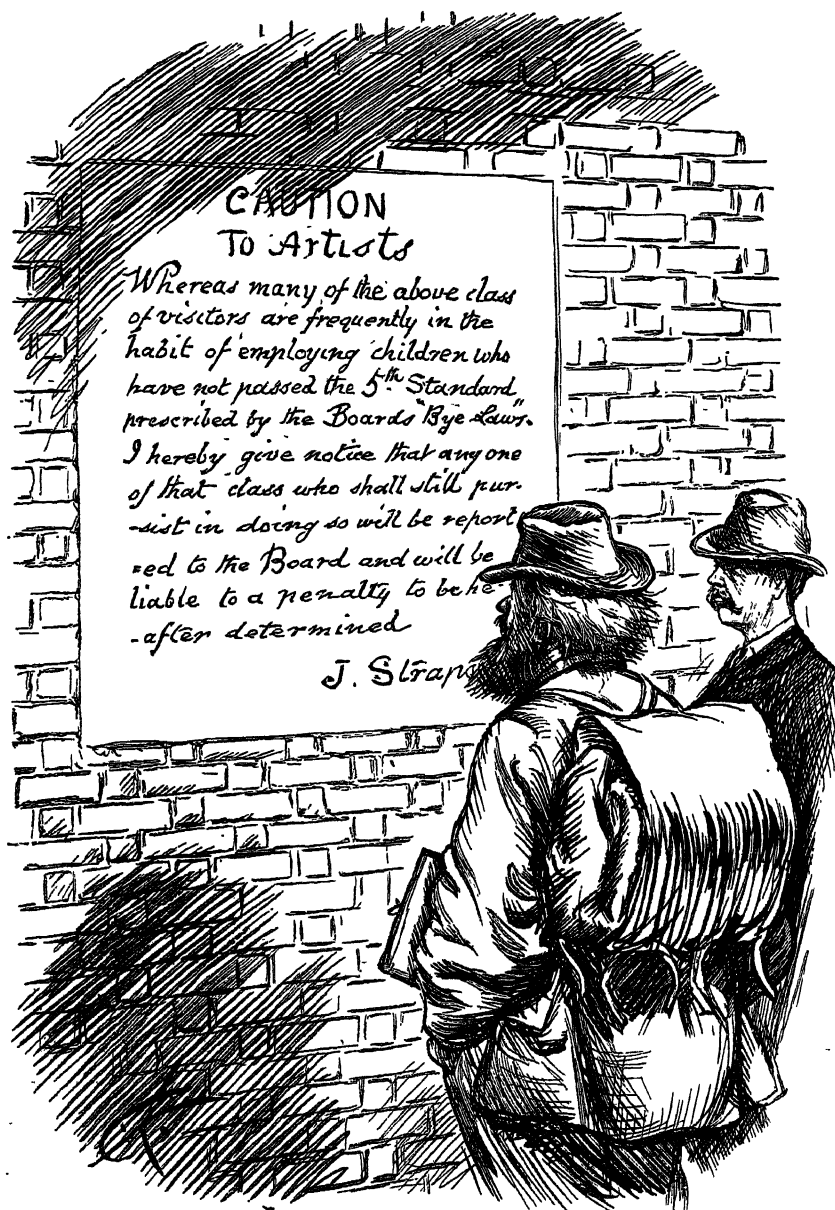
And we managed to nip in fust-class, and so gave Master It give 'im the needle in course, being left in the lurch in this way, [true dasher to say?

But the petticoats know wot is wot, and so wot's your JACK 'as cut me since then at the "Primrose Club," bust 'im! I don't care a toss;

Your angler is *always* a juggins, so *he*'s no pertikler big BELL BONSOR is mashed on me proper, and if I'd a fancy to marry,—

But if there's a fish as *ain't* easy to 'ook it's Yours artfully,

'ARRY.



"MODEL" LEGISLATION.

Wandering Student (to his Companion, after reading Poster). "CLASS OF VISIT—' WELL, I'M—WHAT ARE THE ARTS IN THIS COUNTRY COMING TO, JIMMEY!" [Exeunt depressed!]

THE COUNTRY-COUSIN'S VADE MECUM.

Question. So you have conscientiously done the Jubilee?

Answer. Certainly. For the last month I have scarcely ever been to bed.

Q. Why? *A.* Somehow I have not retired to rest before it has been time to get up.

Q. Did you go to the Abbey?

A. That I did! Most touching! Shall never forget—

Q. Thank you. I think I can supply as much as you want of that sort of thing. I will not trouble you for any descriptions. Were you at the Guildhall Ball?

A. I was, and saw all the foreign Royalties.

Q. How did the LORD MAYOR get through it?

A. On the whole, well; although the Remembrancer, in a full-bottomed wig, rushing about, in a very energetic fashion, was suggestive of *Fusos* in *Bombastes Furioso*.

Q. Were you at the Royal Academy Soirée?

A. Certainly. It was a very large gathering.

Q. And who did you see there?

A. The same persons as those I had noticed in the Abbey.

Q. And they were— *A.* The persons I had seen at the Reform Club Ball.

Q. And they? *A.* Were subsequently found at the Inner Temple Ball, the Gray's Inn Maske, and the laying of the foundation-stone of the Institute.

Q. Was the Maske of Flowers a success? *A.* A very great success; but it was all I

could do to keep awake—I was so dead beat—in the Gray's Inn grounds at the Garden Party afterwards.

Q. And the Volunteer Review—how did you like that?

A. Oh, splendid! Nearly thirty thousand men all marching past.

Q. And the Review at Aldershot?

A. Magnificent! Nearly seventy thousand men marching past.

Q. Did they all pass you?

A. Yes, all. They took three hours or more in doing it. They were all alike. Seventy thousand men, all alike, for three hours. It was deeply interesting.

Q. Did you see the QUEEN?

A. I saw where she was, but HER MAJESTY was concealed from view by the Long Valley dust.

Q. Did you go to the Lincoln's Inn Garden Party?

A. To meet Lord HERSCHELL, his friends, and the Prince and Princess? Certainly. It differed from other Garden Parties in having in the grounds a sort of bath containing a fountain, ducks, and (to the best of my belief) turtles.

Q. Have you been to many Garden Parties?

A. Oh yes, to a large number. I have been to nineteen with Indian Princes complete, and two without.

Q. Did you go to the Naval Review?

A. Oh yes; in the middle of the night. I came back before the dawn on the following morning.

Q. Was it very beautiful?

A. Very—what I could see of it.

Q. What did you see of it?

A. Not much.

Q. Have you done anything else?

A. I have been in a chronic state of dinners, balls, operas, laying of foundation-stones, fireworks, and marches past.

Q. Are you at all confused?

A. So much confused, that I have just head enough left to try, in a feeble manner, to get back to the country.

Q. And if you do get back to the country, when shall you again visit town?

A. Well, it is my impression, not just immediately!

SIDONIAN SHAKSPEARE.

In a deep and dark recess, among the sepulchral chambers of Sidon, on a splendid Sarcophagus in black stone, the delvers of the Palestine Exploration Committee lately discovered an ancient Phœnician inscription, which has been translated in a Beyrout newspaper as follows:—

"I, TALNITE, Priest of Astarte, and King of Sidon, son of ESHMUNAZAR, Priest of Astarte, and King of Sidon, lying in this tomb, say:—Come not to open my tomb; there is here neither gold, nor silver, nor treasure. He who will open this tomb shall have no prosperity under the sun, and shall not find repose in the grave."

If the explorers who unearthed TALNITE's epitaph had been able to read it, they might have been fit to shake in their shoes; only that no Archaeologist now makes any bones whatever of rifling an ancient tomb. Hereafter, perhaps, the Australian emissary of a British Exploration Fund will not be deterred by a commination similar to the foregoing from opening the tomb of SHAKSPEARE, and perhaps removing both that Sarcophagus and its contents, should he find any remaining, to a Melbourne Museum.

THE OTHER "G. O. M."—G. OSBORNE MORGAN. ("Mr. G." must copyright the initials.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday, July 18.—Pretty incident in Lords to-night. Debate on Third Reading of Coercion Bill. In middle of proceedings DENMAN remembered four other lines for quotation from late Lord HOUGHTON'S poems. Last time he recited from this source the reporters, as he complained, had not reproduced the quotation. Evidently in strong

rose again, and approached the table. So did the Markiss, and the two Statesmen stood and glared at each other across the table.

"My name——" DENMAN began.

"My Lords," said the Markiss.

"Order! order!" shouted the Peers. Then GRANVILLE remembered what the Markiss had done for him in similar circumstances, and, interposing, moved that the Markiss be heard. House agreed, and *Norval*, retiring from the Grampian hills, withdrew to the Lowlands by the Bar.

In Commons GRANDOLPH turned up in his favourite character as Economist. Crammed to the moustache. Figures which he rattled



DR. SPEAKER BIRCH AND HIS YOUNG PARLIAMENTARY FRIENDS.

GIVING IT THEM ALL ROUND.

force in Gallery to-night; working away at high pressure. Now the time, or never. So DENMAN rose and began—

"My name is NORVAL——"

Unfortunately GRANVILLE rose at same moment. Didn't seem at all interested in further biographical details, and recurred to Coercion Bill. DENMAN not to be turned aside.

"—— On the Grampian hills,"

he continued; whereupon the Markiss rose and moved formal Resolution that GRANVILLE be heard.

Evidently some misunderstanding; but DENMAN too polite to insist on pushing himself forward; resumed his seat, and patiently awaited conclusion of GRANVILLE'S speech. Thereupon promptly

out show that 'First Lord' and Board of Admiralty are spendthrifts. Quite a marvellous store of learning, which hampered HAMILTON, baffled BERSFORD, riled REED and hurried FORWOOD.

This, the serious business of the sitting, prefaced by a privilege case which of course attracted much more attention. LONG complained that on addressing TANNER in Lobby after debate of Friday, Member for Mid-Cork had turned upon him and abused him in coarsest language. Old Morality moved that TANNER be suspended for a month. Many Members of opinion that O. M. need not have been so precise. As they were hanging him up, a month or two more or less would make no difference. Others laid the blame on LONG, who opened the conversation.

"If a man touches pitch he must expect to be defiled," said Lady PARKER, gyrating coquettishly in the Lobby. SEXTON moved ad-

journalment of debate till Thursday. In course of speech fell upon GENT-DAVIS standing at Bar, "smiling," as SEXTON bitterly said, "in such a superior manner." Finding a head there, SEXTON brought down 'shillelagh on it. Suddenness of assault took away G.-D.'s breath. Very indignant when he recovered.

"What business had he to attack me?" he asked. "I'll interpolate the SPEAKER, and see if this, too, isn't a Breach of Privilege."

Business done.—Supply.

Tuesday.—Seems TANNER not the only Member who has been "saying things" in the Lobby. Alderman FOWLER accused of having sinned in a similar way against HOWELL. Irish Members gleefully taken up case. SEXTON gave notice that on Thursday, when Motion for suspension of TANNER comes on, he will move that FOWLER be also suspended for a month. "They can go away together for a month in the country," TIM HEALY says; "or might take a trip to Norway. Anyhow, they'll be able to pair for the remainder of the Session."

FOWLER makes light of the threat, but not at all a pleasant thing. Parliamentary life, as a whole, getting rather a weariness to the flesh. Only the other day he was sat upon in connection with the manufacture of bogus petitions, now is to be brought up for using bad language in the

"If a man touches pitch," &c.

Lobby. Wishes he'd been made a Jubilee Peer.

After questions, gallant little Wales came up, piping its eye. Thirty-one men been arrested in connection with Tithe Riots near Ruthin. Government, having got into swing in Ireland, proposed to change the venue, and try prisoners by Special Jury. ELLIS moved Adjournment in order to protest. Backed up by OSBORNE MORGAN, HARCOURT, DILLWYN, and others. On other side, ATTORNEY-GENERAL justified course taken, and SOLICITOR-GENERAL declared OSBORNE MORGAN's speech "a scandal to the House of Commons."

Idea of OSBORNE MORGAN creating a scandal shocked the House; CLARKE obliged to withdraw remark, and apologise.

Gem of the evening was SWETENHAM's speech. Delightful the ease and fluency with which he pronounced such words as Llanybrech and Llansaint-fraid, and others guiltless of a vowel. Delicious the way in which he ogled OSBORNE MORGAN, slyly insinuating his intimate knowledge of the criminal classes. What with his remarks, and the accusation of the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, House began to think there was more in OSBORNE MORGAN than met the eye, and that it had, unawares, been nursing a viper in its bosom.

Business done.—Supply.

Thursday.—Dr. TANNER and Alderman FOWLER both in their places at Question Time. First business on paper was Adjourned Debate on Old Morality's Motion to suspend TANNER for a month. SEXTON gave notice to haul up the Alderman on charge similar to that which hung over meek head of TANNER. TANNER in apologetic mood, but the Alderman defiant. In course of debate HOWELL, alleged victim of Alderman's minatory observations, attempted to introduce the subject. TANNER debate been on for hour and half; began to flag a little. Time seemed opportune for serving up the Alderman. But SPEAKER peremptorily interposed, and would have none of it. Sufficient for the day was the TANNER thereof, and so the Alderman, a pillar of the Church, a mainstay of the State, must go down to posterity under charge of having used naughty words in the Lobby.

TANNER episode proved lively enough. TANNER apologised for language used to WALTER LONG, and duly expressed his regret. All eyes turned upon Old Morality. Expected, as Leader of House, to interpose, and bring unsavoury proceedings to swift close—and so, let us go to business. But O. M. let LONG slip in with correction of TANNER's version of what had passed. Squabbled for half-an-hour as to what had really been said. House got its back up. Opportunity for controlling it passed. Storm grew higher as moments slipped

by. HARCOURT in his element, thumping the table and shouting at top of his voice in effort, sometimes vain, to make himself heard amid clamour on opposite benches. Finally,

WHITBREAD appealed to SPEAKER to give his opinion. This awkward for SPEAKER, who must needs offend one or other of angry parties. Acquitted himself admirably. With infinite tact expressed his opinion that, as contended from Opposition Benches, TANNER's apology "formal, distinct, and unreserved." Rather a snub this for Old Morality and HARTINGTON, who had backed him up. But decision unanimously accepted, and the smile which BIGWOOD reported he had "seen on" the countenance of Dr. TANNER when first addressed in Lobby by LONG, returned.

"We've lost two hours' precious time," said KENNAWAX, walking out, "and the only person that's made anything out of it is TANNER. A week ago was in low water, snubbed by his own friends, for whom his conduct was too bad. Now elevated to position of persecuted hero, made the subject of elaborate debate, dragged Government into fresh muddle, and brought upon them rebuke from highest authority in the House."

Business done.—Got into Committee on Land Bill.

Friday.—House assembled this afternoon at Waterloo Station, bound for Portsmouth and Southampton, to see the Review.

Business done.—Took return-tickets.

"DEAR me!" said Mrs. RAM, "I always thought that Margarine was a foreign title. Wasn't there a Margarine of Hesse?"

GOOD-WOODCUTS.

By D. Crambo, Junior.



"Ham?—Steaks!"



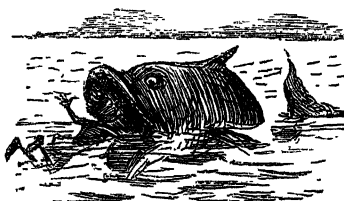
"Rich! mon!"



Fin-don.



Little Time was lost in getting to the Post.



Taking Inside Place.



Drawing Out Clear.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

ALL IN PLAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Now that your own particular theatrical adviser and follower, Mr. NIBBS, has left London for a trip abroad, I venture to address you on matters dramatic. I am the more desirous of so doing because, although the Season is nearly over, two very important additions have been made to the London playhouse programme—two additions that have hitherto escaped your eagle glance. I refer, Sir, to *The Doctor* at the Globe, and *The Colonel* at the Comedy—both from the pen of a gentleman who (while I am writing this in London) is partaking of the waters at Royat. Mr. BURNAND is to be congratulated upon the success that has attended both productions. I had heard rumours that *The Doctor* had found some difficulty in



"How happy could he be with either."

establishing himself (or rather herself, because I am talking of a lady) satisfactorily in Newcastle Street, Strand. It was said that she required practice, but when I attended her consulting-room the other evening, I found the theatre full of patients, who were undergoing a treatment that may be described (without any particular reference to marriages or "the United States") as "a merry cure." I was accompanied by a young gentleman fresh from school, and at first felt some alarm on his account, as his appreciation of the witty dialogue with which the piece abounds was so intense that he threatened more than once to die of laughing.

I have never seen a play "go" better—rarely so well. The heroine—the "*Doctoresse*"—was played with much effect and discretion by Miss ENSON, a lady for whom I prophesy a bright future. Mr. PENLEY was excellent in a part that fitted him to perfection. Both Miss VICTOR, as a "strong woman," and Mr. HILL, as—well, himself,—kept the pit in roars. The piece is more than a farce. The first two

Acts are certainly farcical, but there is a touch of pathos in the last scene which reminds one that there is a close relationship between smiles and tears. And here let me note that the company in the private boxes, even when most heartily laughing, were still in tiers. As a rule the Doctor is not a popular person, but at the Globe she is sure to be always welcome. Any one suffering from that very distressing and prevalent malady, "the Doleful Dumps," cannot do better than go to Newcastle Street for a speedy cure.

The *Colonel* at the Comedy is equally at home, and, on the occasion of his revival, was received with enthusiasm. Mr. BRUCE has succeeded Mr. COGHLAN in the title rôle, and plays just as well as his predecessor. Mr. HERBERT is the original *Forester*, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* are worthy of the applause bestowed upon them. To judge from the laughter that followed every attack upon the æsthetic fad, the "Greenery Yallery Gallery" is as much to the front as ever—a fact, by the way, that was amply demonstrated



The Colonel.

at the *Soirée* of the Royal Academy, where "passionate Brompton" was numerously represented.

The *Bells of Haslemere* seem to be ringing in large audiences at the Adelphi, although the piece is not violently novel in its plot or

characters. Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE ceases to die "every evening" at the end of this week at the Opéra Comique until November. I peeped in, a few days since, just before the last scene of *As in a Looking-Glass*, and found the talented lady on the point of committing her nightly suicide. Somehow I missed the commencement of the self-murder, and thus could not satisfactorily account for her dying until I noticed that a double-bass was moaning piteously. Possibly this double-bass made Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE wish to die—it certainly created the same desire on my part. Believe me, yours sincerely,

ONE WHO HAS GONE TO PIECES.

OUR EXCHANGE AND MART.

HOLIDAY INQUIRIES.

ELIGIBLE CONTINENTAL TRAVELLING COMPANION.—A D.C.L., B.M., and R.S.V.P. of an Irish University, is desirous of meeting with one or two Young English Dukes who contemplating, as a preliminary to their taking their seats in the House of Lords, passing a season at Monaco, would consider the advertiser's society and personal charge, together with his acquaintance with a system of his own calculated to realise a substantial financial profit from any lengthened stay in the locality, an equivalent for the payment of his hotel, travelling, and other incidental expenses. Highest references given and expected. Apply to "MASTER OF ARTS," Blindhookv. County Cork.

INVALID OUTING. EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGES.—A confirmed Invalid, formerly an active member of the Alpine Club, who has temporarily lost the use of his legs, and has in consequence hired a Steam-traction engine attached to which, in a bath-chair, he proposes making a prolonged excursion through the most mountainous districts of Wales, is anxious to meet with five other paralytics who will join him in his contemplated undertaking, and bear a portion of the expense. As he will take in tow two furniture vans containing respectively a Cottage-Hospital and a Turkish-bath, and be accompanied by three doctors, and a German Band, it is scarcely necessary for him to point out that the details of the trip will be carried out with a due regard to the necessities of health and recreation. While the fact that a highly respectable firm of Solicitors will join him *en route*, will be a guarantee that any vexatious litigation instituted against him by local boroughs for the crushing and otherwise damaging their gas and water-mains, or running into their lamp-posts will, if it occur, be jealously watched and effectually dealt with. In the not unforeseen, though by no means expected event of the Traction Engine becoming by some accident permanently wedged in and unable to move from some inaccessible pass, it is understood that the party shall separate, and that each member shall be at liberty to return home by any route he may select for himself as most convenient and available for the purpose. For all further particulars apply to X. X. X., Struggle-on-the-Limp, Lame End, Beds.

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY. RARE OPPORTUNITY.—An impecunious Nobleman, whose income has been seriously reduced owing to the prevailing agricultural depression, would be willing to let his Family Mansion to a considerate tenant at a comparatively low rental. As half the furniture has been seized under a distress-warrant, and as a man in possession is permanently installed, under a bill of sale, in charge of the rest, a recluse of æsthetic tastes, to whom a series of rooms entirely devoid of furniture would present a distinct attraction, and who would find a little friendly social intercourse not an altogether disagreeable experience, might discover in the above an eligible opportunity. Some excellent fishing can be had on the sly in the small hours of the morning by dodging the local Middle-man to whom it has been let. Capital rat-shooting over nearly an eighth of an acre of wild farm-yard buildings. Address, "MARQUIS" Spillover, Herts.

THE BEST PART OF HALF A PACK OF HOUNDS FOR SALE.—A Midland County Squire, who, through having come into a Suburban Omnibus business, is about to relinquish his position as a county gentleman, is anxious to find a purchaser for what is left of a Pack of Hounds, of which he has for several years been the acknowledged Master. The "remnant" consists of a Dachshund, a Setter, slightly blind of one eye, two Drawing-room Pugs, a Lurcher, and a French Poodle, who can tell fortunes with a pack of cards, jump through three papered hoops at a time, walk round the room on his fore legs, and take five o'clock tea with any assembled company. Any enthusiastic huntsman wishing "to ride to hounds" in the middle of August, could, with a little preliminary training, scarcely fail to find in the above all the elements that would provide him with a capital run, even at this comparatively early season of the sporting year. With a red herring tied on to the fox, they could be warranted not to miss the scent; and, failing their performances in the field, might be safely relied on as a striking feature in any provincial Circus. The advertiser would be glad to hear from a respectable and responsible sausage manufactory.—Apply, MASTER, Packholme, Kenilworth.



ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE POETS.

"A CYCLE OF CATHAY."

Locksley Hall.

SOME MORE OFFICIAL JILLS.

(Whom Mr. Punch, with his characteristic sense of justice and fair-play, is proud to recognise as no less representative than his earlier types—although he could wish he had the pleasure of encountering them a little more frequently.)

SCENE—A large Branch Post Office. The weather is oppressively warm, and the Public slightly irritable in consequence. Behind the counter are three Young Ladies, of distinctly engaging appearance, whom we will call Miss GOODCHILD, Miss MEEKIN, and Miss MANNERLY, respectively. As the Curtain rises, Miss GOODCHILD is laboriously explaining to an old lady with defective hearing the relative advantages of a Postal and a Post Office Order.

The Old Lady. Just say it over again, so that a body can hear ye. You young Misses ought to be taught to speak out, 'stead o' mumbling the way you do. Why can't ye give me a Postal Order for five-and-fourpence, and a'done with it, eh?

Miss Goodchild (endeavouring to speak distinctly). A Post Office Order will be what you require. See, you just fill in that form, and then I'll make it out—it's quite simple.

Old Lady. Yes, I dessay, anything to save yourselves a little trouble! You're all alike, you Post-Office young women. As if I couldn't send five-and-fourpence to my boy down at Toadley in the 'Ole, without filling up a parcel o' nonsense!

Person behind (with a talent for grim irony of a heavy order). Can you inform me whether there are any arrangements for providing luncheon for the Public—because, as it appears I am to spend the entire day here—

Miss Goodchild (sweetly). I'm so very sorry to keep you waiting, Sir. As soon as ever I have attended to this lady!

Old Lady. If you call it attending—which I don't myself. There's your form. Miss Goodchild. Oh, but you haven't told me whom you want, the order made out to!

Old Lady. I did—I told you it was my son. If you hadn't been wool-gathering, you'd ha' heard me. I'm sure I speak plain enough!

Miss Goodchild (laughing good-humouredly). Oh, yes, you speak very plainly—but I want the name in full, please, to put in the instructions.

The Person with the Irony. When you have quite concluded your little conversation—

Miss Goodchild (as she fills in the order). Now, Sir, what can I do for you?

The Person with the Irony. Well, I should be glad to be informed what you mean by requiring me to take out a licence for a dog that died of distemper a fortnight after I had him—and I had a warranty with him too!

Miss Goodchild. Oh, but that isn't my department, you see. You must go—(gives him elaborate instructions as to the place he is to apply to.)

The Person. Ah, if you had had the common courtesy to tell me all that before, I should not have wasted my time like this! [Exit in wrath.]

A Feeble Lady (to Miss MEEKIN). Oh, I just thought as I was passing by—may I put my umbrella here—and these parcels? thank you. I daresay you can tell me. Does the Mail for New Heligoland touch at Port Sandune? They go every other Friday, don't they? or is it changed to alternate Tuesdays now? and will there be anyone on board who would look after a box of Japanese rats if I sent them?—they'll want feeding, or something I suppose.

[Miss MEEKIN disentangles these inquiries, and answers them categorically to the best of her knowledge, information and belief.]

Feeble Lady (disappointed). Oh, I quite thought you would know all about it! Then you wouldn't send the rats, you think?

Miss Meekin. No, I don't think I should send the rats, without someone in charge.

Feeble Lady. Oh, well, but I call it very unsatisfactory—did I put my umbrella down in this corner, or not? Oh, (slightly annoyed) you have it . . . there must be another parcel, do see if you haven't put it away by mistake! No? Then it will be all right about the rats?

[Exit vaguely.]

A Conversational Man (to Miss MANNERLY). Warm, isn't it?

Miss Mannerly. Very warm. What can I do for you?

Conv. Man. Wait a bit. Give a man time to get his breath . . . phew! (In an injured tone.) Why, the mercury in this office of yours must be over eighty at least!

Miss Mannerly. I daresay . . . you wanted—?

Conv. Man. Daresay! Haven't you got a thermometer—you can easily look for yourself!

Miss M. I'm afraid there isn't one. If you will tell me what you came for?

Conv. Man. Ah, you wouldn't be in such a hurry if I was a nice-looking young chap! You'd be ready enough to talk all day then—I know what you young ladies are like!

Miss M. Perhaps we are not all alike—and I really have no time to talk to anybody.

[Turns away and weighs a parcel for somebody else.]

Conv. M. So that's the way you treat a civil remark, is it! I tell you what it is—you young women want taking down; a little showing up will do you good! Perhaps you haven't seen Punch lately? Well, you look out—I could give Punch some wrinkles if I liked! Ah, I thought that would make a change in you! What do I want? Well, 'pon my soul I forget what I came in for. I'll look in when you're in a better temper.

[Exit with the consciousness of having scored.]

A Testy Man (to Miss MEEKIN). Look here, this is simply scandalous! I've brought it to show you. My little girl in the country sent home some silkworms to her sister in a light paper-box. They were marked "fragile, with care"—and this is how they arrived! (Thrusts a crushed packet, unpleasantly stained, upon Miss MEEKIN's notice.) That's your stamping, that is!

Miss Meekin. I'm sure I'm very sorry.

Testy M. Sorry! What's the use of that? The silkworms are dead! dead through culpable negligence on the part of someone in this office—and if you'll give me a sheet of paper, I'll let the Postmaster-General know what I think of you here. (Miss MEEKIN supplies him with paper and an envelope; he dashes down a strong-worded screed with a gold pencil-case.) There, you'll hear more of that—I'll bring these silkworms home to somebody, if I have to do it through Parliament! good-day to you.

Miss Meekin (as he is opening the door). Sir, one moment!

Testy Man. No, I'll listen to no apologies—disgraceful, disgraceful!

Miss Meekin (a little roused). I wasn't going to apologise—only to tell you you've left your pencil-case on the counter.



AN APPEAL FROM SCIENCE.

"AM I NOT WORTHY OF AS MUCH CONSIDERATION AS MUSIC AND GEOLOGY? WHY SHOULD NOT I HAVE A MUSEUM?"

Testy Man. Oh—er—have I? much obliged. (*Disarmed.*) And you may give me back that letter—I'll think over it!

Miss Goodchild (to Mrs. QUIVERFUL—a regular client). Oh, Mrs. QUIVERFUL, do you know, you never put any stamp on that letter to Wurra-Gurra? I saw it was in your handwriting.

Mrs. Quiverful. Dear, dear me! how careless—and my boy expecting to hear as usual! So you couldn't send it?

Miss G. Oh, yes, it *was* sent—I thought you wouldn't like to miss the Mail.

Mrs. Q. But he'll have to pay double at his end—he'll think I grudge the expense, poor boy!

Miss G. (timidly). I—I thought you'd rather it went stamped, so I—I took the liberty of stamping it myself.

Mrs. Q. Did you? Then you're a darling, and I don't care what unkind things *Mr. Punch* chooses to say about you—there!

Mr. Punch (in background). If they were all like her, he would never have said any unkind things at all, Madam. *O si sic omnes!*

Mrs. Q. (in some alarm). A—quite so, I'm sure. What a very singular person! [*Scene closes in.*]

HORATIAN MOTTO FOR MR. STANSFELD & Co.—"*Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.*" "The humane gent plunges headlong into impropriety."

THE BEST "DRESS IMPROVER."—A Pretty Girl.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE NAVAL REVIEW.

I HAD never seen a Naval Review. It was to come off on the Saturday, and this was the Thursday previous. When therefore in answer to a modest inquiry, I received a wire from Mr. RICHARD ROSSHER, Chairman of the Great M. & N. Steamship Company, saying, "Come aboard our new boat, *Regina*, to-morrow, Friday; tickets and instructions by post," I made up my mind on the spot to accept, if I could return on the Saturday night, as business of the utmost importance demanded my presence in London on Sunday morning. What that business was is nobody's business but mine, so I need not explain. Suffice it to say that to miss a certain appointment on Sunday morning, would have been fraught with most disastrous consequences to myself and others.

I answered ROSSHER's telegram, "Yes, with pleasure, if you can land me Saturday night." To which the reply was, "Think it can be managed; try to come." To this I wired, "Instructions and tickets received. Am coming." Within two hours I got a message from a Clerk in the M. & N. Office, City, "ROSSHER on board at Southampton. Too late to wire."

What this was meant to convey I did not understand, but my mind was made up, and very soon my bag was packed, and I was ready for the start. At all events, there was the utter novelty to me of being a guest on board one of the largest vessels afloat in the Indian Merchant Service (I believe it is the Indian Merchant Service, or, as OLLENDORFF would put it, "the Service of the Indian Merchant.") with a select party, limited, I supposed, to about a dozen "jolly companions every one," and in being taken in and done for *en prince*, *en prince indien*.

"Immensely kind of ROSSHER," I said to myself (and subsequently said it to him) as I alighted at the Waterloo Station, and proceeded at once to the wrong platform. I do not remember ever having been to Waterloo Station without having been to the wrong platform to begin with.

Bag in hand, and coat over arm—the wary sea-dog provides against probable squalls—I strode to another platform—wrong again. "The M. & N. Special," I panted to a porter, who was so taken aback by being appealed to suddenly, that for a few seconds he could only mop his heated brow and stare at me vaguely. Then after repeating my question twice, once to me and once to himself, he shook his head as if he were giving up a conundrum, whereupon to interest him personally in my proceedings I handed him my bag to carry. This looking like real business, he showed himself a man of vast resources by stopping an official in a buttoned-up uniform and a tall chimney-pot hat, and obtaining the information from him. Across the bridge and then second on the left. Off we go. Here we are. Board up labelled "M. & N. Special. *Regina*." A crowd is pouring in at the wicket-gate. Can they all be going by the M. & N. Special? Yes. I hear the question put, and those not possessing the proper tickets are sternly rejected. Some are sent off to another platform where there is another "M. & N. Special" for the *Italia*.

I present my ticket. It is examined, clipped, and I am passed in. Seeing a number of people ahead and an empty smoking-carriage close at hand, I jump into this, stow away my bag, and find myself with a quarter of an hour to the good. I get out to look about me. Enter SIR PETER PORTLAND (looking younger than ever, as he always does whenever I meet him) in decidedly fashionable yachting-costume, cap and all (he once owned a yacht), carrying a brown-paper parcel. Delighted to see one another. He secures a seat in my carriage. So does another fellow, name unknown, but evidently a gallant seaman with a weather-beaten countenance. At the last moment hurries up SIR THOMAS QUITLOCKE, also in full yachting-costume, cap and all, only not so bright and gay as SIR PETER, who I observe has on an evening white waistcoat and patent leather shoes, which combination gives a light and airy and hornpipy appearance to the wearer, which mere navy blue serge can never convey.

We, including the unknown man in the corner, with the weather-beaten face—the Knight of the Bronze Features—congratulate ourselves on being the guests of the M. & N. SIR PETER produces his card of invitation. So does SIR THOMAS; so does the Weather-beaten One. I feel in all my pockets. No. I've left it behind me. SIR PETER, SIR THOMAS, and the Weather-beaten Stranger eye me suspiciously. There is a lull in the conversation. I tell my story, and try to interest them. It strikes me that they don't believe it; but my railway ticket proves my veracity. They brighten up again, but are evidently still far from clear that they are not travelling with an impostor.



"I don't see your name on the list," says SIR PETER, scanning a large card through his glasses.

"What list?" I ask, somewhat disturbed.

"List of guests," replies SIR THOMAS, examining his card.

Weather-beaten Man hasn't got a list; he asks to be allowed to examine SIR PETER's. Aha! the Weather-beaten Man's name is not there. SIR THOMAS and SIR PETER eye him with suspicion now. He explains and tells his story. If my name had been on the list I should have disbelieved him; but as it isn't, I only think that his account of being here at all is not so plausible and clear as my own.

"You've got the number of your berth?" asks SIR THOMAS, looking round at me doubtfully, as if he were giving me a last chance.

"Berth!" I exclaim. "No, I haven't. You see I only telegraphed—" and here I am about to repeat my entire explanation, when SIR PETER and SIR THOMAS cut it short by shaking their heads ominously. "I'm going away on Saturday night," I say, as if the prospect of my leaving them soon would soften them a bit.

"Saturday!" returns SIR PETER, with a chuckle. "'Pon my soul I don't see how you're going to do that." And he smiles derisively. "No one goes on shore till Monday," observes SIR THOMAS, with decision. "Certainly not," says the Weather-beaten Man, who is not on the list, turning against me; "and, for my part, I don't care how long I stay in such good quarters."

After this there is an uncomfortable silence. SIR THOMAS says there are two hundred and fifty guests. Heavens! and I had thought it was a small and select party of genial bachelors! We read our papers, the Weather-beaten Man in his corner, I in mine. SIR PETER and SIR THOMAS smoke, and then both fall asleep. Waking up, they fall to conversing about a trip they have already had on the *Regina*, comparing notes of comfort and so forth. I'm out of it. So is the Weather-beaten Stranger. I begin to wish I hadn't come, or, at all events, that I had brought my invitation card as proof of my identity, and a verification of my statement. Wish, too, I'd brought ROSSHER's telegram. No good wishing. I haven't. I'm not there yet; but what frightens me is, that as there are two hundred and fifty passengers, if I am the only one who wants to go on shore on Saturday night, they will never upset all the arrangements for the sake of sending me off in a launch or a gig, or whatever they have in use. And if I can't return Saturday—However, here I am, and I'll go through with it.

Southampton, directly alongside of the *Regina*. Magnificent vessel. Crowd trooping in out of train. Men in uniform at gangway, directing everyone to go below and get billeted. I join the crowd descending the companion. As everyone comes to a table where certain M. & N. officials are standing, each person shows his or her invitation-card, and receives a number. Then they disappear, some singly, some in couples, as if it were the Ark, and ROSSHER were NOAH settling it all. Evidently the first thing necessary is the invitation-card. Ha! there is ROSSHER in the distance, at the far corner of the table. I wave my hand to him in the heartiest manner, expressive of my delight at seeing him, and I am sincerely grateful, for I feel at this moment that ROSSHER is the only friend I have in this strange world, from which I am liable at any moment to be summarily ejected, being unable to show my *raison d'être* in the shape of the invitation-card.

"Name?" says a sharp man in ordinary civilian's dress, from whom, judging by his tone and business-like manner, I feel confident I can expect no mercy. "I haven't got one," I reply, whereat he frowns as if he didn't mean to stand any nonsense, and I apologise humbly for having mistaken his question. I thought he was asking for my card. "No," he says, eying me suspiciously. "Name! Where is it? Down here?" And he hands me the confounded list, at which I make no pretence of looking, but cast an appealing look towards ROSSHER, who at that moment, most fortunately for me, comes up, having finished shaking hands with two hundred out of the two hundred and fifty arrivals.

"Ah! you here!" he exclaims, with an air of cheery surprise. "That's capital. Didn't know you were coming."

I am considerably staggered. "Why," I say to him, protesting, "I telegraphed—"

"Ah!" says ROSSHER in an off-hand way, "then I didn't receive it. You wait quietly here, and we'll see what can be done for you."

I catch Weather-beaten Stranger's eye. He is waiting, also, with his back against a cabin-door, most patiently. I meet several friends. I explain to them all, over and over again, my melancholy story, and while I do so I stand as near the table as possible, so that the sad tale may reach some of the officials, and excite them to pity and immediate action on my behalf. My friends nod at me pleasantly, hope it will come all right, and leave me, to see after their own comforts. What a selfish, unsympathetic world this is!

"Hallo!" says a young man, not in naval costume, but evidently an official of some sort, blithely turning towards me and mentioning my name inquiringly, which I immediately acknowledge, whereupon he continues, "I'm delighted to meet you. My name's CRICK." I smile, and shake his hand warmly, as if congratulating him on his appellation. "Where's your berth?" Then I have to explain it

all over to him. I'm becoming sick of these explanations. They're asking me for the number of my berth, as if they wanted an extract from my baptismal-register, or my marriage-certificate. "Don't know what you'll do," says CRICK, smiling as if the whole thing were a good joke. And I thought he could help me! "Where's your dinner-place?" he asks. Good heavens! I don't know—how should I? Where's *his* dinner-place? "Oh," he replies, "mine's aft. If you like to join us, we'll find room. It's very jolly. Not so swell, you know." No, I don't know, and haven't an idea what he means. But if I can't get dinner "forward," I'll dine "aft" with pleasure. ROSSHER comes up.

"All right," he says to CRICK. "Just take this gentleman" (meaning me) "to the Saloon; there are several spare places." ROSSHER pats me on the back, encouragingly. Oh, how grateful I am to ROSSHER! CRICK says, "Yes, Sir," (what is CRICK?) and takes me to the Saloon—beautifully laid out for two hundred and fifty guests—and finds me a capital place. Why didn't he do this before? No matter, it's settled now. First bell sounds. CRICK directs me to the wash-and-brush-up. In ten minutes I have made my toilette, including opening my bag and getting out a dark serge for dinner wear, and I walk into the Saloon as the *convives* are assembling, with the air of a man who is well within his rights.

Happy Thought.—I won't ask ROSSHER anything more about berth and cabin until after dinner. After dinner is always a good-natured, complaisant time.

Excellent dinner. Amusing company. Chiefly stories about long voyages, rats and cockroaches. From what I hear I should not like a long voyage in an old ship. We disperse over the vessel. Music, coffee, cigars, and conversation. Lovely sight. Still, it will be lovelier if I am quite certain where I am going to sleep. I find ROSSHER. "Ah!" he cries out, cheerily, as if he had quite forgotten my particularly sad case, "how are you getting along? All right? Eh?" And he is just going on to join a lively party of distinguished visitors when I detain him sharply, as the Ancient Mariner did the guest, and hold him with my glittering eye.

"How about the berth?" I say, with a little show of anxiety as the desperate circumstances of the case will permit.

"The berth!" he repeats. "Why, haven't you got a berth yet?"

"No," I return, abjectly, as if I were a poor stowaway, without a friend to speak up for me. He meditates a moment. What can he be thinking about? Putting me on shore at once? Getting rid of me politely, as a sort of Jonah. I await his decision nervously.

"Come to the Purser," he says. I follow him.

The Purser is in his counting-house, counting out his billets. Aha! at the sight of me he knows what we have come about. "You're all right," he says to me. "Your berth is No. 273."

"There!" exclaims ROSSHER, triumphantly, exulting in the capabilities of the M. & N.'s new ship *Regina*. "Now you're fixed up." I am. I could go on my knees to ROSSHER; I could bless the Steward, Purser, I mean,—whatever a Purser is,—but I content myself with concealing my agitation, thanking ROSSHER simply but warmly, and then I follow a black man dressed in white, who carries my bag to No. 273. A lovely outside cabin, airy as if it were on deck, with an electric light, and three empty bunks (I think they are called "bunks,"—but am not certain) besides mine. How four persons on a long voyage, or a short one, can live, move, and have their being in this, I don't know; but how *one* can is evident, and temporarily I am that privileged one. I hope I shall remain so. I do; and have it all to myself.

Up on deck again. Evening spent happily—chiefly in smoking-room. Turn in at twelve. Up next morning at 5.30. Awoke by the light, and fresh breeze. Lovely marble bath—then early coffee. Breakfast *à la fourchette*, at 9.30. Everything as I had anticipated, *en prince indien*. Lounge on deck. Newspapers arrive. More lounging. Refreshments. Chatting. Then luncheon. The Review becomes quite a secondary consideration. Ships everywhere, bunting and flags all about. Weather lovely—scene gay. At three what is called "the fun" is to commence. The "fun" for the coloured seamen in white, consists in their having to stand in a row on the yards up aloft for about an hour and a half. If this is nautical etiquette, I'm very glad I'm not one of the coloured sailors. I suddenly remember that I have to get away. Now begins my trouble again. I find four other persons to whom getting away is an absolute necessity, and not one of them knows how he is going to achieve it, and not one of them likes to broach the subject to ROSSHER. We try the Captain, a bluff seaman, who replies, with a pleasant sort of sea-dogishness, that "he is ready to take the ship wherever Mr. ROSSHER orders him." At present Mr. ROSSHER hasn't issued any orders, but he (the Captain) thinks he means sailing for Cherbourg to-morrow (Sunday) early. Cherbourg!! The Purser, on being asked, can't say any more.

For one moment I see ROSSHER. I remind him that he promised to land me. "Did I?" he says, with an air of quiet astonishment which is most provoking. "Well, I don't know how I'm going to do it. We'll see—after the QUEEN has gone." I catch at a first chance, and say, cajolingly, as if suggesting a plan that he could

have adopted long ago if he had only thought of it—"Couldn't you send us off in a launch or the tender?" I had ascertained the existence of these two boats in attendance, "After the fireworks?" ROSSHER looks at me, thunderstruck. He simply says, "Impossible!" and turns on his heel.

The fact is, when you get out to sea on board a great ship, the visitor is in the power of the owners of the vessel, who have settled all their arrangements for the comfort and amusement of two hundred-and-fifty persons, and if a proposition is made which will interfere with these laws of nautical Medes and Persians in the smallest degree, it is like suggesting the slightest possible alteration, *pro tem.*, in the solar system. No help for it. I make up my mind philosophically. If they can't put me on shore, they can't. It's a serious matter, it's the loss of thousands, it's misery for a year, perhaps, it's ruin to a family, but—I shall see the fireworks and illuminations, and have a cruise to Cherbourg, where I don't particularly wish to go. In the meantime let us look at the Review. I am temporarily resigned.

The Review.—Which are the War-vessels? Where is the QUEEN? How silent it all is. The yards are manned everywhere. Very pretty. Firing and smoke in distance, hardly any noise, and though there must be cheering somewhere, yet the wind blows it away from us and we hear scarcely a sound. Dull. Through the glass we see the QUEEN's Yacht passing along: then as the ship swings round we turn and turn, and everybody gets more or less of a stiff neck. The Band stands ready to play "*God Save the Queen*," but two hours elapse, and HER MAJESTY is nowhere near us, and never will be; most of the Band are fast asleep, the violoncello, having gone off first, is nodding over his instrument. The ladies yearn for five o'clock tea, and gradually disappear to get it. The party watching the QUEEN dissolves.

Aha! the Tender! The four separatists are to be put on shore, and to do this a large party, wishing to see the ships of war, the torpedo-boats, and gun-boats, will accompany us on the tender. We steam down the line, we dodge in and out, we see all the ships, and this is the liveliest and most interesting part of the day's proceedings. Then comes the most melancholy, when we steam back, and allow the other guests to re-embark for dinner on board ("Wish you'd stop," says ROSSHER, heartily, and I as heartily wish I could; so do we all), and then the four separatists, waving their *adieux*, are conveyed on board the tender to Southsea. In the crowd I lose the other three. I see no illuminations. I am thankful for what I have seen, and am content to imagine the rest, which I do as, in a carriage all to myself, I am taken up to London, stopping only once—at Guildford—*en route*, and am finally at home by 1.30 A.M. when I find the card of invitation of the M. & N. Co. on my desk. It is over. It is an experience. *Vive la Compagnie!*

HENRY MAYHEW.

BORN, 1812. DIED, 1887.

"THE MAYHEW Brothers." A familiar phrase

On all men's lips in *Punch's* earlier days,

Suggesting pleasant wit and genial mirth.

Green grow the grass and lightly lie the earth

Above the latest of the brilliant band!

Punch's first pages knew that skillful hand.

HENRY the shrewd, and gentle HORACE both

Watched o'er its birth, and helped its budding growth,

Not long indeed, yet lovingly. Farewell!

The record of the age's course will tell

Of him whose name a double honour bore,

Comrade of *Punch*, and champion of the poor.

[Mr. HENRY MAYHEW was never at any time Editor of *Punch*. He assisted the first Editor, Mr. MARK LEMON, in his work at the commencement, and made many valuable suggestions. His connection with *Punch* was not of long duration.—ED.]

PROFESSIONAL CRICKETERS.

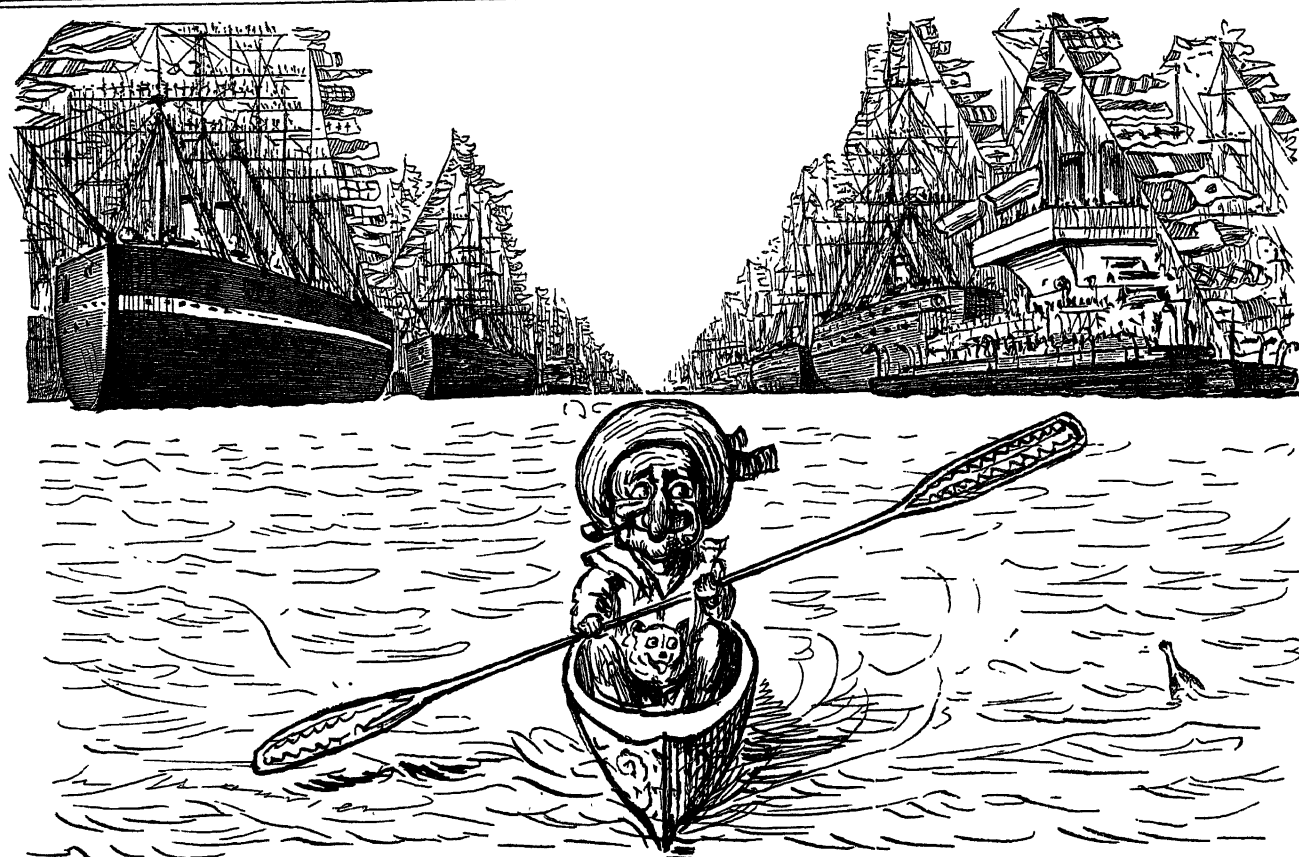
Fancy Portraits by Dumb Crambo.



Burton. (Middlesex.)



Read and A-bel. (Surrey.)



OUR DEFENCES.

Mr. Punch. "HOORAY! NOT SO VERY BAD, AFTER ALL!"

Portsmouth, Saturday, July 23, 1887.

DIFFICULT NAVIGATION;

OR, THE PROUD SKIPPER AND THE PATIENT PILOT.

A (more or less) Nautical Ballad.

I.—AT SEA.

THE Government Yacht (with a rather mixed crew)

Sing hey, sing ho, and a capful of wind!
Sets sail to crack on with a will till all's blue.

Ho! the breeze blows brisk o'er the billow!
The Skipper is stout, if his looks are a clue
(But you mustn't trust them, you may err if you do),
And the smart second officer carries the blue
Like an amateur yachtsman at Margate. Woohoo!
The sea is as soft as a pillow.

The Government Yacht it sets sail in full state,
Sing hey, sing ho and a well-caulked deck!
And what do you think of that canny first mate?

Ho! the sky is as bright as a beryl.
That canny first Mate is a smart Volunteer,
And to look at his jib and to list to his cheer,
You would think as a hero he hadn't a peer,
Superior wholly to flurry or fear
In the tryingest moment of peril.

With a Skipper so stout and a Mate so astute,
Sing hey, sing ho, and an even keel!
The course of that yacht can't be hard to compute,
Ho! the sky shines fair in the offing!
SALISBURY dauntless, and SMITH debonair,
And GOSCHEN a Nautical Ajax who'll dare
All the lightnings on hand—at least so he'll declare!—
How finely with such a fine crew they should fare,
In spite of the land-lubbers scoffing.

Hooray!—Humph! By Jove that's a suddenish squall,
Sing hey, sing ho, and a spinnaker boom!

The Skipper, he doesn't look steady at all,

Ho! there's something amiss with the compass!
Whilst SMITH, the first Luff, looks a little less smart,
And GOSCHEN—by Jove, can he be losing heart?
He swears there's some blessed mistake in the Chart,
Is his not the cool imperturbable part?
Then why should he kick up a rumpus?

It's hard navigation midst quicksands and rocks;
Sing hey, sing ho, and a chopping sea!
The hull has been strained by some smart little shocks,
Ho! the sky looks black in the offing!
Is this the plain-sailing you promised, my Lord?
Why the rival Skipper will swear he has scored.
What say you, Chief Mate? It won't do to be floored,
Don't you think we had best take a pilot aboard,
In spite of piratical scoffing?

II.—ON SHORE.

There's a smart Cockney Tar with his glass to his eye,
Sing hey, sing ho, and a Brummagem salt!
And what does the trim longshore yachtsman desery?
Ho! he's spying like Robinson Crusoe!
The Pilot in pose imperturbable stands,
With slouching Sou'wester and pocketed hands,
But his eye's on the Yacht and he quite understands,
The fix of the Skipper—poor chap!—who commands,
Or at least is imagined to do so.

"Hillo!" cries the Cockney; "they're signalling now,
Sing hey, sing ho, and a flag to the peak!
If the Yacht runs aground, Mate, there will be a row.
Ho! the Pilot is peacefully winking.
I've an interest in her myself; can't afford
She should seek Davy Jones, not at least till I've scored.
How is it, my HARRY—beg pardon!—my Lord!
They signal a pilot; shall you go aboard
To save 'em from striking or sinking?"
[Left considering.]



DIFFICULT NAVIGATION.

(FOG COMING ON.)

CH-MB-RL-N. "I SAY, MY HARTY, GOVERNMENT YACHT SIGNALLING FOR A PILOT!! ARE YOU GOING ABOARD?"

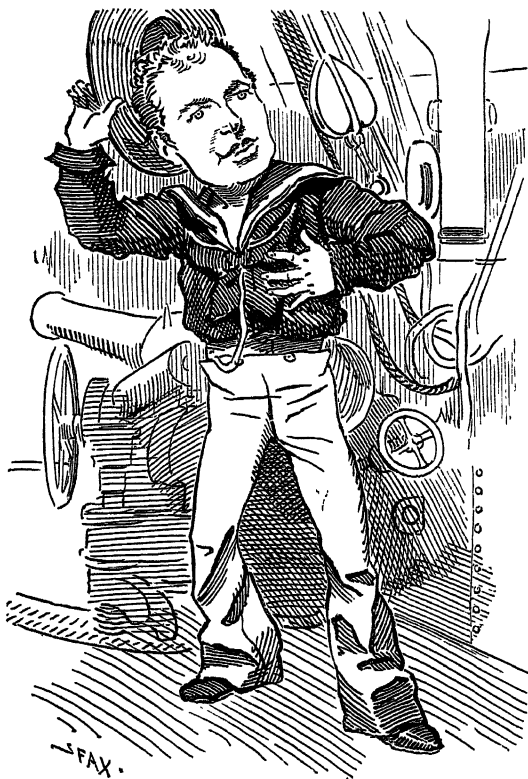
THE SAILOR'S SLIP.

(AIR—"The Sailor's Journal.")

SPITHEAD, SATURDAY, JULY 23RD, 1887.

Lord Ch-r-l-s B-r-sf-rd sings :-

'Twas when the Great Review was o'er,
To signal Lady C. I started.
Oh, etiquette's a horrid bore!
I erred, and hence am broken-hearted.



The whole huge Fleet the signal read—
Confound that thoughtless act of folly!
What could I do but bow my head,
And bid a long (P) adieu to SOLLY?

I hear my name's on every tongue
As a true Sailor, brisk and cheery;
That like a breeze my voice has rung,
And waked the Commons, dull and weary.
I'm little now to mirth inclined,
I'm not, as usual, gay and jolly,
But care I'll whistle down the wind,
And try to make it square with SOLLY.

You see 'twas getting on for night,
And true-bred tars, e'en midst carouses,
Think with considerate delight
About their sweethearts or their spouses.
Up went my signal, frank and free,
(A breach of rule most melancholy)
To "give the tip" to Lady C.,
And now I have to part with SOLLY.

"Tell Lady CHARLES to go on board
The Lancashire Witch, where I will join her"—
And all the Fleet read this and roared.
Well—of strong words JACK's a free coiner,
But never mind what I remarked.
When I perceived my act of folly.
They'll think the Naval Lord has larked!
Hang it! I'll say good-bye to SOLLY.

Such games aboard the Royal Yacht!—
Although I am a chartered rattle,
The Big-wigs won't stand this. 'Tis rot,
But with red-tape who, who can battle?
A private message to my wife
By public signal! Oh, what folly!
It is a lark, upon my life!
But—I'll resign my berth, dear SOLLY!

Will our good QUEEN accept? She may,
The Public doubts it altogether.
A sailor's slip on such a day,
A stretch of discipline's tight tether,

Is scarce a heavy fault to score
Against a sailor frank and jolly.
Still, I'll resign when once ashore,
And leave it to my QUEEN and SOLLY.

ROBERT AT SPITHEAD.

THE question as prayed on my mind during the long waits at the Rewiew on Saturday, and which not even the Marines couldn't anser, and for which I dessay as I shall have to wait till the next Jewbilly afore I gits it satisfactorily xplained, is, why must these sillybrations be all begun so uncommon hurly? There may be sum werry singlar peeples as likes hurly rising. Having probberly nothink werry pertiekler to do of a heaving, they natrally goes to roost hurley, like powltory, and plowmen, and such like, and having probberly nothink werry pertiekler to do in the morning, they natrally gits up hurley to do it, like the powltory aforesaid. But to Waiters in ginerall and to Hed Waiters in pertiekler, nothink is so hawful as hurley rising. As late as you like at nite and as late as you likes in the morning. Them's my sentiments and I means to stick to 'em. And I suttently thinks as I never seed sitch a sleepy-looking set of gents as assembled at Warterloo Stashun at about arf-past seven, Hay. Hem. on Saturday Morning. However, we most of us had a nice refreshing slumber on the way down, and then pulled ourselves together for the gorgeous specktacl.

My werry fust thort was, how about the foaming billows? and I'm bound to say as they behaved theirselves uncommon steady. There was no playfool game of pitch and toss, but they were as quiet as Chelsea Reach. The number of great big ships as we seed was enuff to make ewen an Hed Waiter proud of his country, but I confesses that I can't say much as regards their beauty, for I thinks they was about as hugly a lot of black-looking monsters as ever tried to rule the waves.

Having properly attended to my offshal dooties, I learned from a most respectable-looking Marine that it wood be at least two hours afore the QUEEN came, so I thort I wood seize the hoppertoonty of increasing my nollodge of ships and shippery by arsking my frend a few naughtical questions. Of course I begun with the Anker, and arkst him when it was last weighed—he said, about a week ago. How much did it weigh? Just 2 tun, 4 pound, 6 ounces. Why did they weigh it so often? To see if it wood stand the shivering of our timbers when we fired our big gun. Had he spliced his mane brace lately? Not during the last fortnite. Having got on so well with him, I thort I woodn't not arsk him no more questions, for fear of betraying my hignorance, and I seed him afterwards a pinting me out to sum grinning Sailers, ewidently as the werry reverse of a mere Land Lubber.

He had kindly shown me the best plaice to stand to see the QUEEN's Pursession pass, so I quietly warked up to it about 3 a clock, wen she was xpected to start, and there I waited till 4 a clock, and then we heard the gun fire as told us the QUEEN had started; and then began such a defening noise with all the ships a salooting, as they calls it, and such a blinding smoke arterwards, that I wished myself miles away: and then, jest as the Percession was a gitting in site, there cum a order from the Hed Hofficer, "All below!" witch I soon found out meant as no one of us laymen was to stop on deck to see the QUEEN, for fear as the QUEEN mite see us, witch wood have bin agin the rules! So we was all bundled down stares, ladies and all, and a few was kindly allowed to peep through the Port Holes, as sumbody called 'em, though, as there wasn't no Port served out, I can't make out what that means.

I amost forgot to menshun the heat, but it really was that hot that when a going for to lean cumferably against the Capstain Bar, I think they calls it, it amost burnt a ole in my and! Speaking about this to my frendly Marine, he told me as they didn't think nothink of that, for when they went to the Troppix, wherever that may be, they allers cooked their stakes and chops on the Fokestal by the heat of the Sun, which did 'em to a turn, and then roasted their Appels for desert, and then biled the Kettel for Tea. What a grand thing is Nollodge! for I am free to confess as I was quite hignorant of all these fax afore. But then it's werry easily accounted for in my frend's case.

He isn't like a mere common Sailer a got to look after the Ship. A Marine is of that shuperior class of man as is allers selectked to receeve the most him-porant hinfomation. When anythink of a werry striking charaekter occurs it is allers rekomended that it should be "told to the Marines," so they is natrally allays brim full of hinfomation, and allers reddy to communicate it troothfully and onerably, as my frend did to me, and without which I shoold have remained in my prewious state of hignorance.

If arsked for my reel opinion as to the Naval Rewiew, truth would compel me to say that what with the noise, and what with the smoke, and what with being ordered below jest as the QUEEN went past, I didn't see werry much of it, and what I did see didn't strike me as werry himposing, like a Lord Mare's Show for instance, or the Drewry Lane Pantomime. But it gave me the oppertoonty of bragging about it to them as wasn't there, and that's about the cause of most people going to such things, I rayther fancies; but after all, there's such a fine feeling of purfect safety on Terror Firmer, as nothink can't equal on the bounding Sea, so I hopes when the next Naval Rewiew is held, that they'll have it on Shore.

ROBERT.

AMENDMENT TO LAND BILL.—"That any tenant unable to pay his rent should sell his holding before the next gale day. That this process should be known for the purposes of this Act as 'The Sale before the Gale.'"



A CAUTION TO THE UNWARY!

He. "ALLOW ME TO TAKE YOU IN TO SUPPER."

She. "OH, DO WAIT A MINUTE! LOOK—THERE'S THAT MAN PROPOSING TO MAY THIS-SLEDOWN ON THE BALCONY! I MUST SEE WHAT SHE SAYS!!"

A CHESS-SHIRE CHEESE.

FRANKFORT.—Had no end of a good time over here, at the Chess Congress. Played all the cracks, and beat 'em all! You mayn't have heard of this in the newspapers, because, for reasons which would not be of any general interest, I felt bound to *enter under a false name*. BLACKBURNES said he'd "never seen such gambits as mine." ZUKERTORT was so irritated at my beating him three times running, that he actually exclaimed, "Gambit all!"—Excuse the force of the expression; perhaps he thought he was in the Lobby of the House of Commons.—"I'll never play that fellow again as long as I live!" You'll see from this that, though the games weren't drawn, some of the competitors were.

There were two Russian chess-players present. I played one, got him on to a dispute about the Afghan frontier, and adroitly took his Queen off the board when he wasn't looking. He seemed surprised, but I assured him it was all right, and scored an easy win.

Herr HARMONIST *might have* beaten me, but as it was a very hot day, I proposed playing

under a tree in the hotel-garden. Then I purposely took a long time over each move. The worthy Teuton became thirsty. Lager beer began to flow. It flowed so much that after five hours the Herr didn't know the difference between Bishop and Pawn! That was *my* move. Of course he was badly beaten.

Only time I was beaten was one game with BLACKBURNES. He offered to play me blind-fold; I took the opportunity, while he was thinking over his plan of campaign, to relieve him of his watch and purse, and was just going to pull off his boots when he called "Check-mate!" However, I think I got the best of the encounter on the whole. I call it (in private) the "rook gambit."

I ended up by a marvellous *tour de force*. I played every one of the competitors—twenty-one in all—at the same time, and beat the entire number of them! The Frenchman retired from the contest, *simply because he was piqued at my superior skill*. He said—most unfairly—my proceedings were "not above board;" also said he objected on principle to a game with a King and Queen it. Would you believe it, but professional jealousy actually prevented my being declared the Chess Champion! Never mind! Got my board (and lodging) gratis. Had high jinks, and free drinks, at the Frankfort *pawn*-shop—see the joke? You'll hear of me at the next International Chess Congress, without fail.

SUMMER BOATING SONG.

SUN on the slumbrous meadows,
Sun on the sleeping trees;
Massy and deep the shadows
Stirred by no vagrant breeze.
Rhythmical in the riggers,
Oars with a steady shock
Tell how we work like niggers
For a cool in the plashy lock.
And it's oh, for the neck of the camel,
The ostrich, snake, giraffe!
And what if to-morrow I am ill,
To-day it is mine to quaff.

Bother my rates and taxes!
Crown me the mantling bowl;
The world has gone off its axis,
It's nothing but Life and Soul.
To-day, like the books of the Sibyl,
Is waningly dearer still,
As the sunset echoes wibble
From a cloud-clean saffron hill.

Calm is the solemn surface
Of waters that woo the skies,
And tenderly calm is her face
Who gazes with larger eyes
At the deepening purple above her,
While over her, small and white,
There leans, like a courtly lover,
The sweetness of all the night.

All day in the sun we boated,
How can I tell how far?
For years in the sun we floated,
For ages that yellow star
Behind the poplar has trembled,
And down to the wine-dark deep,
While softer day dissembled
The Midsummer call to sleep.

And it's oh, for the neck of the camel,
The ostrich, snake, giraffe,
What though to-morrow I am ill,
To-night I am fain to quaff.

NOT QUITE ON THE SQUARE.—The Story of the Round Table.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday Night, July 25.—Peers received important accession of strength to-night. Gentleman long known in Commons as "Old Mother HUBBARD" been translated, and will henceforward be known to history as Lord ADDINGTON. His early impression was that he should have been CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Admiration for DIZZY, and respect for STAFFORD NORTHGOTE; but always thought they were out of place at the

Great muster on Opposition Benches in House of Commons. Conservatives not yet back from festivities in the Solent. Old Morality depressed with consciousness that it will be impossible for him to move the Closure. ARTHUR BALFOUR quite conciliatory in manner. Progress accordingly comparatively rapid and altogether peaceful. At outset, threatened encounter between SEXTON and JOHNSTON. SEXTON made inquiry as to whether any chance of City Charter being granted to Belfast? JOHNSTON jumped up with cry of "Stop thief!" On the Fourteenth of June—(didn't mention hour, but precise as to day)—he had put similar question, and had, he said, been waiting ever since for answer. Detected in SEXTON's movement attempt to secure monopoly of popularity. Not



THE PARLIAMENTARY ALPINE CLUB.

Treasury whilst he sat below the Gangway, fain to be content with criticising their schemes. Markiss didn't really know what to do with him. Couldn't appoint him CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in succession to GRANDOLPH. Yet HUBBARD felt he must have something. Markiss, thinking it over one day, recalled the fact that HUBBARD had absolutely safe seat in City.

"Good," he said. "Let's make him a Peer."

So here he is to-night, swaggering up floor of House of Lords, with little ambulatory swing of coat-tails, familiar for generations in House of Commons. Markiss looks on, pleased with fulfilment of his happy thought.

"Nice old gentleman," he remarked, *sotto voce*. "Prosy when he starts, and always something of a bore. But he'll do for the House of Lords. Moreover, have now finally shut him up. Figures are his forte, Finance his foible. Finance is the only subject that may not be discussed in House of Lords. So, where HUBBARD was voluble, ADDINGTON must be dumb."

going to stand that. House only laughed, and incident went no further.

Later, to intense delight of Parnellites, HARTINGTON and CHAMBERLAIN differed on point raised in Irish Land Bill and voted in opposite lobbies. "Beginning of the End," said JOSEPH GILLIS humorously clawing at TIM HEALY.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill in Committee.

Tuesday, 3 A.M.—Late enough to be here. Would have been later still but for the presence of mind of the SPEAKER. Hour ago STUART, running in with pile of papers moved Second Reading of Bill to legalise Langworthy and other marriages celebrated at Antwerp by one PORTS. Debate followed, TOMLINSON moving adjournment. House divided, 75 for adjournment and five-and-seventy against. Everything now depended on the SPEAKER. If he gave casting vote against adjournment, might go on merrily far into morning. SPEAKER took another course. Quite time to go home. So supported adjournment, and rest of business speedily wound up.

Tuesday Evening.—CHARLIE BERESFORD about House to-night in unusually limp condition. Avoided Treasury Bench. Wouldn't even enter House.

"Only come down," says he, "to signal post-master to hand over letters." Rumour gathers that CHARLIE has had difficulty with his colleagues. Perhaps feels remorse about Crimes Bill, or can't stomach Land Bill. However it be, it is confidently whispered that he has resigned. All the Naval Captains on Conservative side make a point of loitering about Treasury Bench, and, if possible, exchange a word with Old Morality. If there is vacancy at Admiralty, will want a substitute. No harm in reminding him of the existence of one or two.

Presently made clear that it is for domestic, not political, reasons that CHARLIE has resigned. Seems that when at Review on Saturday, he, being on Queen's Yacht, filled up idle five minutes by signalling to his wife on another ship. This grave breach of etiquette shakes naval force of Great Britain to centre. Can be atoned for only by offender sacrificing his professional position and prospects. So CHARLIE sends in his resignation, and BRITANNIA, dissolved in tears, weeps over her errant son. Procedure of course only formal. Can't spare gallant and capable sailor like this on account of breach of etiquette.

Business done.—Land Bill in Committee.

Thursday Night.—TIM on the rampage. SAUNDERSON set him agog at Question time, by rubbing him down wrong way. But it was BALFOUR who completed work. As TIM frankly admits, cannot sit opposite BALFOUR, smirking on Treasury Bench, without losing control of himself.

"I know it's wrong, TOBY," he said to me after, in the Lobby, "but there is only one way to prevent it." I must quit the House, and go out for a walk on Terrace. To see BALFOUR sitting over there on the small of his back, sneering whilst we are trying to do our best for Ireland, is too much for me."

Having had back put up by BALFOUR, Conservatives below Gangway opposite completed transformation of TIM from peaceable citizen into an infuriate. HENNIKER HEATON, charging himself only half postage, sent frequent irritating messages across floor of House. TIM made show of taking off coat, turning up sleeves, and harrying HENNIKER. Chairman interposed with threat of

and reported circumstances to him. So TIM was suspended. Now partially anticipating the Recess. House practically empty. To-night filled up for this scene. After it was over, Benches cleared again, there being nothing more interesting than business to the fore.

Business done.—Committee on Land Bill.

Friday.—Captain Bunsby appeared in House to-night. Took familiar and graceful form of RICHARD

TEMPLE. Some one questioned him as to what would London School Board do if the Pensions Bill promoted by it did not pass this Session? Would they terminate engagements for purpose of compelling their servants to come within provisions of Bill?

"Sir," said Sir RICHARD, casting killing glance at Ladies' Gallery, "whether the Board shall see fit to exercise their power is a question which no man can answer; and, if so be, wherefore? Why, Sir, because the Board will never form a decision on contingencies which have not yet arisen."

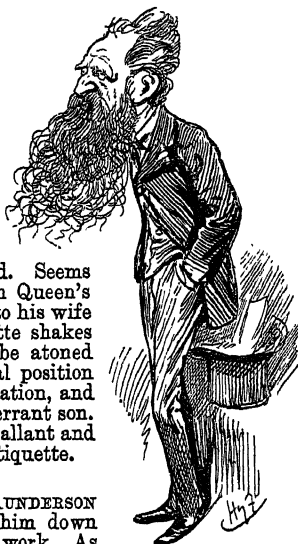
House delighted. Roared with laughter.

"When found, make a note of for Tit Bits," said NEWNES; and he did.

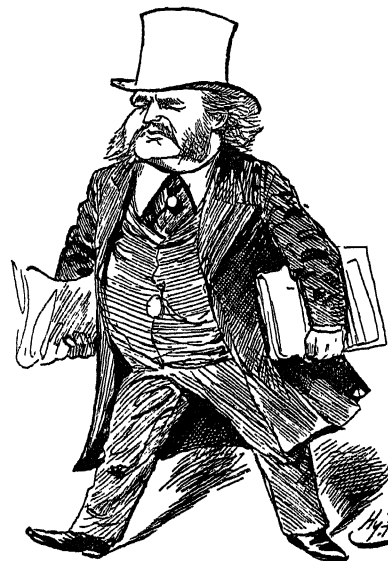
Land Bill in Committee again. Getting terribly dull, though wakes up now and then when HARCOURT interposes. Tremendous scene at Half-past Two this morning, when Old Morality rebuked him. O. M. accused HARCOURT of making charge against Ministerialists.

"I don't know what charge I have made," said HARCOURT; "but I am prepared to maintain all I have said." That, of course, settled matter, and Members went home.

Business done.—Land Bill in Committee.



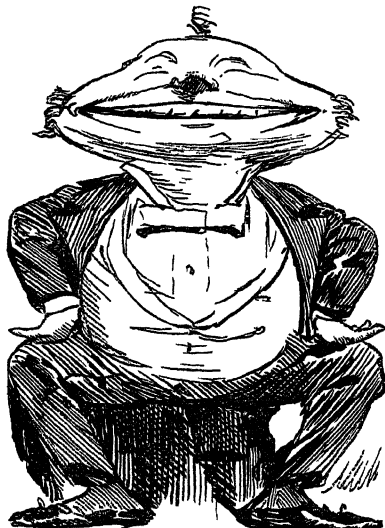
"Stop thief!"



"When found, make a Note of for Tit Bits."



Here's Timothy Healy,
Who spoke too freely.



Here's Mr. de Lisle,
Who "didn't even smile."
(A Fancy Portrait.)

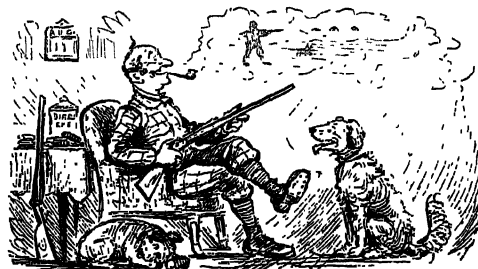
"Naming." TIM defied him, but presently gave in, and withdrew offensive remarks.

Seemed all over now. DE LISLE proposed to offer few observations. Smartly rapped on head by COURTNEY, and resumed seat. Then Division. Whilst House cleared, DE LISLE took opportunity to have little conversation with COURTNEY. TIM watched him with lowering eyes. The Division takes about ten minutes. Supposing he and DE LISLE were to pair, go on the Terrace, and have it out? Happy Thought. Suggest it to DE LISLE. Swooped down on him while talking to COURTNEY in chair, and plainly propounded proposition.

"Come out!" he said, in blood-curdling whisper. "Come out, if you are a man. If you interrupt me again, I'll break your neck."

This conclusive, but as argumentative process not recognised in House. DE LISLE went out by a door other than that affected by TIM. Chairman said nothing, but as soon as Members returned from Division Lobby sent for SPEAKER,

GROUSE PROSPECTS.



TWO "BIRDS'-EYE" VIEWS.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper: To this rule here will be no exception.

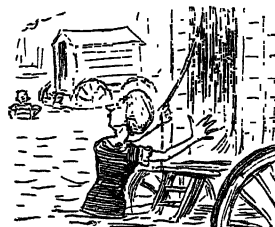
AT THE OVAL.

SURREY VERSUS NOTTS. AUGUST 1ST, 2ND, AND 3RD, 1887.

(By One of the Fifty Thousand.)

Enthusiastic Surreyite loquitor :—

HOORAY! Oh, you *must* let me holla. I'm one of the famed "Surrey Crowd," And a roar for a win such as *this* is, cannot be too long or too loud.



Lo! man!

Won by four wickets! As good as though WALTER had scored half a million, Great Scott! what a rush from the ring! what a crowd round the crowded Pavilion! LOHMANN! MAURICE READ!! SHUTER!!! they shouted. KEY!!! KEY!!! LOHMANN!!! LOHMANN!!!

"Took down the number" of Notts, Sir, and *she's* a redoubtable foe-man. We haven't licked her for years, and *she* crowed, Sir, and not without reason; And now, under SHUTER, we've done it at last, Sir, and twice in one season!

After a terrible tussle; how oft was my heart in my mouth, Sir. Luck now seemed to lean to the North, and anon would incline to the South, Sir. Game wasn't won till 'twas lost. Hooray, though, for Surrey! 'Twas *her* win. We missed our WOOD at the wicket, Notts squared it by missing her SHERWIN, Both with smashed fingers! Rum luck! But then cricketing luck is a twister. And SHERWIN turned up second innings. *Did* you twig his face when he missed her,

That ball from J. SHUTER, our Captain? It ranked pretty high among matches, But Surrey *did* make some mistakes, Sir, and Notts—well, they *couldn't* hold catches.

SHUTER shone up, did he not? Forty-four, fifty-three, and *such* cutting! Hooray! Here's his jolly good health, and look sharp, for they're close upon shutting.

Partial be blowed! I'm a Surreyite down to my socks, that's a fact, Sir.

Must shout when my countymen score, and don't mind being caught in the act, Sir.

Cracks didn't somehow come off. ARTHUR SHREWSBURY, Notts' great nonsuch, Didn't make fifty all told, and our WALTER—the world holds but *one* such—

A poor twenty-five and eighteen—a mere fleabite for W. W.

Still, he's our glory; and *if* you can spot such another, I'll trouble you.

GRACE? Why, of course, in his day he was cock of the walk—that's a moral.

I won't say a word against *him*; but our WALTER!—well, there, we won't quarrel.

I'm Surrey, you know, as I said. I remember JUPP, HUMPHREY, and STEVENSON,

Burly BEN GRIFFITH, and SOUTHERTON! Well, if it ever was evens on Match, it was surely on *this* one. Oh, yes, *I* gave points, six to five, Sir. But then I have always backed Surrey, and *will* do so whilst I'm alive, Sir. And 't'other was Notts, don't you see, so I couldn't well show the white feather. Ah! well, 'twas a wonderful match; such a crowd, such a game, and such K. J. K. (that's Mr. KEY) showed remarkably promising cricket—[*weather!* I *did* feel a little bit quishy when SHERWIN snapped him at the wicket.

'Twas getting too close, Sir, for comfort; two hundred and five takes some making—

When BARNES nicked READ, SHUTER, and HENDERSON, 'gad, there were lots of hearts quaking.

Seventy-eight for a win, Sir, and five of our best wickets levelled.

Notts then began to pick up, and I own I felt rather blue-devilled;

But Surrey has got a rare team, and you see, when the toppers do fail, Sir,

They look at it this way, my boy,—there is all the more chance for the "tail," Sir.



Gunn and Barnes.

That's what I call true cricket pluck, and so, even when MAURICE READ quitted him,

That's what young LOHMANN perceived; the place wanted cool grit—and it fitted him.

His thirty-five, and not out, was worth more, Sir, than many a "Century." Played like an iceberg, he did; style neither too tame nor too venture-y.

Poor crippled WOOD backed him bravely, and he made the winning hit, he did. Won by four wickets! Hooray! Gallant Surrey at last has succeeded

In knocking the dust out of Notts. I've hoorayed till my tongue feels quite furry.

Yes, *I* like the best side to win,—but I'm thundering glad, though, it's Surrey!!!

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICES.

House of Commons for August.

DISORDERS OF THE DAY.

LEGALISED Duels (England) Bill—Report.
Shillelagh (Irish) Supply Bill—Second Reading.
Ways and Means (Assaults)—Committee.
Speaker's Wig Destruction Bill—As amended to be considered.

QUESTIONS.

Mr. Dillon.—Whether Her Majesty's Government contemplate allowing Mr. DE LISLE to smile, and if so, whether any precautions will be taken to prevent his receiving a thrashing.

Dr. Tanner.—To ask the Chief Secretary of the Lord-Lieutenant whether he has any objection to tread upon the tail of his coat.

Colonel Saunderson.—To ask the First Lord of the Treasury as to the condition of the eyes and noses of certain Members of the Nationalist Party.

NOTICE OF MOTION.

Mr. T. Healy.—Physical Force, House of Commons (England)—Bill to facilitate the establishment of a Bear Garden in St. Stephen's.

HAVOC!

IN wrath redundant SWINBURNE turns and rends
The "good grey" bard. Alack for SWINBURNE'S
"friends"!

He worshipped once at thy red shine, Revolt,
Now thou'rt a mark for his Olympian bolt;
But when he rounds on poor barbaric WALT,
One can but gasp, and wonder where he'll halt.
Coupled with BYRON in one furious "slate"?
O poor Manhattan moulder, what a fate!
ALGERNON'S blunderbuss is double-barrelled;
Down at one shot go "Drum Taps" and "Childe Harold."

Just fancy being levelled down to—BYRON!
Alas! what woes the poet's path environ. ["gander."
What next, and next? BYRON called SOUTHEY
But then the lordly rhymester railed at LANDOR,
One of the SWINBURNE fetishes, enough
To prove that all he wrote was soulless stuff—
But stop! Who knows that SWINBURNE, on the ravage,
May not, next time, pitch into WALTER SAVAGE?
The idols he once worshipped now he'd burn,
So e'en MAZZINI yet may have his turn—
Nay, since the hour for palinodes has struck,
At Hugomania he may run amuck;
And, VICTOR being laid upon the shelf,
There'll be but one to round upon—himself.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS BY EMINENT MEN.

A VERY interesting article appears in the current number of the *Fortnightly Magazine*, in which the favourite "quotations" of many celebrated persons are introduced with much effect. Always ready to take a hint, *Mr. Punch* has asked everyone he knows to furnish him with his predilections. The following is the result:—

Mr. BRIEFLESS, Junior, of Pump-handle Court writes, "I have carefully considered the circular you have forwarded to me, and am distinctly of opinion that my favourite reading is, 'With you the Attorney-General.'"

"ROBERT" says that his favourite phrase is, "Ere's 'alf a sovereign for yourself, but you deserves more!"

"ARRY" says he can't think of anything more "fast class" than, "The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill."

And (more or less) the whole world declares that there is no pleasanter announcement than "*Punch*, or the *London Charivari*, is published every Wednesday."

Mem. for Our Muddlers.

It *cannot* be in the interests of peace that we turn our swords into—corkscrews, and our bayonets into—button-hooks. That extremely secular reading of a sacred passage, appears to be the accepted one, however, in Ordnance Departments, and other places where they play the fool.

"OVER THE WATER WITH LAWSON" (*Change of Name*).—Jack Tar to be known in future as Tom Fool.



GERMAN ENGLISH.

German Belle. "ACH! YOU ARE FORT OF YACHTING! ZEN I ZUPPOSE YOU ARE A GOOT SALESMAN?"

THE PARLIAMENTARY BALLYHOOLY.

AIR—"Ballyhooly."

THERE'S a dashing sort of bhoys who was once his country's joy,
But his ructions and his rows no longer charm me,
He often takes command in a fury-spouting band
Called the "Ballyhooly" Parliamentary Army.
At Donnybrook's famed fair he might shine with radiance rare,
A "Pathriot" he's called, and may be truly,
It is catching, I'm afraid, for when he is on parade
There seems scarce a sober man in "Ballyhooly."

Chorus.

Whililoo, hi ho! Faith they all enlist, ye know,
Though their ructions and their shindies fail to charm me,
Bad language, howls, and hate put an end to fair debate
In the "Ballyhooly" Parliamentary Army.

The SPARKER, honest soul, finds they're quite beyond control,
Discussion takes a most extended radius,
It's about as fine and clear as the stalest ginger-beer,
But the "bhoys," they never seem to find it tadyious."
And what is worse, to-day all the Army march one way,
That is in being ructionous and unruly,
If a Mamber in debate wants to argue fair and straight,
Faith they howl him out of court in "Ballyhooly."

Chorus—Whililoo, hi, ho, &c.

They're supposed to hould debate in the interests of the State,
Which one and all they do their best to injure;
I have said their talk's as clear as the stalest ginger-beer,
And they mix the vilest vitriol with the ginger.
The bhoys are not alone, for in sorrow one must own
The young Tories are as noisy and unruly,
And the Rads they rave and rail till one longs to lodge in gaol
The intemperate brigade of "Ballyhooly."

Chorus—Whililoo, hi, ho, &c.

THE END OF THE JUBILEE.

I'VE been to the Abbey, the Naval Review,
The Maske at Gray's Inn and the Institute too;
In fact I feel just like the Wandering Jew,
Or other historical rover:
I've turned day into night and the night into day,
In a regular rollicking Jubilee way,
And now I can truly and thankfully say,
I'm uncommonly glad that it's over.

I've been to a number of Jubilee balls,
And I'm really worn out by the parties and calls;
I've fed in the City 'neath shade of St. Paul's,
And ate little fish by the river:
I've been to big picnics both up and down stream,
I've wallowed in strawberries smothered in cream,
Which, following lobster, most doctors would deem
Was remarkably bad for the liver.

I've read all the Jubilee articles, loads
Of Jubilee leaders and Jubilee odes,
And seen how each poet his Pegasus goads,
Though gaining but slight inspiration;
A chaos of Jubilee Numbers I've seen,
And Jubilee pictures and lives of the QUEEN,
And the Jubilee coinage that's greeted, I ween,
With anything but jubilation.

But, now all is over, sincerely I trust
The Nation no longer will kick up a dust,
The Jubilee really has done for me just
As "Commodious" scared Mr. Boffin:
Any more jubilation would finish me quite,
As it is I've a horrible dream every night
That a Jubilee demon is screwing me tight
Down into a Jubilee coffin!

The Correct Card.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH says:—"The one thing certain about Tory-Democracy, besides its origin, is, that it is the card of a political gamester." It may perhaps help the ponderous Professor, in a future philippic, to know, in addition, that the associations of Tory-Democracy at once suggest "Clubs," and the game it is playing, the "deuce."

There's a moral to my song, and it won't detain yez long,
Of Party spirit e'en the merest "nip" shun.
It's poison, that is clear, Ballyhooly "ginger-beer,"
As ye'll own when I have given the prescription.
You take heaps of Party "rot," spirit mean, and temper hot,
Lies, blasphemy, and insult; mix them duly;
For sugar put in salt, bitter gall for honest malt,
Faith, they call it "Statesmanship" in "Ballyhooly."

Chorus—Whililoo, hi, ho, &c.

Encore Verse.

Since you're kind enough to crave just another little stave,
I'll explain the furious ferment that now leavens
A tippie once so sound is just Party spite all round,
And of course my Ballyhooly is St. Stephen's.
'Twill be very long before you will wish to cry "Encore!"
To the row that makes our Parliament unruly;
For good sense would put a stop on the flow of Party "Pop"
That makes a Donnybrook of "Ballyhooly."

Chorus.

Whililoo, hi, ho! 'Tis a huge mistake, ye know,
To let ructions and recriminations charm ye.
If they don't abate their hate, they'll bring ruin on the State,
Will the Ballyhooly Parliamentary Army.

Very Like a Wales.

THE zeal of the Actor who blacked himself all over to play *Othello*, is at last outdone—by Mr. GLADSTONE, who, it is stated, is learning the Welsh language, under the tuition of Mr. RICHARD, M.P., in order to deliver his speech at the forthcoming Eisteddfod in TAFFY's own tongue. "Not for CADWALLADER and all his goats," as *Pistol* says, would an ordinary politician go through such an ordeal for such an end. "Gallant Little Wales" will, however, no doubt be duly grateful, and, by lending its support to her adroit flatterer, enable him to say, with *Gower*, to the opponents of Home-Rule, "Henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition."



UN DUEL DE CAFÉ-CONCERT.

MM. Boze et Coze.

M. le Général Boze. "SAVEZ-VOUS VOUS BATTRE?"

M. Coze (homme d'état). "NON!"

M. le Général Boze. "EH BIEN, ALORS! ALLONS-Y-DONC!"

(Translation.—"Can you fight?" "No!" "Then come on!")

Jest in Earnest.

(What might have happened.)

Monday.—The Fleets started on their manoeuvres. Before leaving, the Ironclads ran down, accidentally, all the unarmoured vessels in the harbour.

Tuesday.—Collision. Sinking of the *Ajax*.

Wednesday.—Mistake in steering. Foundering of the *Minotaur*.

Thursday.—Error in seamanship. Loss of the *Neptune*.

Friday.—Misapprehension of signal. Ramming of the *Devastation*.

Saturday.—Something wrong somewhere. The remainder of the Fleet goes to the bottom.

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

It is a charming characteristic of the Young Amateur Entertainer that—whether he possesses or not the smallest acquaintance with any language beyond his own—he is always prepared to impersonate a foreigner of any given nationality at a moment's notice; and *Mr. Punch* is confident that the most backward of his Pupils will be perfectly at home (and how his audience will envy him!) with the following Anglo-German recitation, which may be given under the following title:—

PROFESSOR BOMPP RELATES A LITTLE ANECDOTE.

(To do this effectively, you must assume an air of childlike candour.)

I deach my dong in England for dventy years and more;

And vonce I dvell at Vigmore Shtreet,
ubon ze zegond floor—

(Pull yourself up suddenly.)

Bot dat has nodings hier to zay—zo,
blease, (professorial air for this) you
vill addend!

I gom to dell you gurious dings vat
habbened mit a vriend.

He vas a hanzom-headed man, zo like
me as a bea,

And eferyveres I talk about he gom
along mit me;

Bot all ze efenings, beaceful-quiet, he
shtay in-doors and shmoke,

And choggle at himself at dimes in
hatching out a yoke;

Ontill von day his chogeling stobbed—
he'd tumbled deep in löf,

And he bassed ze dime vith gissing at a
leedle vemale glöf!

Ubon two shpargling eyes he dink, von delicate cock-nose—

Dill zoon his dinkings vork him op mit gourage to bropose.

Zen, ach! zat nose vas dilted more, and gruel vorts she shpoke:

"I vill not dwine aroundt no heart vat shmells zo shtrong mit
shmoke!"

Vor you yourself I might, vith dime, bersuade myzself to gare—

Bot nevare mit no ogly bipes vill I avection share!"

(Pause, and glance round your audience with a slightly pained air.)

I dink I hear zom laty make a symbathetic sniff—

You Englisch shendlevomens dreads a shmoker var too shtiff!

For look—meinzelf I shmoke a bipe, mit baintings on ze bowl,

I shtoffs him vith dat sheepstak vat's dwisted in a roll,

I gif my vort it ton't daste pad—zough yust a leedle veak—

Shtill, ven I schmokes inzide a drain,—I vinds zom laties seeck!

(Amiable surprise, as you mention this instance of insular intolerance.)

Bot, zere, you makes me chadderbox, and dakes op all my dime!

I vant to dell you how mein vriend behafed himself sooblime:

"If you vill pe mein Braut," he zaid, "tobaggo I'll renounce,

And shvear to nefer puy no more von solidary ounce!"

Zo she gif him out her lily hand, and shmile on him zo shveet:

"Vith sodge a sagraifice," she zaid, "you brove your löf indeet!

Pe off and purn your bipes and dings!" vich—boor yong man, he—

Dree shblendid bipes he sagraificed, in china, clay, and vood, [did!]

He vatched zem craggle in ze vlamen—I vonder how he could!

And mit zem vent his brime zigars of pest Havana prandt,

Imborted hier vrom Hampurg, in his own dear Vaderlandt!

[With sentiment.]

Henzefort he lif a shmokeless life, vor vear to lose his bride,

And nefer vonce gomblained to her of soferings inzide!

Bot—zough she gif him zentiment and rabdures ven zey met—

Zomdimes he vish she wouldn't mind von leedle zigarette! [Pause.]

Now game along ze night before his veddings was to pe—

And he dried to galm his jomping soul mit bonderings and tea—

Ven, zoddlenly—he hear a zound, as eef zom barty knock,

And it gom vrom his tobaggo-jar, long embdy of its shtock!

"Gom in! I mean—gom out!" he cried (he was a viddy chap!)

[Here you should be convulsed with inward laughter.]

"For nonn of your noekdurnal knocks I do not gare von rap!"

Bot—vile he yoked—ze lid fly off, and sblash into his cop,

[Business here.]

And a kind of leedle voman's form inzide the jar sbring op!

Her face vas yust the colour of a meerschbaum nod quide new,

And her hair vas all in ribbling vaves—like long-cut honnydew!

In golden silber she vas roped, all shpangled o'er mit shtars,

For it zeemed as eef she dress herzelf mit baper round zigars,

And like an eel his baghone squirmed, his hair god up erect,

For beoples in tobaggo-jars is tings you ton't exbest!

"Bervidious von!" she shpeak at him, zo broud as any queen,

"Pehold your homage-objects vonce—ze goddess Nigodeen!

I galls to know ze reason vy you leafs my aldars cold,

And nefer purns me incense like your bractice vas of old?"

"To bay you more resbeets, I must," he plurted out, "deglie,

For I'm vorshibing at bresent mit an obbosition shrine."

"And zo you makes yourzelf," she gries, "a dankless renegade

To von who, oftendimes invoked, yet nefer vailed her aid

To charm away your lonely dimes, and soffogate your care!

If dat's your leedle games, mein vriend, dake my advice—bevare!"

"I'd gladly zend mein zoul inzide a himmeldinted gloud,

Bot as a Penedick," he zaid, "I vill not pe allowed!

I tells you vrank"—(I haf exblained he vas a vonny vellow!)

"Mitout mein bipe, ze honnymoon shall nod daste quide so mellow!"

"Enoff!" she zaid, "you vatch your eye, and zee vat vill bekom!"

She bopped inzide . . . he search ze jar—'twas embdy as a drom!

And zen he vipe his sheedagles, and shtare, and rob his head,

(Business.) And dink he'd grown too vanziful, and pedder go to bed.

[Impressive pause, and continue in lowered voice.]

Vell, next day, on ze afternoon, his honnymoon pegan—

And Dandalus vas nodings to zat boor dormented man!

For ven he dry to giss his wife ubon her lips zo ripe—

Petween his own projected fort a pig soobyectif bipe!

And efer more, in sbite of all ze dender vorts he zay,

Ze sbegtral image of a bipe kept gedding in his vay!

Ondill ubon ze burple sky shone out ze efening shtar—

And zen ze bipe dransform himzelf, and change to a zigat!

Bot, vorst of all, his wife vould veel no bity for his fate!

She dink it all a hombogsdrick—and zoon zey separate;

And benidently he redurned, and zaid to NIGODEEN:

"Forgif, and nefer more I'll pe ze vool I vonce haf peen!

I löfed my wife—but now I vind I gares for you ze most—

And I'm dired of shmoking dings vat is no pedder as a ghost!"

Zo NIGODEEN she dakes him back, begause his wife vas gone,

And now ze bipe he shmokes is *not* an immaderial von!

You vonder how I goms to know?—Brebare yourzelves to jomp!—

(Sensationally.) I vas zat yong boor man meinzelf—der Herr Professor

BOMPP!

THE TRAVELLER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. I understand that you are leaving Town. Why?

Answer. Because it is the fashion.

Q. Have you any plans?

A. I am a little undecided. At first I thought of going to an English watering-place, but abandoned the idea because the papers said I should be sure to be laid up with typhoid fever, German measles, or something equally pleasant.

Q. Had it not been for this dread, should you have gone?

A. I suppose so. We are acclimatised to the discomforts of seaside lodgings, the discords of second-rate German bands, and the disillusion of country views.

Q. For the sake of argument, abandoning the English watering-place—where shall you go?

A. My wife says Paris—and means it.

Q. Do you object yourself to the gay capital?

A. Well—just now—yes; chiefly because it is not gay.

Q. I suppose you would prefer the principal theatres to be open?

A. If I could attend them without being sure that I should find the "hot room" of a Turkish bath considerably cooler. Not that there would not be a risk of being grilled to death on the Boulevards and bored out of my life by running across hundreds of personally-conducted tourists.

Q. Then why should you go?

A. Because my wife wishes to see the bonnets.

Q. Could she see them nowhere else?

A. Not to her satisfaction, although I believe she could find their counterparts in Tottenham Court Road and the Westbourne Grove.

Q. After Paris where shall you go?

A. Either to Switzerland, Italy, or Holland.

Q. Do you expect much amusement?

A. Not much, because I know them by heart. Still I know the best hotels, or rather the best *table d'hôtes*.

Q. Is that all you care for?

A. Nearly all. However it is a languid satisfaction to compare St. Peter's with St. Paul's to the disadvantage of the former, and to think there is nothing in Switzerland to equal the Trossachs, Loch Maree and the Cumberland Lakes.

Q. But the Art treasures?

A. May be found *en bloc* at the South Kensington Museum.

Q. Then you travel in rather a gloomy mood.

A. Rather. Still I am buoyed up with a delightful prospect in the future.

Q. A delightful prospect! What prospect?

A. The prospect of returning home!

SCARCELY "BUTTER."—To change the nickname of MADGE to Margarine.

LADIES' LAW.

SOME little while since a book was published for the exclusive benefit of the fair sex, which purported to teach men's mothers, sisters, cousins, and aunts, the advantages bestowed upon them by the Married Women's Property Act, and other statutes of a like character. No doubt the volume was an excellent guide to females fond of litigation; but still there are many who prefer, in spite of everything, to retain their own fixed opinion on the subject of law. For that feminine majority the following congenial hints are published:—



If a woman makes a will, she can never revoke it, and is likely to die soon afterwards, as it is not only unnecessary, but unlucky.

A marriage without bridesmaids is nearly illegal. This applies, in a lesser degree, to marriages where children, dressed in Charles the First costumes, are not employed to hold up the bride's train.

A mortgage is a sort of thing that causes a house to become the possession of a dishonest Agent, who is usually a Solicitor.

The best way of settling a County Court summons, brought in the absence of the master of the house, is to ask the man into the dining-room, and tell him about the accomplishments of the children. This will soften his heart, and get him to prevent the Judge from sending everyone to prison.

A nice Solicitor never contradicts a Lady, and therefore knows the law infinitely better than the disagreeable fogies, who are so obstinate. And, lastly, the best way to learn the real provisions of the law, is to study a modern novel by a lady Authoress.

SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

"*SALUBRITIES at Home*" (pace Mr. ATLAS, who will recognise this temporary adaptation of his world-renowned title) I should say are Buxton (for most people), Bath (for some), Harrogate (for others), and,—besides a variety of North, South, East and West, too numerous to be mentioned in these notes,—Ramsgate for nearly all.

"*Salubrities Abroad*" are Homburg, Aix-les-Bains, Carlsbad, &c., &c., and Royat, where I find myself again this year. "Scenes of my bath-hood, once more I behold ye!" There is "A Salubrity at Royat," which people of certain tendencies cannot easily find elsewhere. It is a cure for eminent persons of strong Conservative tendencies. Lord SALISBURY was here last year, and my friend Monsieur ONDIT, who is in everybody's confidence, tells me that his Lordship will revisit a place where the *traitement* did him so much good. I believe he underwent the "Cherry-cure," at all events his Lordship was seen in public constantly eating them out of a paper-bag. *What did he do with the bag?* My answer is, "he popped it." Down went the cherries, and bang went the bag and fifty centimes. Well, did not Royat effect some change in his conservatism? What has been the result? But I am not here to talk politics.

Everybody is talking of the BOULANGER-FERRY incident. This is Aug. 4, and nothing has happened.

"Il n'y a pas de danger,"
Dit Général BOULANGER;
"Tout va, je crois, s'arranger,"
Chez FERRY, mes amis."

I haven't time to proceed with this, but, so far, the idea is at any poet's disposition to continue as he pleases, my only stipulation being that the air to which it is to be sung shall be "*Marlbrook*."

My other friend, BENJAMIN TROVATO, of Italian extraction, tells me that BOULANGER is half English, and had an English education. BEN informs me that the General has never forgotten the rhythms he learnt in his happy English nursery; and that, when he read that M. FERRY had called him a "*St. Arnaud de Café-Concert*," he sang out, recollecting the old catch,—

A Note, a Note!
Haste to the Ferry!

in which his friends were unable to join, owing to their ignorance of the words and tune.

When driving through Clermont-Ferrand from the Station up to Royat, we (three of us) had a small omnibus to ourselves. One of the party (a wag, of whom, and of the circumstances of our meeting, more "in my next") insisted on our calling out, "*Vive BOULANGER!*" We did this several times in the most crowded parts, but the cry

obtained no response, and aroused no excitement, as, being uttered with the greatest caution (at my instance), nobody heard it.

But what a thing to fight about! If duelling were an English fashion, how fruitful of "incidents" this Session would have been. How often would Mr. TIM HEALY have been "out"? And Mr. DE LISLE's life would have hung upon a Lisle thread!

Note for strangers about to visit Royat.—The Continental Hotel has lost a little territory, as half of what was its terrace has been re-turned to the present proprietor of the hotel next door, with whom we Continentals have no connection, not even "on business," it not being "the same concern" and under one management as it was last year. But what the Continental Hotel has sacrificed in domain, Monsieur HALL, our obliging landlord, has more than made up in comfort and cooking. Dr. BRANDT sees his patients in a charming Villa of Flowers. The weather is lovely.

We are all surprised at seeing one another here. Each person (or each couple or party) seems to think that he alone (or they alone) possess the secret of Royat's existence. We certainly are not a mutual admiration society at Royat. When we come upon one another suddenly, each exclaims, "Hullo! what are you here for?" as if the other were a convict "doing his time." Everyone thinks he knows what he is here for, but very few tell what he thinks he knows. And, by the way, the best-informed among us doesn't know very much about it.

In the Reading-room of the *Cercle* there ought to be (as advertised in a local journal) at least three English newspapers daily. I have not seen them as yet. The only London paper arriving here regularly, and to be purchased every day early at the News-vendor's, is the *Morning Post*. *Vive Sir ALGERNON!* Can this be the attraction for Lord SALISBURY? Why come out so far afield to read the *Morning Post*? Or wasn't it here, during Lord SALISBURY's visit last year, and is he still ignorant of its having been subsequently demanded and supplied this season? And when he comes and finds it—"O what a surprise!"—no, thank goodness, we have escaped from this song—for a time, at least.

Too hot to write any more journal. The hundredth bell is sounding for the fiftieth *déjeuner*. My *déjeuner* is finished. There are bells here perpetually. All day and all night. In vain would Mr. IRVING as *Mathias*, put his hands to his ears and close the windows. The bells! The bells! Distant bells, near bells, sheep-bells, goat-bells, a man with pipe (not tobacco but tune, or what he and the goats consider a tune), dinner-bells, guests'-bells, servants'-bells, church-bells (not much), chapel-bells (early and occasionally), horse-bells, donkey-bells, breakfast-bells, supper-bells, arrival-bells, departure-bells, tramway bells, crier's-bells, with variations on drum or trumpet, and several other bells that I shall notice in the course of the twenty-four hours, but have forgotten just now.

The "*petits chevaux*" have not been stopped by the Government; they are running as fast as ever. There are two bands, playing morning, afternoon, and evening. The *Casino Samie* is as lively as ever, or, as my waggish acquaintance at once expressed it, in that vein of humour for which he is so specially distinguished, "The Samie old game," and to sit out in the garden, with a fragrant cigar and coffee, before retiring for the night, is indeed a calm pleasure, or would be but for the aforesaid waggishness, of which more anon.

Soldiers about everywhere, Boulangering. Up in the hills is a splendid echo. This morning, having caught the very slightest cold, I went up into the mountains to get it blown away. Suddenly I sneezed. Such a sneeze! It reverberated all over the mountain like the firing of a battery. Again! again! These sneezes nearly shook me off the rock, and sent me staggering on to the plateau below. The effect must have been alarming, as the third sneeze fetched out the military, horse and foot, at full gallop, and the double. *L'ennemi? C'était moi!* They scoured the mountain sides, but I did not sneeze again. I have a sort of idea that my sneeze upset the entire preconcerted arrangements for a review. The Boulangerers retired—so did I.

'Tis the hour of *douche*. RICHARD, the attendant, will be there to give it me. *Douche-ment, douche-ment*. Gently does it! O RICHARD, O *Mon Roy-at!* . . . *Au revoir!*

Mrs. R. went to see the *première* of a new piece about which there had been considerable excitement in the theatrical world. "It was quite a novelty for me," said the good lady to a friend; "every literary person was there of any imminence, and my nephew, who is connected with papers himself, told me that the stalls were full of crickets. He pointed them all out to me. Most interesting."



"LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AMUSE."

Miss Ponsonby de Tomkyns (just out). "OH, PAPA! SUCH AN EXQUISITE CONCERT IT WAS AT LADY MIDAS'S! THE DUCHESS WAS THERE, AND THE MOWBRAY-MASHAMS, AND LORD AND LADY WROTTENHAM, AND COUNT EDELWEISS, AND CAPTAIN DE COUROY, AND SIR MAINWARING CARSHALTON AND HIS WIFE, AND—IN FACT EVERYBODY ONE CARES TO MEET."

Mr. P. de T. "INDEED! AND WHO PLAYED AND SANG?"

Miss P. de T. "WHO PLAYED AND SANG? WELL—A—A—REALLY, DO YOU KNOW, I DON'T REMEMBER!"

"GLASS FALLING!"

Head of the House, loquitor:—

DEAR me! Going back? I can hardly conceive it.

I thought we were in for a spell of "Set Fair."

A serious change? No, I will not believe it;

I can't, I declare.

I've tapped it with confidence morning by morning,

This glass which has never deceived me before;

And now to go wrong in this way, without warning!—

It's really a bore.

Of course it's too bad to be true, for the weather

So settled has seemed, and has promised so well,

And why it should go and break up altogether

Nobody can tell.

Tap! Tap! Yes, it's true, it is certainly dropping.

Things seem—for the moment—a bit out of joint,

For of course there is not the least fear of its stopping

At such a low point.

No, no, that's absurd; the idea makes one pallid.

This many and many a day from my door

Without a top-coat or a gingham I've sallied;

And now, will it pour?

O nonsense! The omens have all been so cheery;

The Times, in its forecasts, have been so cock-sure.

Can we all have been wrong? Nay, a prospect so dreary

cannot endure.

Some local disturbances truly I've heard of,

Our foes make the most of such little mishaps;

But then they mean nothing; it's really absurd of

The ignorant chaps.

At Spalding or Coventry weather may vary;—

And yet, when the "area of change" gets too wide,

Men fancy it's more than a passing vagary;—

Ay, even *our* side.

Tap! Tap! Yes there is a perceptible tumble.

One can't "square" the weather or "get at" the glass.

A storm? Oh! 'twas merely the least little rumble,—

'Twill probably pass.

Yes. Up in the North there 'tis always unsettled;

I fancy we shan't be so shifty down South.

No, really there's not the least call to be nettled,

Or down in the mouth.

I'll take my umbrella,—a useful possession,

Yes, even in summer with wind in the east.

But this—oh! it's merely a "local depression";—

I *hope* so, at least!

THE HAZARD OF A—DYE.

SUPPOSING that when our soldiers and sailors were armed with worthless bayonets and useless cutlasses, a war had broken out.

And supposing that our Army had been defeated on account of those worthless bayonets.

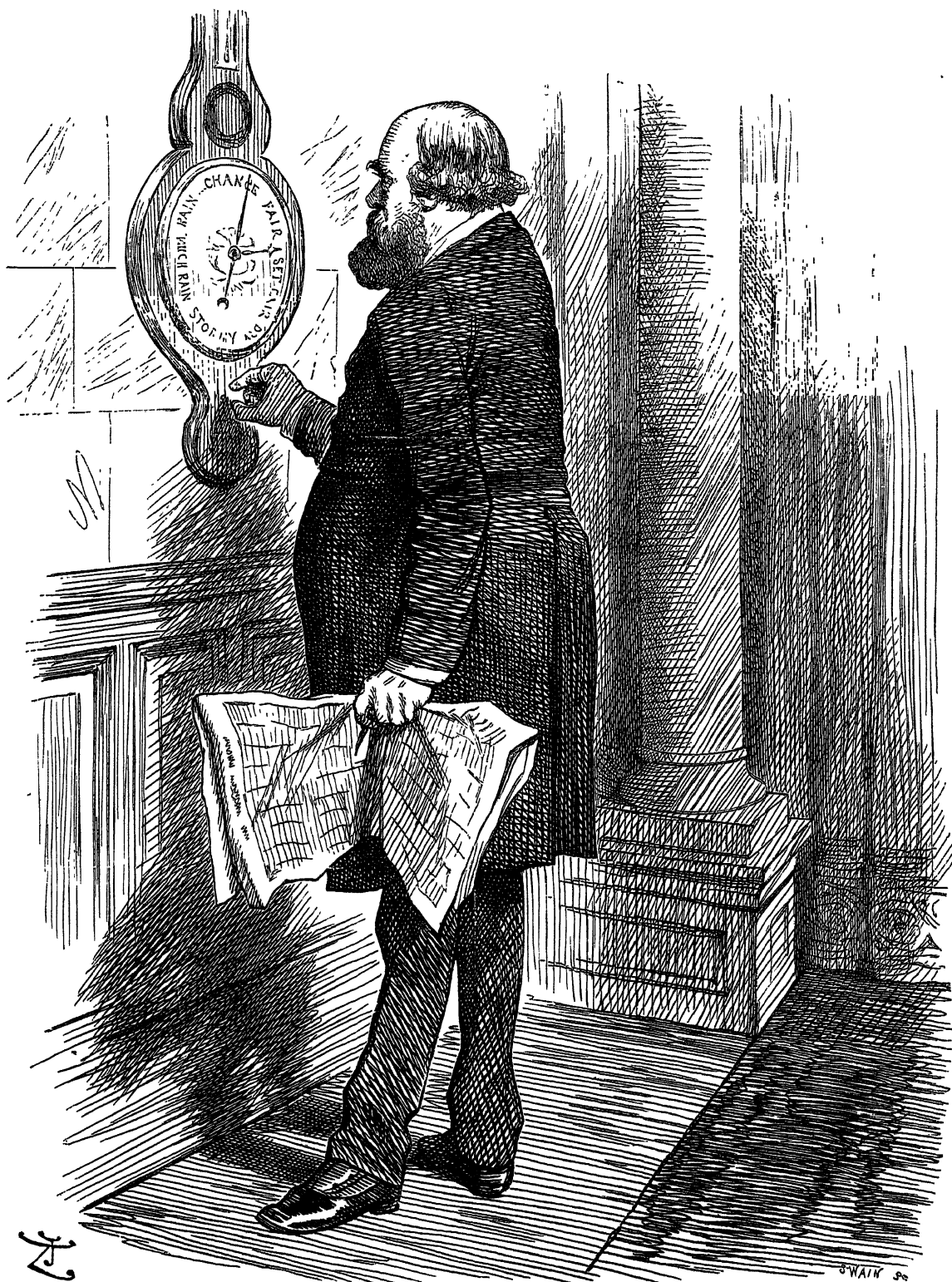
And supposing our sailors had been slaughtered by hundreds on account of those useless cutlasses.

And supposing the country had been successfully invaded because the nation had improper arms of defence.

And supposing, wild with ruin, revenge, and misery, the remains of the Army and Navy had met Sir JOHN ARDEN.

Supposing they had. Well, what then?

PRIZE PARLIAMENTARY PUZZLE:—"The End of the Session."

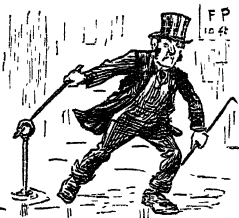


“GLASS FALLING!”

“HM!—GOING BACK! AH!—ONLY A *LOCAL DEPRESSION!!*”

A SOOTHING SONG FOR AUGUST.

Far from placid
pleasure;
Fashion's nomads
roam;
Wisdom finds the
treasure
In its fullest mea-
sure
Peacefully at
home.



Free from by-the-
way bores
Of hotel and train,
Rest we from our labours,
With our fair young neighbours
Round us once again.

Bees in drowsy fettle
Lazy lilies rob;
Slumbrously they settle,
Thrumming like a kettle
On the Summer's hob.
Flies their mystic mazes
Intricately thread,

Taking a Pull on the
Watery Main.

Where the sunshine
blazes [hazes,
Through the cedarn
Just above my
head.

Pussy, with her fur
feet [breast,
Curled beneath her
Drowzes where the
turf-heat
Soothes her with a
surfeit
Of delicious rest.

Now a laughing quarrel
Stirs the stilly air,
Where, beyond the laurel,
With their white apparel
Glistening in the glare,

Boys and girls together
Make a gallant crew,
Boys in highest feather,
Girls like summer weather,
Bright and sweet and true.

OUR EXCHANGE AND MART.

SOME MORE HOLIDAY INQUIRIES.

NOVEL YACHTING EXPEDITION. UNIQUE CHANCE.—

A Gentleman of marked nautical proclivities, who has lately, through the demise of a great-uncle, come into the possession of a Penny Steamer in a very fair condition of repair, is anxious to meet with one or two persons of similar tastes who would be disposed to start with him on a Summer Tour, for the purpose of leisurely navigating the vessel, in a tentative fashion, round the British Isles. As he would not take a Pilot with him, but proposes when in doubt either to ask his way from the nearest Coastguard by signal, or run in shore and get out and walk, he thinks the voyage would not be without excitement and variety, and would be likely to afford some novel seafaring experience to the naval amateur in search of pleasing adventure. The course, as at present mapped out, would be from Putney Bridge to Margate, Plymouth, Holyhead, Skye, Aberdeen, by the German Ocean past Hull, Yarmouth, Clacton-on-Sea, Southend, back again, finishing the journey at Battersea Reach, but it would probably be varied by wind and weather, the exigencies of which would naturally have to be taken into account. The crew will consist of three experienced Channel stewards, a bargee, a retired pirate, and a cabin-boy, and will be under the command of the advertiser, who, though fresh to the work, has little doubt but that, with a friendly hint or two from his fellow-yachtsmen, he will be able to manage it. N.B.—Each Passenger provided with a Royal Humane Society's drag. For all further particulars apply to "PORT-ADMIRAL," 117, Rope Walk, Chelsea, S.W.

EXCEPTIONAL PSYCHOLOGICAL OPPORTUNITY.

HAUNTED CASTLE TO LET.—A Baronet, in the North of England, who can himself stand residence in it no longer, is anxious to meet with a suitable Tenant for his Family Mansion likely to appreciate the mysterious horrors with which, owing to the crimes of his ancestors in times past, it is now nightly associated. The chief manifestation consists in the appearance, after midnight, in an oak-panelled bedroom, of a huge black wolf, accompanied by a little old man in a bag-wig and faded blue velvet coat, who, looking sadly at the occupant, and saying, in a mournful voice, "I've lost my return-ticket!" vanishes suddenly, together with his swarthy companion, into the linen-cupboard. As this apparition is frequently followed by the sound as of a man in a complete suit of armour falling head-over-heels down six flights of stairs, and ultimately, amidst prolonged and piercing shrieks, apparently lodging in the coal-cellar, a member of the Society for Promoting Psychical Research could not fail to find the whole experience a singularly pleasing one. Several people having already been frightened into fits through passing a night in the castle, a practical joker, who wished to have a little fun at the expense of an aged and invalid relative or two, could not do better than ask them down for a week, and let them take turns at sleeping in the bedroom in question. Address, "BARONET," Goblynhurst, Howlover.

TIGER-SHOOTING AT HOME. PRIME SPORT WITH BIG GAME.—A Country Clergyman, who, having taken charge of a Menagerie for an invalid friend, has had the misfortune to let nearly the whole of it escape and get loose in his parish, would be glad to have the assistance of several Sportsmen of wide Indian and African experience, who would be willing to join him in an effort either to kill, or, if possible, recapture it at the very earliest opportunity. Though the Advertiser has succeeded in temporarily securing three lions, a chimpanzee, a couple of hyænas, and a young hippopotamus in the Vicarage drawing-room, and has managed to envelope a boa-constrictor in a lawn-tennis net, yet, as five full-grown Bengal tigers, and about thirty other wild beasts of a miscellaneous character are at large in the village, and have, to his knowledge, already devoured the Postman, the Curate, a School Inspector, and both the horses of the Local Railway Omnibus, he feels that no time ought to be lost in replying to his appeal. One or two Experts, armed with Hotchkiss Guns, would be of use, and might write. Would be glad to hear from a Battery of Horse Artillery. Address, THE VICAR, High Roaring, Notts.

AERIAL VOYAGE. ADVANTAGEOUS EXPERIMENT FOR THE SHORT-SIGHTED.—A Gentleman who has long been suffering from a chronic affection of the eyes, and has been recommended by his medical adviser to try the stimulating effect of mountain air, having conceived the idea of procuring it for himself by making an ascent in a second-hand and slightly damaged balloon that he has purchased for the purpose, will be glad to hear from one or two thoroughly skilled and experienced Aeronauts similarly afflicted, who would regard the beneficent results of being able to accompany him as an equivalent for the professional services they might render to the carrying out of the undertaking. As the Advertiser's idea is to start from some convenient Gas-Works in the Midland Counties, and keep a steady northward course by holding on, before the wind, with a line and grappling-hook to the system of telegraphic wires running alongside one of the great central railways, and as he proposes merely stopping occasionally *en route* to unroof the house of some local medical man when any of the party are in need of advice, he confidently anticipates that the trip will not be devoid of novel and exciting features that will invest it with a distinctively fresh and exhilarating character. For full and further particulars of the enterprise, which have been carefully thought out, apply, by letter, to "IN NUBIBUS," Uppingham Lodge, Mount-Rising, Ayrshire.

THREE THOUSAND BLAZING ACRES TO LET.—A Scotch Laird, who has, by some accident in celebrating Her Majesty's Jubilee, managed to set fire to his entire property, the whole of which, after smouldering for a season, has since burst into a violent conflagration, which he can neither diminish nor control, would be willing to let it at a comparatively low rental to a London Sportsman sufficient novice in grouse-shooting not to be surprised at picking up his birds already roasted in the heather. As at the end of a day's trudging in the blinding heat of a Sahara through smoking covers, accompanied by a powerful steam fire-engine, he will probably discover that he has only succeeded in making a bag consisting of one singed "cheeper," the "shooting" is likely to prove more attractive to the amateur unfamiliar with the rifle, but accustomed to the tropical heat of a Central African Summer, than satisfactory to a professional marksman counting on dispatching from a breezy moorland fifty brace or so to his relatives and friends. —For terms, &c., apply to THE MAC SALAMANDER, Flaimhaugh, Glen Blayse, N.B.

By a Canterbury Belle.

(Song at the End of the great Cricket Week.)

FINE weather, fair cricket, the bold "Men of Kent"
To flirt and bet gloves—thirty pairs are my winnings!—
Why, yes, on the whole I'm extremely content;
'Tis the nicest of outings to witness such innings.
Chorus—A Cricketer should be an excellent match
Because he is certain to be "a good catch."

SNAP-SHOTS FOR THE TWELFTH.



An Extended Tract of Moor.



A Second Laying.



Heavy Bags are Difficult to Secure.



ANTHROPOPHAGOUS.

Little Nephew. "UNCLE, YOU MUST BE A SORT O' CANNIBAL, I—"

Uncle (on a visit). "A WHAT, SIR!? WHA'D'YER MEAN, SIR!?"

Nephew. "'CAUSE MA' SAID YOU WAS ALWAYS LIVIN' ON SOMEBODY!"

FOREIGN (LANGUAGE) COMPETITION.

CARE EDITOR,—SENTIO obligatus scribere ad te propter extraordinariam novam departuram quam Gubernator recenter fecit. (Scribo Latine, quia si ille legit hoc, *non poterit intelligere!* Præstitit intelligere Classica perfectè, sed habeo graves dubitationes de illo. Hoc est inter nos.)

Sunt nostri holidays nunc, ut tu sine dubio es awarus; et, alio mane, Pater subito nunciavit suam intentionem detrudere me de Etonis, et mittere me ad aliquem Tutorem in Germaniâ, "in ordinem ut discam modernas linguas, sic importantes (ille ait) in cursu vitæ nunc-dies."

Fui attonitus, ut tu potes imaginare. Nam Gubernator, ut totus mundus noscit, semper fuit laudator Classicorum. ("Omne ignotum pro magnifico," intelligis; habeo illum illic, nonne? Hoc quoque est inter nos.) In facto, pro momento ego fui "percutus omnis cumuli," ut dictum est.

Habere linguere Etonas, tam jolliam scholam! Et ire ad istos Teutones, qui non possunt ludere vel cricketum vel footballum, et sunt generaliter horribiles mufi! Id est nimis malum pro verbis.

Vide explanationem paternæ inconsistentiæ! Forsitan vidisti, O PUNCH, quomodo aliqui journales pestilentes recenter abusi sunt Classicas linguas. Bene, Gubernator legit hos journales, et nunc odit Græcum et Latinum. Ego ipse odi Græcum, sed Germanum est multo pejus, si possibile. Ut pro Gallico, non est ita difficile, exceptâ pronuntiatione, quæ est bestiissima res unquam inventa. Sed "malo mispronunciare ad Etonas, quam in Continenti rectè dicere," ut CICERO dicit.

Protestavi contra novam ideam Gubernatoris tantum quam audeo; sed habeo esse cautus, quia Gubernator non amat contradictionem. Fit cereus, si contradicatur. Argui tamen ut obliviscar omnia mea Classica in Germaniâ celerius quam potes dicere "Johannes Robinson;" nam unum caput non potest tenere Græcum, Latinum, et Gallicum. Gubernator iracundè respondit ut "meum caput non potest tenere aliquam rem, ut videtur." Hoc est abominabilis libellus (inter nos iterum).

Tunc posui ante eum pericula duellorum. Juvenes Teutonici omnes ineunt pro duellis, ut habeo auditum. Pater (crudelis!) fecit extremè leve hujus periculi. "Si redeam sine naso, quid tum?" dixi. "Erit propria poena," Gubernator sarcasticè respondit, "pro negligente NASONEM ad scholam." Ille, percipis, "ridet ad cicatrices, quia nunquam sensit vulnus." Laudat Caput-Magistros Marlburienenses et Harrovienses et Winchesterenses pro expellendo Græcum de Intransi Examine pro illis scholis. Sperat ut "in nullo tempore ero bonus Germanus scholaris"; sed ego dubito. Dixi ad eum ut sola Germana verba que noscunt sunt "Die Wacht am Rhein." Gubernator respondit ut meus Tutor donaret mihi "die whacks am Rhein" si negligo curriculum studiorum. Jocus est extremè pauper. Admiror si Tutor verè donabit id mihi calidum? O care Editor, nonne potes facere aliquam rem pro retinente me ad Etonas? Tuus disconsolatus,
TOMMIUS.

SEA-DREAMS.

By John Bull à propos of the Naval Manœuvres.

FALMOUTH in flames! By Jove, that sounds a stunner!

FREMANTLE's given HEWETT a fair "oner."

Somehow I feel I'd rather by a hantle, HEWETT had given toko to FREMANTLE.

I dare say it's all right; yet there's no telling,

What might be the result of *real* shelling.

Like the far-famed young lady of Devizes,

FREMANTLE's *forte* appears to be surprises,

Splendid no doubt, but, after all expenses,

I feel more interested in *defences*.

Of course for FREMANTLE to dumfogg HEWETT,

(And show a world of watchers *how* to do it)

Is first-rate practice; an eye-opener verily;

Only I fancy I should laugh more merrily,

If my eyes were the only optics gazing, Upon a feat that's no doubt most amazing;

The Thames' mouth occupied by a fine fleet!

The sight—as the fleet's mine—of course is sweet,

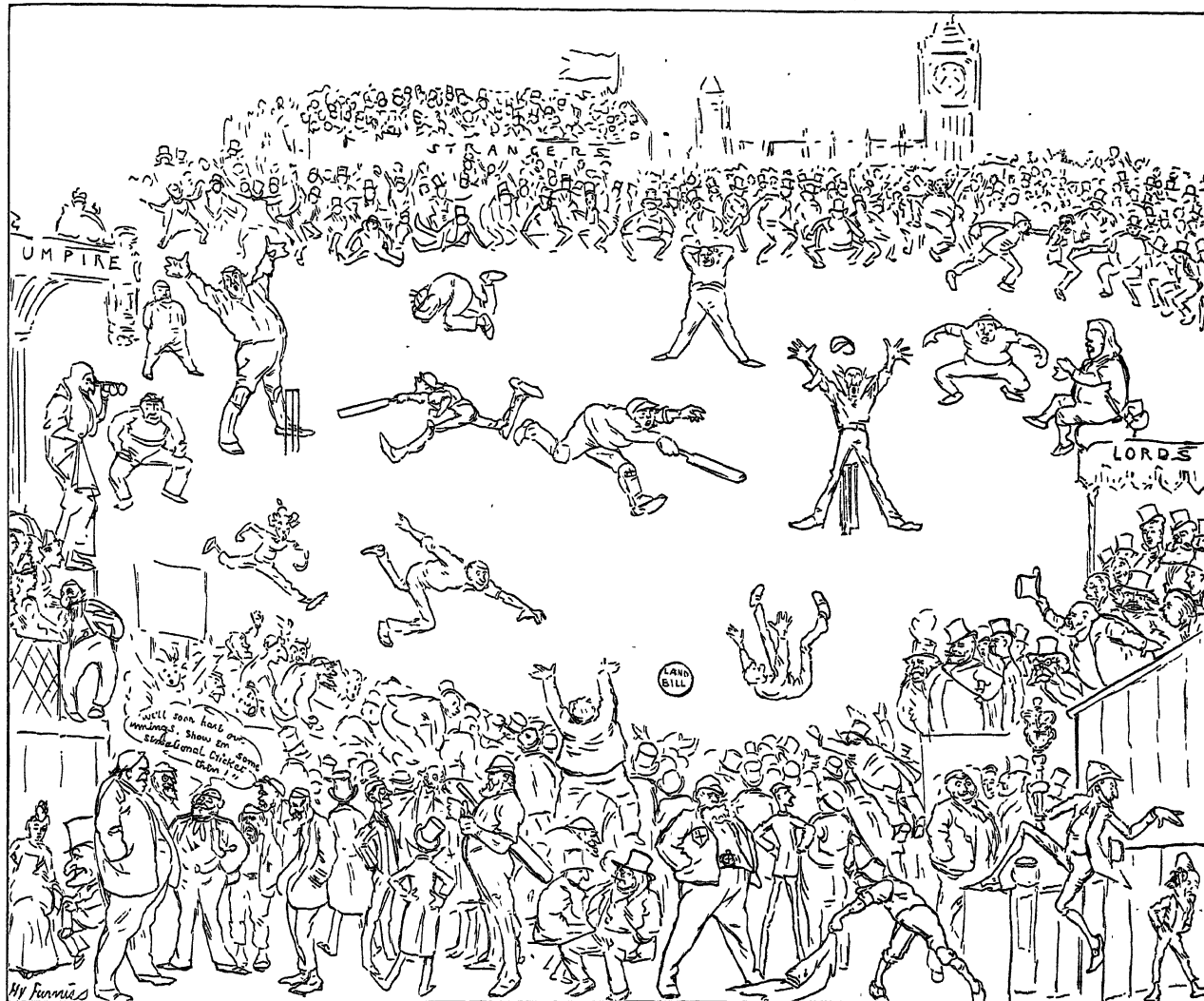
But there's one thought that rather makes me blench:—

Supposing that FREMANTLE had been French?

"BOOTIFUL."—The good people of Stafford have given HER MAJESTY as a Jubilee present a cabinet containing about two hundred pairs of boots and shoes. Evidently the stock is intended to last until HER MAJESTY reaches her next Jubilee, when, no doubt, the gift will be repeated!

STRIKING EFFECTS.—For further particulars, apply to the Midland Railway Company.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 50.



GRAND PARLIAMENTARY CRICKET MATCH.

(Facsimile of Sketch by Our Electric Special.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday Night, August 1.—Prince Louis of BATTENBERG had better be making inquiries as to return trains for Germany. W. REDMOND "has had his attention called to him," and PICKERSGILL has his eye upon him. German Prince been appointed to command of *Dreadnought* over thirty British Officers who had precedence for promotion. W. REDMOND elicited more general cheering than usually falls to his lot when he wanted to know what reason could be given for so extraordinary a mark of confidence? GEORGEY HAMILTON explained that there was best possible reason. Prince LOUIS a heaven-born sea-Captain. No one like him among ordinary Britishers. Appointed to *Dreadnought* simply because he was best possible man. Then PICKERSGILL came to front. Couldn't object to First Lord's personal preference, but gave notice that if Prince LOUIS were confirmed in command of *Dreadnought* he would move that his salary be disallowed. More cheers. Idea of German Princeling holding office, however honourable, without drawing a salary struck Commons as comical. Subject seemed to drop here. But COMMERCIAL, having by this time had another question on other subject put and answered, collected his thoughts, rose and begged to say that "Prince Louis of BATTENBERG served under me, and a more efficient officer—" Here sentence came to abrupt conclusion. Angry cries of "Order!" stormed round gallant Admiral. COMMERCIAL a man of proved valour, as the Victoria Cross worn on his breast on Jubilee Day and other high festivities testifies. But his bronzed cheek blanched under this assault. He stared round a moment speechless, and resumed his seat.

House in Committee through long hours on Irish Land Bill. Dulness enlivened towards midnight by encounter between CHAMBERLAIN and GRANDOLPH. CHAMBERLAIN began it; GRANDOLPH by no means backward. Rebuked CHAMBERLAIN for "characteristic sneer," upon which CHAMBERLAIN smartly retorted. The interesting episode concluded by HARTINGTON announcing his intention to vote against CHAMBERLAIN and with the Government. HARCOURT much pleased.



E. H. P.-ck-reg-ll.



M-cl-n interposes.

"This is only the beginning," he said. "GRANDOLPH and CHAMBERLAIN have evidently quarrelled. HARTINGTON doesn't bind himself to go with CHAMBERLAIN; and altogether the Unionist Party seems a little disunited."

Business done.—Irish Land Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—Questions over there was a pretty scene. JOHN DILLON complained of allegation in provincial newspaper that he had applauded a statement that in a riot at Belfast several children and a young lady school-teacher, the daughter of Lord SLIGO's Agent, were seriously hurt. Hadn't proceeded far with explanation when voice from neighbourhood of Treasury Bench called out, "It is true!"

"Who says it's true?" shouted JOHN, flashing a baleful glance on Treasury Bench.

At first he thought the interrupter was Old Morality, but his air of perfect innocence repulsed suspicion. Was it DE WORMS, turning as, it is written, his family sometimes do? EDWARD CLARKE looked

more guilty, so JOHN "named" him; denied the soft impeachment. HALSEY admitted it, and was backed up by half-a-dozen Members, including MACLEAN. Bore personal testimony to having heard the applause when incident was mentioned.

"I say it is true!" they repeated one after the other.

"And I say it is false!" JOHN DILLON roared, and proceeded to denounce Members opposite in language which speedily brought up the SPEAKER.

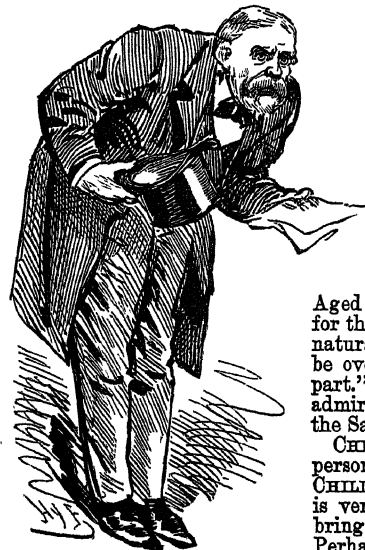
After a while MACLEAN again interposed. Demanded to be heard whilst he asserted in detail the general accuracy of the newspaper paragraph, whilst of course acquitting DILLON "if he said he did not join in applause." Parnellites, oddly enough, left all the fighting to JOHN, who was finally put down by SPEAKER. After this pleasant interlude, House resumed Committee on Land Bill. Proceedings dolorous, and House empty. At one time sitting nearly brought to end by a Count.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill.

Thursday.—Enter TREVELYAN; exit EDWARD RUSSELL, the latter carrying with him the consciousness of that rare possession—popularity with both sides of the House. Everybody sorry he has gone, especially "the Dissident Liberals." As PLUNKET says, "He was the gentlest-mannered Radical in the House." Crowded House. TREVELYAN brings his sheaves (1401) with him, in shape of rattling majority won at Glasgow. Everybody there but HARTINGTON and CHAMBERLAIN. Meeting in such circumstances with old colleague would have been too touching. But older colleagues, under wing of GLADSTONE, in full force. Determined to kill the fatted calf for the returning prodigal. GLADSTONE would, of course, play the part of

Aged Parent; TREVELYAN the repentant son. But who was to stand for the fatted calf? General impression that HARCOURT best suited by natural gifts for the character. HARCOURT's habitual modesty not to be overcome. "Wouldn't," he said, "like to play such a prominent part." Finally agreed that they should "imagine the calf." All went admirably well. Might have been managed by that veteran strategist the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate.

CHILDERS and CAMERON (both out of step with new Member) personally conducted him to Table. Enormous cheering, which CHILDERS gently deprecated. "No, my good friends," he said. "This is very kind of you. But there's really no credit due to me. I bring our young friend up because I, too, am a Scotch Member. Perhaps my success at Edinburgh may have given filip to Liberalism in the Lowlands. But pray don't mention it. Any little services I may have rendered are overpaid by this magnificent ovation."



Enter Tr-v-ly-n.



Exit R-ss-ll.

More cheers when new Member was introduced to SPEAKER. Delighted to see him. Had often heard his name. Pleased with this opportunity of making his personal acquaintance. Should be sure to know him again if he met him. All this lively and entertaining. But great scene artistically conceived for end of play. TREVELYAN, passing round back of SPEAKER's chair, proceeding in search of quiet seat, beheld strange spectacle on Front Opposition Bench. There was the Aged P. signalling from his tent. Signal taken up by retainers and carried down crowded bench. Only in the place of honour must the new Member sit. Never made so much fuss of before. Last time took oath and seat, no particular notice taken of double event. What had happened in meantime? Had he grown more eloquent; had he performed some conspicuous service; or had he increased in personal esteem of those who know him? The latter impossible. In the former no change. He had merely kicked over traces and was now come back to run in them. Thought of this with some bitterness. But reception well meant. There was the Aged P. violently beckoning with venerable forefinger, and the errant son made his way up to him, fell on his neck and kissed him—this of course in a Parliamentary sense.

Business done.—Army Estimates.

Friday.—House of Lords rent to its centre by deadly, blood-curdling, butter-melting controversy. Question is, shall it be Butterine or Margarine? The usually hostile camps streaked with enemies. A Noble Lord, who stands stoutly for Butterine, finds himself seated with another Peer, who swears by Margarine, and *vice versa*. When division comes there is woful cross-voting. It is BASING who appropriately brings on subject, and WEMYSS who moves that the compound be called Butterine, instead of Margarine. Everyone in high spirits, sustained by a free collation, served out at the door. This attraction rather militated against full success of debate. Noble Lords "asking for more," of course having to linger outside till they'd eaten it. BASING (long known to us as SOLATER-BOOTH) revelled in his subject, and thanked the Markiss he was made a Peer in time to take part in discussion. ARGYLL brought his massive mind to bear on Butterine; GRANVILLE toyed with the subject; and WEMYSS was more than usually emphatic. BRAMWELL had promised to speak for Butterine. Place empty when turn came.

"Where's BRAMWELL? He should be up next," said WEMYSS.

"Ah," said ROSEBERRY,

"Would you know where last I saw him,
He was eating bread and butterine."

Messengers despatched to corridor and BRAMWELL brought in with his mouth full. A stirring debate, but Butterine was nowhere. BRAMWELL having demonstrated Margarine was "not the correct name for the substitute known as Butterine," their Lordships by large majority voted for Margarine.

Business done.—In Commons Land Bill again.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SONG.

(By a thorough Port-soakian.)

THE LORD MARE leads an appy life,
He has no cares of party strife,
He drinks the best of hevvy wine,
I wish the LORD MARE's lot was mine.

And, yet all appy's not his lot,
Although he has his title got;
He hardly once alone can dine—
I would not that his lot was mine.

A Alderman more pleases me,
He leads a life of jollitee:

He nobly dines, has naught to pay,
And has his health drunk ev'ry day.

And though he has to sham delite
At weary speeches nite by nite,
And to administer the Law
Without no blunders or no flaw,

Still, though I but a Waiter be,
The LORD MARE's life would not
suit me.

But, while I drains my flowing can,
I'll fancy I'm a Alderman!

ROBERT.

POETRY OF PARLIAMENT.—A debate in the House of Commons corresponding to the verse named Alexandrine—"Which, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."

SEASONABLE FIELD-SPORT.—Leather-hunting.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper: To this rule there will be no exception.

THE PLEASANT TRAVELLER'S CONVERSATION-BOOK.

(To be translated into French, German, and Italian, for the benefit of Foreigners.)

IN THE TRAIN.

CONTINENTAL Railways are disgracefully mismanaged.



This train does not travel at anything like the rate of our expresses.

The "Flying Scotchman" travels at 50, 100, or 150 (according to fancy) miles the hour.

I object to smoking; also wish all the windows to be opened or closed (as the case may be).

The foreign buffet does not equal our refreshment-rooms.

A plate of soup, half a roast fowl, and mashed potatoes cannot compare with what we call in England a "ham sandwich."

I object to the lamp being shaded, or insist upon the lamp being shaded (according to pleasure).

Why are we stopping here? Why are we not stopping here? It is disgraceful that we should not stop here.

If this occurs again, I shall write to the papers.

AT THE STATION.

Why must I go here? Why may I not go here?

I insist upon going where I please.

I refuse to answer, as an impertinent question, "what I have to declare."

I object to opening that trunk, that portmanteau, and that hat-box.

It is insolent to accuse me of smuggling. Where is the Chief of Police?

Have there been any orders to treat my luggage in this manner?

I complain that, as you have passed my boxes without examination, that I should have ever been asked for my keys.

I will not take this omnibus, nor this fly, nor this cart.

I do not want to patronise any hotel.

Why do you not put my luggage on that carriage?

I had a right to say I would take no conveyance—as a matter of fact, I knew I should be swindled.

Now do make haste, and do what I ask, or I shall report you to the Station Master.

No, I shall give you nothing—it is contrary to the Bye-laws in England.

AT THE HOTEL.

I object to this room, because it is on the ground, first, or upper floors (according to taste).

I do not like the price paid for the *table d'hôte*.

I object to the bed-curtains—why are there no bed-curtains?

I will not pay for *service*—*service* should be charged.

Your prices are extortionate. I shall be careful to warn all my friends against coming to this hotel.

Don't be impertinent.

EN ROUTE.

This scenery is disappointing.

The water-fall is over-rated and the ruin a fraud.

I will not take off my wide-awake in this Cathedral.

Why cannot I look at the altar during the celebration of Service?

I have seen much better things in a ninth-rate town in England than I find in this Museum.

I consider the whole tour not worth the candle.

It is infamous that I should have been induced by false pretences to come abroad.

You can easily imagine how I must be missed at home.

Land Measure.

[Mr. JESSE COLLINGS supports the Government Allotments Bill, although it only holds forth a prospect of one acre, and no cow.]

JESSE content with SALISBURY's gift? How odd!

One acre only, and of cows a lack!

Pooh! JESSE takes this "acre" as a "rod"—

For faithless GLADSTONE's back.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.—The Government have been given a good inch (of coercive power). Will they take a (National) League?

WELSH FOR THE WELSH.

MR. PUNCH by some accident was unable to be present at the "Eisteddfod Genhedlaethol y Cymry," and therefore could not take part in the competitions at the Albert Hall. For the sake of the other bards he is glad, as he feels sure that had he sung his own little composition he would have been hailed at once "*Pencerd Gwalia*," "*Mynorydd*" and "*Owen Dyfed*," rolled into one. However, that the World may not suffer by his unselfishness, he publishes his *Anerchiaudau ir Llywydd* (Poetical Address to the President), which he would have sung to an accompaniment of a hundred harps. As it is short, he gives it in full:—

Y MORWYNIG GWYNTODD.

Hr ddiddleth di ddiddleth ghist katte haw di fiddleth,
Ae kowwe pob gofid y munnne,
Fel liddell dogggg rawd di see glap spwwt,
Ond di platt gofid rhosyn di ssspnnn
Fy mam, fly man,
O pale ale man am di fly man!

PRIVILEGED PISTOLS.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, it is rumoured, a few days since, received a deputation of schoolboys home for the holidays, and other young gentlemen delegated to him with a petition that he would propose a bill for the repeal of the duty now demanded for permission to carry a gun.

The foreboy of the memorialists, Master SMITHERS, in an address premised with "Please Sir," informed the Right Honourable Gentleman of the object of their application. He, and those other fellows, considered the gun-tax an awfully hard impost, he might say imposition—out of school-hours. It denied them a recreation they particularly wanted to enjoy in the holidays, namely, shooting, which was fun for them as good as for Members of Parliament. Shooting was shooting, whether you shot sparrows or grouse. But ten bob duty was more than poor fellows could afford.

JACKSON, Junior, asked why, if the tax on firearms was intended to prevent a chap from carrying a gun, it wasn't charged just the same upon pistols? You couldn't look into a daily paper hardly without seeing an account of a murder committed, or somebody or other shot, or shooting himself by accident, with a revolver, or the revolver going off on its own accord, and killing its owner or someone else. Cads and roughs almost all of them carried revolvers, and so it was that burglars went about shooting policemen. If every revolver had to be loaded with a licence, or the firearm-duty were enforced for all firearms, it would save no end of lives. But if that didn't signify, and everybody was to be free to carry a revolver, what use was there in what you might call fining a fellow for leave to carry a gun?

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said that his young friends appeared to him to have made out a very good case, not so much for the repeal of the gun-duty as for its extension, if necessary, or at any rate its enforcement, as regarded revolvers, upon which the existing duty might require to be increased to an amount which would effectually limit the possession of those dangerous weapons. Meantime he would consult his colleagues, who, he was assured, would give this question their most serious consideration.

The young gentlemen then gave three groans for the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and bolted.

THE MARBLE ARCH.

(A Song for the Season.)

"Can nothing be done for the Marble Arch? . . . London soot-flakes have dealt cruelly with a surface admirably calculated to receive them."—*Pail Mall Gazette*.

AIR—"I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls."

I DREAMT that I gazed at the Marble Arch,
King Fog and King Coal at my side,
The soot of November, the dust-storms of March
Had made it a sight to deride.
I said all the foreigners think, I'll be bound,
To our City this thing is a shame;
But I guess 'twill be found, when next Season comes round,
That its state is much the same.

It does want a wash, there's no doubt about that,
For the marble's a dull, dirty brown;
That is, where it isn't as black as your hat—
Can't they clean it while Swelldom's from Town?
Marble? Deft TADEMA, I will be bound,
Would say 'tis not worthy the name;
But I'd wager a pound, when next Season comes round,
We shall find it still the same.

EVICTION.

A WOFUL BALLAD OF WIMBLEDON. AIR—"The British Grenadier."



Illustrious President. "NOW, MY LAD, SORRY TO INCONVENIENCE YOU, BUT—HEM—HA—YOU MUST REALLY GO—SOMEWHERE ELSE!"

SOME prate of patriotism, and some of cheap defence,
But to the high official mind that's all absurd pretence;
For of all the joys of snubbing, there's none to it so dear,
As to snub, snub, snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!

A patriotic Laureate may bid the Rifles form.
And Citizens may look to them for safety in War's storm;
But Secretaries, Dooks, and such at this delight to jeer,
And to snub, snub, snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!

A semi-swell he may be, but he may be a mere clerk,
And he's an interloper, and to snub him is a lark.
Sometimes he licks the Regulars, and so our duty's clear,
'Tis to snub, snub, snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!
He hankers for an increase in his Capitation Grant,
It's like his precious impudence, and have the lift he shan't.
What, make it easier for him to run us close? No fear!
We'll snub, snub, snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!



IN THE HONEYMOON.

She (beaming). "WHAT FIRST ATTRACTED YOU, DEAR? WHAT AGREEABLE CHARACTERISTIC DID I POSSESS TO PLACE ME ABOVE ALL OTHERS IN YOUR SIGHT AND ESTIMATION?"

He. "H-U-M—LE'ME SEE."—(*Ponders.*)—"H-M—OH, DARLING, I GIVE IT UP. CU'IOUS THING, DEAR—I NEVER COULD GUESS WIDDLES!"

He has a fad for Wimbledon, but that is just a whim,
And as eviction's all the go, we'll try it upon him.
He's not an Irish tenant, so no one will interfere,
When once more we snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!
His targets and his tents and things are nuisances all round,
As Jerry-Builders, Dooks, and other Toffs have lately found.
Compared with bricks and mortar and big landlords he's small beer,
So we'll snub, snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!
The Common's vastly handy, there's no doubt, to chaps in town,
And crowds of Cockneys to the butts can quickly hurry down;
But what are *all* Town's Cockneys to one solitary Peer?
No; let us snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!
Your Citizen who wants to play at soldiers need not look
To have his little way as though he were a Royal Dook.
With building-leases—sacred things!—he must not interfere,
So let us snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!
If he *must* shoot his annual shoot somewhere, why, let him go
To Pirbright or to Salisbury Plain, or e'en to Jericho.
But out from his loved Wimbledon he'll surely have to clear,—
A final snub, snub, snub, snub to the British Volunteer!

"Room and Verge."

LORD SALISBURY agrees with Lord BEACONSFIELD that Asia is large enough for both Russia and England. Quite so. And unlimited space is large enough for all the galaxies of Worlds,—until two of them want to occupy one portion of it. Then comes Chaos or a Cosmical Boundary Question. The "room enough" theory is a genial one, which would have commended itself to *Uncle Toby*. But it does not carry us practically very far on the road to a settlement. The world was presumably "large enough" to accommodate the ambitions of OCTAVIUS and MARK ANTONY. Only they did not happen to think so. Collision terrestrial or celestial does not come from the narrowness of limits, but from the crossing of courses.

CHANGE.

(*A Weather Forecast for the Next Ten Weeks.*)

August 20.—Heavy downpour commences. Thirty-six inches of rain fell in as many minutes. The Clerk of the Weather catches cold.

August 27.—Heavy downpour continues. The entire audience at the Gaiety, being unable to get home without getting drenched, decline to leave the Theatre, and, after a riot, pass the night there, in the face of the protests of the Management.

September 3.—Heavy downpour shows no signs of abating. Several leading Umbrella Manufacturers make rapid fortunes, and are raised to the Peerage.

September 15.—Heavy downpour still continuing, the Serpentine overflows its banks, and runs southwards. Salmon-fishing commences in the Brompton Road.

September 27.—Downpour heavier than ever. The Underground Lines flooded, and the traffic carried on by penny steamers.

October 8.—Downpour steadily continuing, the Albert Hall is opened as a National Swimming Bath, and Battersea Park as a Rice Plantation.

October 19.—Downpour still on the increase. The Hippopotamus from the Zoological Gardens is washed in a torrent down Portland Place, and left high and dry on the steps of the Langham Hotel.

October 28.—Downpour as heavy as ever. Gondolas seen in Piccadilly. A well-known Duke endeavouring to drive a bathing-machine in Belgrave Square, upsets it, and is only rescued with difficulty by drags from his own balcony.

November 3.—Downpour still continuing and London being now under water, wild-duck shooting commences in Chancery Lane.

November 9.—Downpour at its height. In consequence of the flooded condition of the Guildhall, the Lord Mayor's banquet is given under a water-proof tent on Primrose Hill, his distinguished guests approaching it across the Regent's Park in coal-barges. Prime Minister, in his speech, commenting upon the weather, describes it "as the worst he ever remembers."

FERDINAND AND ARIEL.

(IN BULGARIA.)

(Shakspeare once again adapted to circumstances.)

*Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing. FERDINAND following him.**Ariel's Song.*COME into Bulgarian
Lands,We stretch our hands ;
'Tis a chance not to be
miss'd.When we have kiss'd
Your hand in loyal
fealty there,
The Crown's sweet bur-
den you may bear.

Hark! Hark!

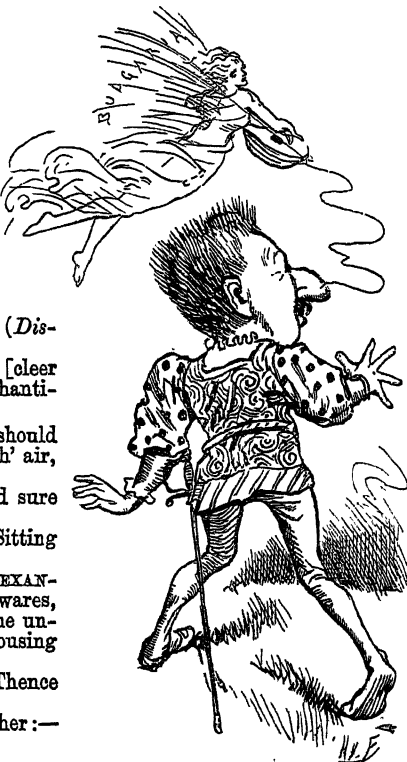
Burden. Bow-wow!
[Dispersedly.]

Let the Russ bark!

Burden. Bow-wow! [Dis-
persedly.]Hark, hark! I hear [clear
The strutting Gallic Chanti-
Cry Cock-a-doodle-doo!*Ferdinand.* Where should
this music be? In th' air,
or th' earth?It sounds once more, and sure
it waits upon*My* forward footsteps. Sitting
all alone,Musing upon Prince ALEXAN-
DER's wreck, [awares,This music crept upon me un-
stirring my hope, and rousingRussia's passion,
With its sweet air. Thencehave I followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—

but 'tis gone.

No, it begins again.

*Ariel sings:*

Full fathom deep BATTENBERG lies,

Of his chance chaos is made;

But you'll see, if you have eyes,

Your hopes ripen as his fade.

You may suffer a great change

Into a young King. Is't strange?

Fate which rings poor SANDY's knell

Sounds your coronation bell.

Hark! dost hear it?—ding-dong-dell!

[*Burden.* Ding-dong!*Ferdinand.* This ditty doth decoy, yet fright me,—rather.

This is no common chance. A golden crown

Fate proffers me:—I see it,—shall I wear it?

[*Left considering.*

"FINIS CORONAT OPUS."

THE summary given in an evening paper last week of a well-known suit, now happily at an end, is instructive. Four years ago the plaintiff was absolutely without means, and apparently utterly friendless. The man who had wronged her offered her (amongst other infamous actions) a miserable pittance to expatriate herself and to cease to "annoy" him. She called in the assistance of the Press; and now she retires with provision for herself and innocent child, her character re-established, and a sum of money that our grandfathers would have called a "plum." The paper that championed her was plucky, and as the result has proved, in the right. Praise to whom praise is due. Acknowledgment is due to the P. M. G.

Happy Thought.

(By an Unhappy Unionist.)

TREVELYAN swears he trusts the Grand Old Man,

And follows him in playing fast and loose.

Well, we have heard of Leda and the Swan,

But here's a case of Leader and the Goose!

POPULAR EDUCATION.—*Examiner.* Give the meaning of "Hag-
iology." *Candidate.* Science of Witchcraft.

SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

To those about to travel *viâ Dover and Calais*.—Ask when *The Empress* makes the journey. Something like a boat, and the day our party went by her she did the crossing in the hour, and I won't positively swear it wasn't a minute or so under that time. There's a crossing-sweeper for you! The Empress of the Sea! Mind you it was a fine day, and what I should say would be considered a calm sea, though there were several sufferers.

If not in a hurry—and who can hurry in such weather?—the easiest travelling is by the 11 A.M. from Victoria; admirable *Empress* for the crossing; and a good twenty-five minutes or more for one of the best buffet-luncheons in France. Stay the night in Paris, and off to your Royat, your Aix, or wherever it may be, as early as possible.

At the *Paris-Lyon Station*, en route for Royat.—Owing to the gentle influence of Colonel WATERS, attached to the L. C. & D. corps in Paris, and to the indefatigable exertions of his lieutenant in uniform, GUSTAV HERLAN, the P. L. & M. Company have consented to put a *lit-salon* carriage on to their day-train as quite an exceptional concession to an invalid, who might be supposed to have thus addressed them:—

Pity the sorrows of a gouty man,

Whose trembling limbs have brought him to your door,

Who asks you to oblige him with—you can—

A simple *lit-salon* and nothing more.

The perfect comfort of this arrangement for a long journey is worth the price including the *supplément*, which I am paying when a cheery voice cries, "Hallo! old chap," and I recognise PULLER, whom I haven't seen for some time. I return his greeting heartily. "You've got a *coupé réservé*?" he exclaims gleefully, and literally skipping for joy. I never saw a man in such spirits. He is not absolutely young, nearer forty than thirty for example, looking so wonderfully fresh, that turn-down collars and a jacket would suit him perfectly. He is as clean-shaven as a Benedictine Monk or a Low Comedian. He says of himself—he is the waggish companion to whom I alluded in my previous notes—"I am well preserved in high spirits." He insists on paying the extra seat and *supplément*. Cousin JANE (again going to Royat for the Cæsar Baths) says she shall be delighted, and so PULLER is to come with us. Certainly am delighted to see PULLER. Will he have his things brought here? He will, "*à l'instant!*"—he pronounces it "*ar long stong*," and roars with laughter as if he had delivered himself of the rarest witticism. Then he skips off down the platform, waving an umbrella in one hand and a stick in the other. Suddenly PULLER's social characteristics all flash across me. I haven't seen him for years, and had forgotten them. I recollect now, he is what they call "an inveterate punster," and loves when abroad (though an accomplished linguist) to speak the language of the country in which he may be temporarily sojourning with a strong English accent; it is also a part of his humour to embellish his discourse with English idioms literally translated,—or, *vice versa*, to give French idioms in colloquial English; so that on the whole his conversational style, when in foreign parts, is peculiar. The impression left in my memory years ago of PULLER, is that he is a wonderfully good-natured fellow unless a trifle puts him out, when he flares up suddenly into red heat; but this is seldom, and he cools down directly if allowed to stand. When he is not in the highest possible spirits he is an agreeable companion, as he can give some interesting, but utterly untrustworthy, information on most subjects, and, when this comes to an end, he falls asleep suddenly,—he does everything suddenly,—but, as I have since ascertained, does not snore. When at his office in London he is the second partner of an eminent firm of Solicitors with a varied and extensive business. For a safe and sound legal opinion in any difficult matter, specially on the Chancery side, there is no one to whom I would sooner go myself, or recommend a friend than JAMES PULLER, of HORLER, PULLER, PULLER (J.), BAKER AND DAYVILLE. For the greater part of the year JAMES PULLER is hard at work, and is gravity itself, except on certain social and festive occasions. But in vacation-time he gives up Law and goes in for Lunacy. "I feel," he says, when he returns, still capering on the platform, this time with his stick in one hand and his hat in the other, "I feel like a school-boy out for a holiday," and, allowing for the difference of age and costume, he looks the character.

Travelling is very tiring; so is rising early in the morning (which is included in the process of travelling) after a night spent in fitful dozing, one's rest being broken by nervous anxiety as to whether the waiter will remember to call one at the cruel hour of 6'30, or not, and determining to be up at that time exactly, and if he doesn't appear punctually, to ring for him to bring the bath and the boots; then preternatural wakefulness, then the drowsiness, then the painful emptiness, then the necessity for extraordinary energy and bustle,—all this fatigues me so much, that when at last I find myself in a comfortable railway-carriage, I sink back, and prepare to make up for the lost sleep of the previous night.

PULLER has been travelling all night right through, yet he is now

as fresh as the proverbial lark. He is smoking. He came up smoking. I am a smoker, but at an early hour on a hot day, and comparatively unbreakfasted, I do not like the smell of the last half-inch of a strong and newish cigar such as PULLER is now smoking. He is sucking at this last morsel of it as if it were the only one he should take (I wish it were) for another month, and as if it went to his heart to part with it.

"Don't you smoke your cigars rather short?" I ask, mildly, by way of a hint.

"No," he replies, quickly; "I smoke them rather long. Had him there, eh?" he says playfully, turning to Cousin JANE, who, I regret to say, encourages him with an appreciative smile. After his fit of chuckles has subsided (in which I do not join), he takes off his hat *à la française*, and addresses himself to Cousin JANE.

"If Madame does not oppose herself to that I shall smoke."

JANE graciously returns, "Oh dear no, I do not mind smoke," which isn't at all what I want her to say on this occasion. PULLER throws away what is left of his cigar, and, producing an enormous case, offers me what he calls "a beauty,"—very big, very dark one, with a bit of red and gold paper wrapped round its middle, as if it were in a delicate state of health and might suffer from rheumatism,—but I decline it, saying pointedly, "I can't stand smoking so early, and before breakfast."

"Oh," he returns in an offhand manner, "can't you? I can smoke any time, it doesn't affect me. Besides, I had a first-rate breakfast at the fork, and spoon too, at the buffet,"—he pronounces this word as written in English—this is his fun (*i.e.*, the fun of a high-spirited Solicitor on a holiday), and forthwith he lights the big cigar, changes his seat so as to face us both, and then commences a conversation about all sorts of things, seasoned with his jokes and comic French, at which he laughs himself uproariously, and appeals to me to know if it, whatever the joke may be, "Wasn't bad, was it?" And when I beg him to spare some of his witticisms, as he'll want them for the friends he's going to meet at Royat—(thank Heaven, he is going to meet friends!)—he only says, "Oh, there's lots more where these came from," and off he goes again. Fortunately he turns to Cousin JANE, and instantly I close my eyes, and pretend to be overcome by fatigue. If JANE is wise she will do the same. JANE is tired, but tolerant.

Finding that neither of us is up to much talking (I have inadvertently opened an eye) he says, "Look here, I'll show you my travelling-bag," as if it was something to amuse children. This delights him immensely. He opens it and explains its compartments, tells how he shaves, what soap he uses, how he invented a peculiar pomade for travelling, and how he had thought out this bag and had everything made to fit into its place. He takes out everything, brushes, combs, razors, glass-pots, knives, brushes, one after the other, expatiating on their excellence as if he were a pedlar anxious to do a deal, and we were his casual, but likely, customers. Then finding our interest waning, he shuts it up, and saying that the best of travelling in a *lit-salon* is that you can stretch your legs, he forthwith begins capering, asks JANE if he mayn't have the pleasure of the next waltz and so forth, until fortunately, he discovers the secret of the seat which pulls out and becomes a bed, and is so struck with the idea that he exclaims, "By Jove! this is first-rate! pillows, mattresses, everything! I've never slept in one of these! I haven't been to bed all night. You don't mind my taking forty winks—do you?"

O dear no—take eighty if he likes.

"Ah, then," he says in broken English, "I go to couch myself. I salute you the good morning, Mister and Missis. I have well envy of to sleep." And thank goodness in another minute the high-spirited Solicitor is fast asleep, and *not* snoring.

Then we all drop off. At Montargis he awakes, breakfasts at the buffet: we breakfast in our *salon*. He returns, puffing another cigar, stronger and bigger than the previous one: but smoking yields to sleeping and his high spirits become less and less. After his second or third sleep he becomes hungry. The train is late. He becomes hungrier and hungrier. Again he smokes; but his cigars are dwindling in size and growing paler in colour. He calculates when the hour of dinner will be. He foresees that it will not be till past eight and we breakfasted at eleven. Hunger has deprived him of all his jokes, all his high spirits; he is hopelessly depressed, and preserves an almost sullen silence till we reach Clermont-Ferrand, when the sight of the Commissionnaire of the Hôtel Continental slightly restores him, and as we get into the Omnibus he whispers to me feebly, "I say, let's cry '*Vive BOULANGER!*'"

I beg him to hold his tongue, or the police will be down on him. I fancy this warning has its effect, in his present state of hunger, as he limits himself to whispering out of the window to any passer-by who happens to be in uniform, "*Vive BOULANGER!*" but I am bound to say, nobody hears him, so finding the fun of the jest exhausted within the first ten minutes, he drops it, and once more collapses, shakes his head wearily over his wretched state, and expresses in pantomime how he is dying for something to eat. JANE and myself recognise Clermont-Ferrand and draw one another's attention to all points of interest, more or less incorrectly. Then, after noticing

how familiar all the land-marks seem *en route*, we find we have been taken by a different road from the one we used to travel in order to avoid the dust.

Ha! Here is Doctor REM. Welcome to Royat! Same rooms. New Proprietor, but same Hotel in effect, it is the Continental. M. HALL, of what nationality I do not know, exerts himself to see that everything shall be right for everybody who has just arrived. There are several others by this train, all requiring special and individual attention, and all, somehow, getting it. New faces, but civility and readiness to oblige everywhere. The weather perfect!—perhaps a trifle too perfect. But Royat is high up, and, if it is hot here, what must it be down below at Vichy or at Aix! Dinner in the Restauration of the Hotel, where we pant for air because other visitors, chiefly French, of advanced years and in various stages of "The Cure," will not allow a door or window to be opened. We finish dinner, and hurry off for our coffee in the garden of the Casino Samie. End of first day.

P.S.—I said last week I could not find the English newspapers in the reading-room of the Cercle. I have since seen them, *Times* and *Telegraph*. But the only one sold outside is apparently the *Morning Post*. Lord SALISBURY is coming.

THE INSURER'S PHRASE-BOOK.

THERE is no truth in the report that a whole Brigade of Firemen and Sixteen Fire-engines are now permanently encamped in Kensington Gardens Square, and that Captain SHAW is about to take furnished lodgings in the immediate neighbourhood of Westbourne Grove.



No, those men walking up and down the shop and eying everybody suspiciously are not shop-walkers, as you suppose. Four of them are detectives, with orders summarily to arrest any customer who looks at all like an incendiary, and the others are disguised Firemen.

Excitement at Pad-in-ink-on. I don't quite know what you mean by speaking of a "holocaust" in connection with the recent disastrous conflagration which destroyed five whole streets and a hundred lives, but no doubt the cost *will* be enough to make anybody holloa!

"Why have we to hire a boat to take us from the garden-gate to our front-door?" Oh, because five million gallons of water were poured down our street by the Fire-Brigade men the day before yesterday, and the Main Drainage system is only equal to removing a few gallons at a time.

Naturally the Water Companies have taken advantage of this state of things to suggest to householders that, as they have so much water in their cellars, they can do without any in their cisterns, and to announce therefore that the supply will be discontinued for a week.

Is it a fact that Insurance Premiums in Bayswater now vary in proportion to the distance from Westbourne Grove?

How curious that "two huge columns of fire" should produce at least half a dozen equally huge columns of print!

No, as you say, this wall-paper is not pretty, and walking on hard concrete-floors is a little unpleasant at first; but then, you see, they are both absolutely incombustible.

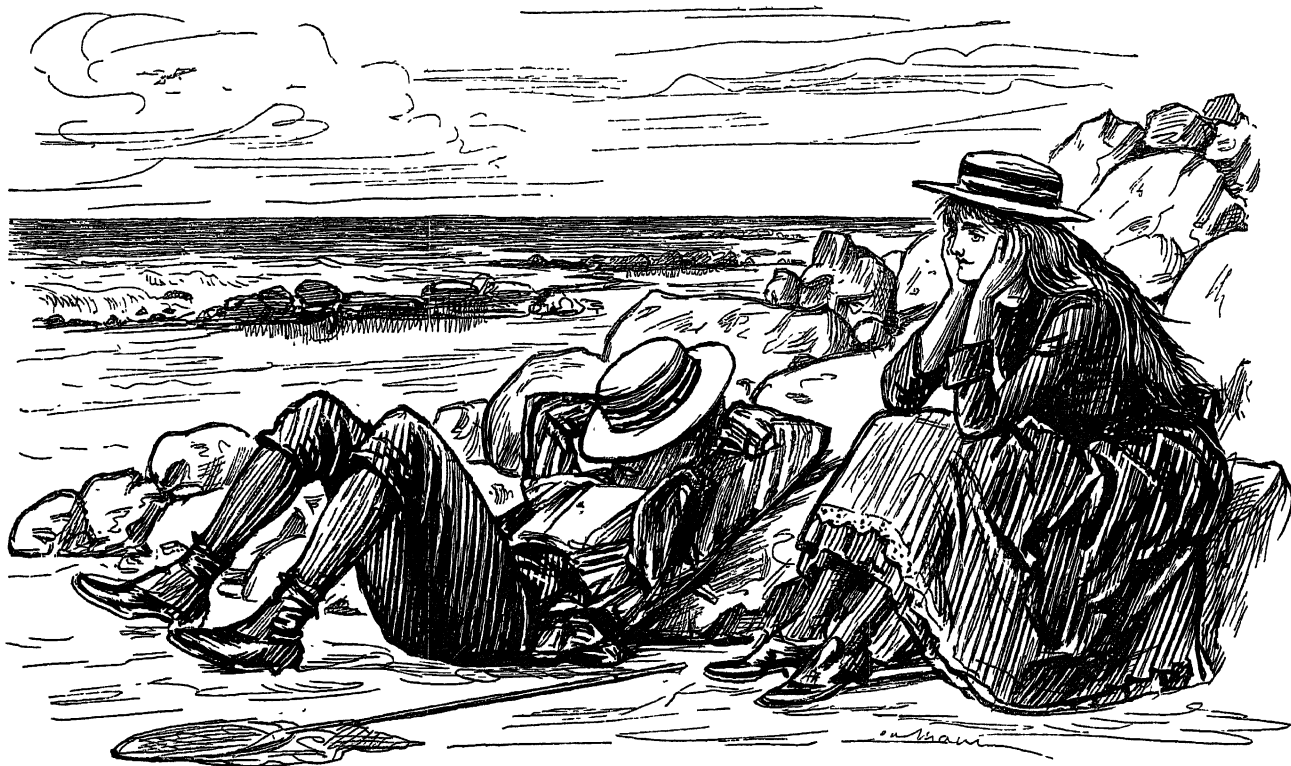
The Fire-engine in the Hall is certainly a little in the way of the servants; but then what a comfort it is to feel that with this precaution, and powerful hydrants laid on to each floor, and sleeping in fire-proof beds with one's clothes on, and having an outside iron stair-case to each window in the house, we really *are* pretty safe against the next conflagration, in spite of the fact that we live just opposite a Universal Provider!

THE PRIVATE BANKER'S PÆAN.

(Some way after Shakespeare.)

I KNOW a Bank whereto the poor man goes.
If there too quickly his deposit grows,
I fancy *our* Monopoly may decline,
No, no, at Thirty Pounds we'll draw the line,
Nor let the Artisan, however thrifty,
In the Post-Office pile an annual Fifty.
We've floored them this time after a good fight,
Government yields, to our extreme delight.
We Private Banks are saved, by our teeth's skin.
If they the thin end of the wedge slip in,
By Jove, they'll open wide the public eyes,
And smash up all our snug Monopolies.

AN AMUSEMENT SCARCELY LIKELY TO BE POPULAR WITH CHILDREN.—The Switchback.



LONGING FOR A NEW SENSATION.

Jack (a Naughty Boy, who is always in disgrace, and most deservedly). "I say, EFFIE, DO YOU KNOW WHAT I SHOULD LIKE? I SHOULD LIKE TO BE ACCUSED OF SOMETHING I'D NEVER DONE!"

FIRE AND WATER.

(With Apologies to the Shades of the Authors of "Rejected Addresses.")

THE Fire Fiend was curst with unquenchable thirst,

And his gnomes to his aid having beckoned,
From Cornhill to Clapham he flew at a burst,
And furious flames soon arose from the first,
And volumes of smoke from the second.

The Fire Fiend was hungry as Moloch of old,
And knew not the meaning of pity.

The new *Edax Rerum*; voraciously bold,
His maw a red gulf that was ready to hold
The calcined remains of a City.

That Phlegethon-gorge might have served as
the grave

Of man and his works altogether;
But SHAW, the new Life-guardsmen, sword-
less but brave,
Was ever at hand to extinguish and save,
And hold the Red Ogre in tether.

The Fire Fiend as usual went at full pelt,
But SHAW at his heels followed faster,
Of leather well tanned were SHAW's boots and
his belt, [melt,
And his helmet was brazen for fear it should
And the Fire Demon knew him as master.

The Fire Fiend possessed a most hideous phiz,
Polyphemus's was not more horrid,
Unkempt and unwashed was that visage of his,
For water that touched it went off with a whiz!
It was so tremendously torrid.

But SHAW on his enemy kept a cool eye,
Of vigilant valour the symbol.
Affrighted no more by the Fire Demon's cry
Than the squeak of a rat; if the Fire Fiend
was spry,
His opponent was equally nimble.

For Water, Fire's foe, at his hest freely flows,
And the Fire Demon dares not to linger
Whenever his enemy turns on the hose;
He stands in much fear of this foeman and those
Who flock at the lift of his finger.

The Fire Fiend has schemes, it is credibly said,
For laying half London in ashes;
But Water—and SHAW—are the things he
must dread,
And at sight of an engine he shakes his red
head,
And his teeth like a lunatic gnashes.

But his fire-gnomes he multiplies lately so fast
That the task of repressing them's trying;
The flare that they make and the heat that
they cast [one blast
Are so great that the Fiend seems resolved in
To set the Metropolis frying.

He blazes and blazes; SHAW gallops to snatch
His prey from its desperate danger;
But the Demon's a deuce of a rider to catch,
And it taxes brave SHAW to continue a match
For the fiery noctivagant ranger.

And if London is wise she assistance will call,
For the Water King needs the alliance
Of hands that are sturdy and limbs that are tall,
To give the Fire Demon a rattling good fall,
And set all his imps at defiance.

How often his fiery flame-banner outrolled
O'er London our bosoms has shaken!
The Water King never relaxes his hold,
But many a time, if the truth must be told,
We have just, only just, saved our bacon.

The Fire-Fiend's a foe of redoubtable might,
And it takes a stout fighter to floor him;
Yet, in spite of his flames, the ignipotent sprite
Has been licked up to now by our fire-quelling
knight,
Who strides so triumphantly o'er him.

Look! look! 'tis our Water-King; doesn't
he stand

Like Michael, o'ercoming the Dragon?
Oh! champion braver than he and his band
Of brazen-helmeted heroes ne'er fought hand to
Or emptied a flask or a fagon. [hand,

His sword is an axe, and his spear is a hose,
But Paladins famous in story
For gallantest charges and swashingest blows,
Though demons and dragons they met as
their foes

Were ne'er more deserving of glory.

Back, lurid in air, for another regale,
The Fire-Fiend who's down but not settled,
With fresh bellowsed flame will return
without fail,
And help to oppose him he'll thankfully hail
Our Water-King manly and mettled.

He is down, but not dead, and his dreadful
red head

He again will be lifting to-morrow.
'Tis Hydrant 'gainst Hydra, and shall it be
said

That for lack of assistance this demon so
dread
Shall doom the great City to sorrow?

This fierce All-devourer is hungry as Time,
And would wolf all the world as food-fuel.
A champion we have—is his pose not
sublime?—

And so let us help him—to fail were a crime—
To give the Fire Demon his gruel.

Fierce tyrant is Fire, and his foes are too few
For a Fiend so alert and so furious,
Would London be safe, gallant SHAW and his
crew
She must manfully back, and she'll find it
won't do

In this instance to be too penurious.



THE "FIRE FIEND."

SHAW THE LIFE GUARD MAN. "I'VE GOT HIM UNDER!—BUT I MUST HAVE SUPPORT TO *KEEP HIM DOWN!!*"



DISTRIBUTION.

Robert (to stingy Old Gent, who had given him a Halfpenny). "YOU 'LL 'XOUSE ME, SIR—BUT—WOULD YOU MIND—AH—MAKIN' IT A PENNY, SIR—WHICH WE HAS TO DIVIDE IT—'MONGST THE OTHER WAITERS, SIR!"

ROBERT AT THE MINISTERIAL BANKWET.

HER Majesty's Ministers, so far as I understands these sollem matters, don't seam to have been having a partickler cumferal time of it lately. BROWN, who's quite a grate Pollytishun, or at any rate thinks hisself so, which I spose is pritty much the same thing, says, in his vulgar way, as they have been and had 2 or 3 slaps in the face lately as has a good deal staggered 'em, but in course he was ony speaking paragorically, as the chymists says, so I don't suppose as they was werry much hurt by 'em, and they most suttently didn't show not no sines of 'em when, on Wensday last, they all marched in in triumph to receeve from the Rite Honnerabel the LORD MARE the proud assurance that in his Rite Honnerabel opinion, and in that of the Grand Old Copperashun over witch he so royally presides, they had nobly done their dooty, and well herved the werry hiest reward as he had it in his power to bestow, wiz., a reel Manshun Ouse Bankwet!

Praps if there was one of the werry Noble and Rite Honnerabel Gestes as didn't look quite at his hease, it was the forren Gent as is the CHANCESSELLER of the XCHECKER, and in course that's werry heasly accounted for. Weather men bes Tories, or weather they be Libberals, they all likes men as sales strait and sticks to their cullers, and, if it's possorbel, nales 'em to the Marst, and never ewen dreams of hawling 'em down coz the weather's a looking jest a little dusty. Howsumever these sollem thorts ain't quite the thing for such reel jowial Bankwets as that of Wensday, so I banishes 'em hence without no blessing.

The grate Conserwatif Cheefs seemed to thorowly enjoy the change, and to sum on 'em it must have bin a change indeed. Tork about Conserwatifs not liking change, how about changing the Ouse of Commons, with their spessimens of the Vulgar Tung, and their most rude questions, and their imperent mocking larfter, for the splendid Manshun Ouse, and its gorgeous Bankwet, and sitch an arty recepshun from onered Aldermen and uncommon Councilmen as amost broke sum of the new wine-glasses with shaking!

Puneshally as the sillybrated Manshun Ouse Clock struck harf-past seven the Prime Minister hentered the Hall, so there was no Hed Cook a cussing and a swearing in the hot regions below at his *Chef-doovers* being spyt, with waiting. It was a speshally fine dinner, the Petty Gallatins o' aspect, and the Wenson, being about the finest as even I ever tasted.

The pore Epping Forest Depputy got pretty well charfed about where the Wenson came from, but he bore it like a man, and arsked for another slice. I was pleased to notice a great improvement in the way as the sacred Loving Cup

was passed round, speshally among the Marshonesses and Cowntesses, there wasn't above 2 or 3 on 'em as wood grasp it with their bootiful little wite hands insted of gracefoolly taking off the cover and showing off their dimond rings wen it was hofferred to 'em.

As for the speeches, I thinks as the LORD MARE has about spyt us in that respec. His is allers short and sharp, and spoken out like a man, but most of the others was so slow and so dredfull careful, and so preshus long, that BROWN and me both agreed as they was amost sollum enuff for poor Ministers as is out, rayther than for jolly Ministers as is in.

We was all werry much shocked, speshally us Hed Waiters, at hearing from the LORD MARE as how as sumbody at Gildhall had said as all military men was Imposters, and all naval men Tom Fools! But the Fust Lord of the Admiralty gave it him pretty hot in his absense, and said if as any tomfoolery was a goin on anywheres he knew who'd be a taking the lead in it! So Sir WILFULL LAWSON will proberbly be a leetle more carefuller in future.

Lord SORLSBURY made a werry long speech, but all I coud make out of it was two rayther himpantant fax. Fustly, that there isn't to be no grate Uropean War until after the 9th of nex Nowember, so I feels rayther sorry for pore Mr. Alderman DE KEYSER, and Seccondly, that if there is to be one anywheres, it will werry possibly be too near home to be pleasant, which I for one was werry sorry to hear, but I hardly thort that he meant it or he would not have made us all larf so by telling us, that the Members of the Ouse of Commons treated it like we men does our wives, that is, we has our own opinion on 'em in private, but we don't allow not nothink to be said against 'em in Public. Ah! my Lord Markiss, how one touch of Natur makes us all kings! Who'd ever have thort that a werry Prime Minister would have been troubled with a similar complaint to that as so offen trubbles a pore Hed Waiter.

Mr. GOSHEN apollergised for the absense of the pore 1st Lord of the Treasury, who was quite nocked up with setting up so late.

And so ended the last of the long seris of grand Bankwets of the rain of Lord Mare HANSON, a seris to be remeberd for many long years by all on us, as combining with all the reglar old lot, such a wariety of noveltyts to all sorts and condishuns of sillybrated persons, as has never bin ekalled afore, and as will and down his name to a werry remote posteriority as HANSON the Magnificent!

ROBERT.

CHANNEL TALK.

(Echoes from the Naval Manoeuvres.)

"WHAT they're at I can't guess,"
Observes Dungeness,

"Then the plan you've not read,"

Responds Beachy Head,

"FREMANTLE went right on:

I saw him," says Brighton,

"Oh, that's all my eye!"

Ejaoulates Rye,

"Well, he came down my way,"

Remarks Pegwell Bay,

"Yes, and HEWETT's his target;

That's quite clear," adds Mar-

gate,

"It seems silly to me,"

Sneers Westgate-on-Sea,

"Humph! I think it quite real:

That I do!" replies Deal,

"And they think so on shore,"



Any Port in a Storm.

Saves the Light at the Nore,

"Well, now it's all over,

Thank goodness!" says Dover.

A NOTE FULL OF GAITY.—*Loyal Love*, the new piece at the Gaiety, requires a little compression. If the Authoress would only reduce it to one Act, and have that single scene supplied with a few catchy songs, there really is no reason why it should not serve some day as a very effective *lever de rideau* at the Savoy, as a capital foil to a Comic Opera. For the rest, Mrs. BASIL POTTER has greatly improved, Mr. WILLARD is (as usual) excellent, but the remainder of the company are unimportant. Scenery good, and dresses adequate.



"ZINGS VUN VOOT RÄHZER HAF LEFT OONZET!"

Herr Wohlgemuth. "ACH, YA! YOU MUST HAF HAT A FERRY COOT MASTER! YOUR
FOICE HAS LASTET SO VUNDERFOLLY LONG!"

A BALLADE OF THE HOUSE.

(Sung apologetically at a recent Banquet.)

"You do not know the number of muzzled Ciceros who are sitting in the House of Commons, men who have come from the constituencies conscious of their power, anxious to render service to the State."—*Mr. Goschen at the Mansion House.*

WHAT if garrulity be rife,
And what if bald debate,
Spun out in empty Party strife,
Has sealed the Session's fate!
What if the tap-room jest has sped,
And hot retort has stirred,
While threats to punch a Member's head
Have been distinctly heard!
Ah, what?—If but the House disclose
A score of Muzzled Ciceros!

What if things are not as they were
Some twenty years ago;
And manners that might make one stare
Are now thought *comme il faut*;
What if the tongue of Billingsgate,
The grace of Seven Dials,
Now modestly subserve the State?
There's one at them who smiles,
And points to where there sit in rows
A score of Muzzled Ciceros!

NAUTICAL SUPERSTITION. — Mr. DAVID JONES, of the Welsh Mercantile Marine, Shipowner, proposed to call a vessel recently completed the *Eisteddfod*. A Saxon seaman objected to that as an unlucky name, because any ship so denominated would be sure to spring a leak.

All the Difference.

"Every Poet hates to be called 'Mr.'"—*Globe.*

FORMALITY sometimes is Scorn's twin sister—

The prefix to the Poet means disaster;
But though no Bard would be addressed as
"Mister,"

How they all love to be addressed as
"Master!"

WHY HE WENT.

SOME doubts having been expressed in influential quarters as to the genuine character of the Manifesto alleged to have been recently put forth to the European Powers by Prince FERDINAND on his entry into Bulgaria, the following, whatever subsequent changes may have been diplomatically introduced into it prior to publication, may be confidently regarded as an authentic transcript of that document in its original form.

To the Crowned Heads of Europe, and others whom it does or does not concern, greeting, &c.

Be it known to those who have been interested in, and somewhat mystified by our recent movements, that we, FERDINAND THE FIRST, by the voice of the Regents, and the will of the Great Sobranje, elected Monarch of Bulgaria, wishing to make clear and explain why that we, having originally held aloof from any idea of acceptance of the post, and even having snubbed the Deputation who came to offer it to us in the name of the Bulgarian people, have apparently at the eleventh hour, to the exasperation of Russia, the consternation of the Porte, the indifference of Germany, the annoyance of Austria, the chagrin of France and the hearty amusement of England, suddenly turned round, and accompanied by a small portmanteau and a suite of two, accepted the situation and started on a penny steam-boat for Sofia, wish to make statement as follows:—

Having discovered upon inquiry that the palace required repapering and was sadly out of repair, with both gas and water-rates seven quarters in arrear, while it appeared that both the throne and crown would have to be hired, and possibly only a lame omnibus horse available for our use at the Coronation procession, and taking in regard the fact that no guarantee was forthcoming that our allowance from the Civil List would touch anything like £150 a-year,

we at first reluctantly decided, spite its undeniably flattering nature, to decline the offer so spontaneously made to us. And we conveyed as much to the delegates who received the news crestfallen, and were about to depart in sulky silence when a telegram arrived from Sofia of such an encouraging and startling description, that it seemed, to us at least, to put the question in an entirely fresh and original light, and in one that we felt might make us waver in our determination. It simply announced the fact that the Government, never doubting of our acceptance of the crown, had already taken the bull by the horns, and ordered at a local Ready-Made Clothing Establishment a complete brand-new Uniform for us to wear the moment we set our foot on Bulgarian soil. "Buttons and all?" we asked. "Buttons and all!" was the reply. This gracious and patriotic, and quite unexpected act profoundly touched us. Indeed, it decided us; and when it was further intimated to us that *the bill would not be sent in to us*, but go to increase the deficit in the forthcoming Budget, we did not hesitate, but accepted the full responsibilities of the situation, and informed the Deputation that, spite the hostile attitude of Europe, we would go to Sofia, and at least "try it on."

Thus, and for this reason, we have started on our venturesome journey, whether or not to a successful issue the future alone can show. We have, however, made provision for emergency, and stipulated that, in the event of any sudden revolution obliging us to scuttle back again over the frontiers post haste, the uniform in question shall be regarded as our own personal property, and not be liable to be claimed as a royal perquisite, and altered to fit our possible successor. This, then, is the true statement of the reason that has induced us to assume the recent attitude that we have felt constrained to take in the face of the European Powers, concerning whom we may add, in conclusion, that their laughter if they are amused, or their howling if they are angered, are at the present moment equally matters of supreme indifference to us.

(Signed) FERDINAND, Prince Elect of Bulgaria.



THE Fag End of the Session "Keeping A House"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, August 8.—Morning debate in Lords. As everyone knows, GEORGE RANGER has given notice to Volunteers that some of his tenants in neighbourhood of Wimbledon object to the assembling of Camp, and so the tents must be struck. As Commander-in-Chief, GEORGE RANGER is, of course, specially solicitous for the prosperity and convenience of the great and singularly cheap adjunct to regular forces. But as between a landlord's interest and a patriot-soldier's sentiments sentiment must take back seat. Nice thing to talk about in after-dinner speeches, and at opening of Bazaars; but, GEORGE RANGER regrets to say, quite another pair of sleeves in actual life. So Camp must be struck.

To-night WEMYSS brings on Motion deprecating contemplated procedure. Removal of the Camp, he said amid cheers, would be "nothing short of a national calamity." Would endanger progress if not existence of Volunteer movement. Dook behaved most nobly. Declared with tear in his voice that he would not be obstacle to free course of debate. Lest Peers of England should be awed by his presence when discussing matter of "national interest," G. R. would withdraw, which he did! Noble Lords made free use of their liberty. WANTAGE who, fresh from his command at Wimbledon, knows all about it, deplored the contingency. SPENCER effectively brought the ultimate ends of his left-hand whisker to witness that driving-out of Volunteers from Camp would be "a public disaster." HARRIS hinted, on behalf of Government, that British tax-payer might somehow be brought into this domestic disturbance, of course with hand in breeches-pocket. Might indemnify GEORGE RANGER against loss real or imaginary, and so keep Camp for Volunteers.

House of Commons at the moment just entered Committee of Supply, pricked up its ears as rumour reached it. Sage of Queen Anne's Gate observes that, by merciful dispensation of providence rare in this direction, Lords cannot vote money in relief of Royal Dukes or otherwise, and Commons may have something to say about Wimbledon when question brought before it. *Business done.*—Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—Lords adjourned at 5'40 this afternoon. Peers left House as if bomb had exploded. Only ROSEBERRY giving notice that early next Session he will "call attention to constitution of House of Peers, and move Resolution." Peers of older creation, like BRABOURNE, shocked; whilst Old Mother HUBBARD—only just picked up a bargain set of robes, nearly new—very uneasy.

"These young Radicals," said BRABOURNE, adjusting his ill-fitting coronet, "never satisfied. Must always be bringing themselves to front, and reform everything. Why not leave our sacred House to itself. ROSEBERRY, everybody knows, years after the Commons, an institution which I believe is situated in some parts of this building. I, for one, very glad to get rid of him. Will undertake, if I can get support (which I don't doubt), to bring in Bill, legalising ROSEBERRY's dismantling himself, and his being qualified to sit in the Commons."

HUBBARD (forget his new name) offers to back the Bill. "Yes," said BRABOURNE, "that will do admirably. You'll stand for new Peers, and so whole House will be represented. Impossible that we, of the Ancient Peerage, can brook impertinence of this kind."



In Commons sitting impartially divided between Scotch votes in Supply, and Technical Education Bill, explained by HART-DYKE.



Earl Spencer introduces Incontrovertible Argument.

Hard to say which division duller. Scotch debate lightened by rather massive joke of proposing to reduce salary of Secretary for Scotland by £1,000. Unanimous protest of Scotch Members against this office being held by Member of House of Lords. If there was £1,500 to be pouched, why should not representative of the people have it, instead of being lavished upon bloated member of the aristocracy? Things looked so serious, that Lord Advocate put up to beg that Members be satisfied with discussion as far as it had gone, promising opportunity for renewal to-morrow, when (though didn't mention this) care will be taken to have present force strong enough to resist raid on Scotch office. Proposal unsuspectingly assented to.

Business done.—Supply.

Wednesday.—A night with Burns. A good drizzling Scotch mist from noon till six o'clock. Scotch Lunacy, Sheriff of Lanarkshire, Secretary for Scotland, Scotch Technical Instruction Bill were among subjects dealt with. Might have been going on now had not one of the Scotch Members, feeling his brain softening, moved the Closure. Old Morality woke up from his sleep in condition of righteous indignation. Here was audacity, indeed! An obscure Scotch Member presuming to poach on his preserves, to interfere with his sacred privilege of moving Closure! Began in tones of mingled sorrow and anger to protest. SPEAKER interposed. Reminded him that Closure motion could not be debated. Must be put forthwith. So done. Flood of talk stopped. Bill under discussion read Second Time, and Old Morality led out, pallid and palpitating.

Lord Advocate coming back from visiting him, finds passage obstructed by ARTHUR BALFOUR. Shall he jump over, or crawl



"Obstruction!"

under? Either difficult on August day for a stout gentleman. So whispers across barricade that "SMITH's much cut up," and sits down on hither side.

Business done.—All Scotch.

Thursday.—Very small attendance in Commons. Considerably over forty remain on Opposition Benches to support Sage of Queen Anne's Gate's demand for Adjournment, in order to discuss cost and consequences of DRUMMOND WOLFE's pic-nic in the East. Soon as

gained consent, general exodus, and Sage cheerfully chats across deserted floor with GOSCHEN, who takes incessant notes. JOHN DILLON, who, what with intolerable interposition of Scotland yesterday, has not made speech since Tuesday, breaks in and shows that, next to Ireland, Egypt is most distressful country that ever yet was seen. Conversation drags along till after Ten o'clock, when it dies of sheer inanition. Then Government Allotment Bill on. HARCOURT makes discovery that it promises only one acre and no cow at all. GOSCHEN hauled up again to whipping-post. Taunted with sudden conversion to principle of compulsion. True, didn't like compulsion. Had always said so, but "impossible for a single member of a Government to carry out his views on every point," whereat Opposition grinned.

Business done.—Allotments Bill read Second Time.

Friday.—Some sensation in moderately crowded House at Question Time, when report ran round Benches that Sir JOHN PULESTON, Knight, was approaching. Slight reaction of disappointment when he entered. Vague, though prevalent notion, he'd come down in knightly costume, with vizor down (or up, as the case may be), armed "cap and pie," as GENT-DAVIS says, with lance in rest, and Squire in attendance. On contrary, lounged in just as if nothing had happened, with slightly preoccupied look and little start of surprise when congratulated on honour Government had done itself.



"Clyweh! Clyweh!"

"Oh! ah! yes! Know what you mean. Thanks. It's very hot, ain't it?" he said, making way through throng of congratulators. "Clyweh! Clyweh!" roared ABRAHAM, humorously looking over newspaper announcing Knighthood.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked. "What are you clucking about?"

"I was only coughing in my native tongue," he said. "Clyweh! Clyweh!"

Various reasons suggested why PULESTON made Knight just now. HOWARD VINCENT says it's because he's the only Member for English borough that can pronounce the word "Eisteddfod," and knows the plural isn't "Eisteddfods. What-

ever the reason, everyone heartily pleased. The new Knight, they say, will keep his own Table Round. Dean's Yard, Eight o'clock. Dress optional.

Business done.—Row about Lords' Amendments to Irish Land Bill.

LAWFUL (?) LATITUDE.

As "cross examination to credit," has recently been considerably developed by certain members of the legal profession, the following questions are suggested to students studying for call to the Bar, or admission to the roll of Solicitors, as likely to be peculiarly conducive to qualification.

To a Bishop.—When your Lordship was at school were you ever flogged? Will you swear it was not for committing petty larceny? Did you ever in your life steal an apple? When at the University were you ever sent down? Will you undertake to say that you have never been drunk? When you were two-and-twenty years of age did you ever swear or use profane language? Remember you are on your oath, my Lord, and answer this—will you dare to assert that you have never in the whole course of your life been guilty of conduct that had it been brought to light would not have been a proper theme for denunciation from your Lordship's own pulpit?

To a General.—Now, Sir, have you ever been accused of cowardice? Is it not a fact that some little time before you obtained your first commission you were known as "Tell-tale TIT"? Will you swear you have never been guilty of cheating? As a matter of fact, did you not frequently get a comrade to do your verses at Eton, and then allow your tutor to believe that you had written them yourself? Had a brother-General been guilty of such a crime, would you have not been forced to admit that it was conduct unworthy of an officer and a gentleman? As an expert in defining a standard of honour, will you venture to say that there is any difference in the degree of shame attaching to construing with a concealed crib and cheating at cards?

To a Queen's Counsel.—Now, Sir, will you—

But no, it will be unnecessary to prepare any questions for a Barrister, as he will know how to protect himself from insult.

AT LOW WATER MARK.—The Channel Tunnel.

THE PRICE OF SUPPORT.

A Fragment of a coming Contemporary Romance.

"Is it possible that Mr. GLADSTONE, not content with having allied himself with the Parnellites, or with having endeavoured to sow jealousies between the component parts of the United Kingdom, is at last endeavouring to purchase the parliamentary support of the South-Eastern Railway? The idea seems almost too humiliating to be entertained; but it is not easy to place any other interpretation upon this new and startling announcement. Can it be conceived that the safety of England ranks as nothing in his estimation when it is brought into competition with the possibility of winning a few votes from the interested supporters of a commercial enterprise?"—*Times*.

VOL. I.—THE COMPACT.

It was on a sultry August evening in the memorable year 1887 that a stranger, whose anxious gaze, now and again fixed on the entrance, denoted the fact that he was awaiting the arrival of one of the Members, crossed and re-crossed the pavement of the Hall of the Reform Club with a step that indicated a high condition of nervous trepidation. To the casual observer he might have passed for a solicitor in an extreme state of irritability. The Hall-Porter, however, who had watched him narrowly, had recognised him for who he was. He knew that the restless interloper, who had several times peered into his carpet-bag, and examined specimens of Channel chalk, and had, when he thought no one was looking, hacked a London, Chatham and Dover trains'-bill with his penknife, was no other than the famous Sir EDWARD WATKIN, the then Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company. He approached him.

"He won't be long," he said, intuitively guessing the object of his visit, and addressing him kindly. "Ha! hark! Here he comes!" He had scarcely spoken, when a roaring cheer, borne on the sweet evening air, broke the comparative silence of the street outside, and in another minute a surging and struggling mob, who were shouting themselves hoarse, had deposited safely from their shoulders, on the door-step of the Club, their great hero and idol, whom they had thus, as was their wont, nightly carried in triumph from the House.

The ex-Premier, for indeed the buoyant bearing, the high shirt-collar, and the contagious enthusiasm of the new arrival proclaimed his identity at once, dashed up the steps three at a time, and, waving a radiant farewell of thanks to the crowd, bounded into the Hall, where, seeing the stranger, he instantly seized him by the arm, and hurriedly led him to a recess.

"This is very good and genial of you, my dear Sir EDWARD," he commenced.

The other eyed him cautiously. "You wanted to see me?" he rejoined, sulkily.

"Yes, indeed!" was the brisk reply. "I wished to tell you that, as you had been wicked enough,—ha! ha!—to conceive the idea of uniting England and France by a Tunnel, I had been wicked enough also to determine to help you to do it. Ha! ha!" He laughed long and loud. His interlocutor stared at him for a few moments aghast. Then he clutched him.

"You mean this?" he asked, growing pale with excitement as he spoke. "You mean that you will vote for the Bill?"

"Not only vote for the Bill, but make it a Government measure."

As he spoke he was interrupted by a commotion in Pall Mall. Some Junior Members of the Carlton were by way of a practical joke, common enough at this season, dropping a Unionist Liberal out of the first-floor windows into the area, and their merriment over the exploit resounded loudly down the street. The ex-Premier heard it and a wonderful smile played upon his almost beautiful features.

"You see, they are going to pieces next door," he added, exultingly, "I shall be in in a few weeks, nothing can stop me; and then, I give you my word, you shall have your Tunnel."

The other approached him. There was a curious look in his eye. "You have your price?" he asked. "Name it," he added under his breath, glancing around him furtively to see they were not overheard.

The great Statesman winked knowingly. "Merely the South-Eastern vote," he whispered. "Come, is it a bargain at that?"

"Done!" was the quick rejoinder. They grasped hands.

"Show this gentleman to a four-wheeler," said the ex-Premier.

So they parted. But as the Grand Old Politician turned towards the supper-room there was a fine triumphant lustre beaming in his eye, for he knew, that if he had possibly betrayed his country, he had at least squared the Railway Company. He had made the compact!

VOL. II.—PAID IN FULL.

The country was about to face a great crisis in its history. Yet, as the year 1894 opened, there were little evidences of the approaching storm. It is true that the Gladstone Cabinet were still in power, and were passing exasperating measures. But this was nothing new. Last year they had abolished Compulsory Vaccination, and had passed the Country Estates Popular Appropriation Act. They had inaugurated the first Session of the present one by

suppressing the Volunteer Movement, and cutting down the Naval and Military votes respectively, to the modest figure of £2,000,000 a year; and they pointed to the Channel Tunnel, now opened about sixteen months, for a triumphant vindication of these Imperial economies. They argued that a country that could pour a perpetual stream of Cook's Tourists night and day over to the Continent, had given a guarantee for preserving international peace such as would warrant it in reducing the expense for its defences to a pecuniary minimum; and, though they met with some opposition from the Permanent Departments, and were hotly criticised by an angry mob of naval and military men, who found themselves, at a moment's notice, both thrown out of work, and deprived of their pay, they, nevertheless, carried their point, and effected the proposed reductions. But a thunder-clap was about to fall upon the unsuspecting country from a blue sky, and the Channel Tunnel, which had inspired its misguided leaders with a baseless confidence, was destined to inflict the shock.

It became known in London suddenly on the morning of the Tuesday in the Easter Recess that the approaches to the Tunnel had been suddenly seized by a hostile French force that had landed by the night-mail disguised as tourists, and that the key of the apparatus destined to flood it in any case of emergency, was not forthcoming, the Chairman of the Company, who had charge of it, having suddenly disappeared without leaving his address. It was also further rumoured that the guns commanding the shore-exit had been spiked by active Shareholders anxious to protect their property from destruction at all hazards, and were useless. When, therefore at eleven o'clock, the second edition of the morning papers announced that a French army was pouring through the Tunnel, and occupying the neighbouring heights, at the rate of ten thousand men an hour, the panic became indescribable. Nor did it diminish when it was further known that the French Ambassador, leaving a threatening ultimatum behind him, had that afternoon taken his departure for Paris. The country flew to arms. Sir ARCHIBALD HARRISON hastily collected the available force at Aldershot, and took up his position on the Hog's Back, and awaited the approach of the enemy with 213 men, all told, and three guns. They took no notice of him. At twelve the following day it was known that the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, falling back on Sydenham, in command of a handful of Volunteers and a squadron of the Household Cavalry hurriedly got together, had capitulated in the Refreshment Department.

The details of the disaster spread like wildfire. The consternation was terrific. The LORD MAYOR went into hysterics, and was, by common consent, removed to Colney Hatch, while an angry mob invaded the War Office, and seizing any members of the Ordnance Committee they could lay hold of, forthwith dragged them out, and lynched them in Pall Mall. That same evening a French army, 350,000 strong, entered London in triumph.

A few outrages marked this occupation. The Nelson Column was thrown down, Waterloo Bridge blown up, Piccadilly re-christened the Rue Boulanger, and the whole of Madame Tussaud's Collection seized as National property.

So matters stood, but the cutting off of the food supply, thirty shillings being charged at a West-End Club for a plate of indifferent tinned-rabbit, soon brought matters to a crisis. The Cabinet that at the first approach of the enemy, had instantly retired to the Island of Lewis, came cautiously up to town and opening negotiations for peace with the French Government, finally signed the Tottenham Court Road treaty, and provided for the evacuation of the country by the invader. The terms were stringent and somewhat severe. In addition to agreeing to the cession of India, Australia, the Cape, Canada and all her Mediterranean possessions, together with the division of her Fleet among the Navies of Europe, England undertook to pay an indemnity in ready money at the Bank of England of five-hundred millions sterling.

As a cordon of French troops was keeping back the sullen crowd that thronged the space in front of the Royal Exchange and watched the waggons heavily laden with the bullion that was about to be transferred to the South-Eastern Railway for transmission to France, a tall, elastic figure wearing a high shirt-collar, pushed eagerly up the steps of the Mansion House, and gazed reflectively at the scene that was being enacted below. Presently some one touched it. It turned.

"Ha! Sir EDWARD," was the bright recognition, "who would ever have thought of meeting you again, and who would ever have conceived," the cheery voice continued, "that our little compact should have ended in this!" The speaker pointed with a significant smile to the waggons of bullion lumbering beneath. "Well," responded the other with a suggestive dryness, "my support got you into power at any rate!"

A marvellous brightness overspread the features of his interlocutor. "Yes, it did," he replied, "and though I am quite confident that posterity will say it was worth the price, I see," he added airily, waving his hand in the direction of the Bank, "that at the present moment it is apparently being paid in full!"



REMARKS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNANSWERED.

"WELL, GOOD-BYE, DEAR MRS. JONES. I'M AFRAID I'VE PUT YOU OUT BY CALLING AT THIS UNEARTHLY HOUR." "OH, I HOPE I DIDN'T SHOW IT!"

SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

Hotel Continental, Royat.—Our party here (which, somehow or another, PULLER has contrived to get together and introduce to each other by the simple means of inducing M. HALL to give us a room to ourselves for a small *table-d'hôte* at the un-Royat-like hour of 7-30) consists of La Contessa CASANOVA, the English wife of an Italian merchant, the head of a large house of business in London—she is Marchesa or Contessa, I am not certain which, but PULLER styles her *Miladi* and *Madame*. She is devoted to the serious Drama, and her pet subject is SALVINI in *Othello*. Her daughter, an elegant young English girl, lively, amusing, and with a bias in favour of the very lightest forms of theatrical entertainment.

Then we have Madame METTERBRUN and her daughters, Anglo-Germans, thorough musicians, with WAGNER at their fingers' ends,—literally, as they are accomplished pianists. There is Mrs. DINDERLIN, who was here last year, and is taking the waters seriously, and who knows when to put in the right word at the right moment. Cousin JANE who is taking the waters still more seriously and who is an excellent listener: myself an impartial referee: and PULLER the Solicitor out for a holiday, who is alternately in the highest of spirits or the lowest depths of depression, according as the waters and weather affect him. Outside our party there are others whom I meet occasionally, consisting of the lady who finds fault with everything French, the gentleman who laughs at everything French, the grumbler whom nothing satisfies, the contented man who is pleased with everything, the man who after being here a day is intensely bored, the man who from the moment of his arrival is always studying Guide-books and *indicateurs* to see what is the best and easiest way of getting away again: the patient who has come all the way here to see the Doctor and then refuses to do anything he tells him: the patient who has come to find out what on earth is the matter with him: the man who doctors himself, and two or three ladies of my acquaintance of whom I only catch occasional glimpses as they issue from Sedan-chairs or muffled up like the Turkish women, merely recognise me with their eyes, incline their heads and pass on their way with a little drinking-glass in their hands.

To me Royat is an amusing place: it is certainly a pretty one, and its waters in most cases are decidedly of lasting benefit. What those "most cases" are, the patients themselves best know.

For expense there is nothing like the sea, and for grandeur the snow mountains. Unless I go up to the Puy de Dôme—which I do not mean to do, for I have been up there once, and never, never, never will go there again—I cannot see either. And even from the

top of the Puy you can only discern the sea, or Mont Blanc, with a very good glass, on a very clear day.

M. BOISGOBEY's description of a Parisian Club in his latest book (I delight in BOISGOBEY now that there is no GABORIAU) called *Grippe-Soleil* will amuse London Club members. The only two Clubs in Paris I ever saw were not a bit like BOISGOBEY's description.

When anyone who has been under treatment a week, unexpectedly meets a friend here, he stops short, stares at him, examines him from head to foot, and then exclaims, in a tone of utter astonishment, "What!! you here!!" as if the new arrival were either an intruder or a lunatic. The person thus addressed immediately retorts in an injured tone, "Well, what on earth are you here for?" and then he adds maliciously, "there doesn't seem to be much the matter with you." Now to say this is to utter your deliberate opinion that the person you are addressing is at Royat (or any other Salubrity Abroad wherever it may be) under the false pretence of being an invalid, and is therefore, to put it plainly, a shammer, an impostor.

After this greeting, explanations follow. The first man has to prove his right to be at Royat, and the second man has to admit the evidence to be incontestable, on the condition, implied but not expressed, of his own case, being taken as thoroughly warranting his taking the baths and *traitement* generally at Royat.

Then comes the question of Doctors. "Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?"—but who shall decide when patients disagree about Doctors? "Whom do you go to?" asks the suffering SMITH of the invalid BROWN. "Well," says BROWN, apologetically,—because he is not sure, this being his first visit, that he might not have gone to a better man, "I go to Dr. CHOSE," and noticing the astonishment depicted on his friend's face, he hastens to explain, "SQUILLS sent me to him." The suffering SMITH professes himself puzzled to know why on earth SQUILLS always sends his patients to CHOSE. "Dr. REM's the man for you, my boy," says SMITH. But BROWN feels that he is in the toils of SQUILLS, and that it would not be fair to him or to CHOSE, if he suddenly left the latter and sought the advice of Dr. REM, on the sole recommendation of SMITH who, after all, is not a professional.

Then two *habitués* meet. "I always go to CHOSE," says eczematic JONES, dogmatically, "first-rate fellow, CHOSE. All the French go to him. They know." "Ah!" returns gouty ROBINSON, with conviction, "I never have been to anyone but REM. He's the chap. All the English go to him. Best man in Royat." And if it weren't the hour for one of them to go and drink Eugénie water, and for the other to take his second glass of St. Mart, they would have a row and come to blows.

PULLER tells me that there's one London Doctor, describing himself as a Gynaecologist ("A guinea-cologist," parenthetically remarks PULLER), who always sends his patients here. I think he says his name is Dr. BARNES. "He sends so many," says PULLER, "that I propose changing the name of the place from Royat-les-Bains into Royat-les-Barnes." I see why he introduced the name of BARNES. Fortunately he is so delighted

MR. PUNCH'S HISTORICAL PARALLELS. No 2.



THE LORDLY CECIL ENTERTAINS HIS SOVEREIGN. HATFIELD, 1573 AND 1887.

with this *jeu de mot*, which I fancy I've heard before, that he is off to tell his friends in the Parc, and, as I pass a group, I overhear him explaining the point of it to a French lady and her husband, with whom he has a speaking acquaintance. For PULLER likes what he calls "airing his French," and is not a bit shy.

The Band is performing another new tune! How is this? I can account for it. It rained nearly all yesterday, and so the musicians didn't come out. How did they occupy themselves? In rehearsal. Well here's one good effect of rain at Royat, it brings out the new tunes.

A Pretty Plate to Set Before the Queen.

"The Queen's Plates are henceforth to be devoted to improving the breed of horses."

A most wise change that sense for long has wished,
But, Phœbus! how the "Platers" will be dished!

AN INVITATION.

(To a well-known Air.)

"Mr. FREDERICK MAUDE, Honorary Secretary of the 'Liberal Union,' has resigned that post in consequence of his disapproval of the attitude taken up by the leaders of the 'Liberal Unionist' party towards the leaders of the Liberal party, and of his inability to support the programme of a Tory Government."

COME back to Hawarden, MAUDE,
For the Tory black flag's flown!
Come back to Hawarden, MAUDE,
Leave HARRY and JOE alone;
For the Government plainly is all abroad,
And the Unionist game is blown.

A "CHEF DOUVRES."—The L. C. & D.'s new steamer *Empress*.

ALL IN PLAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Town is supposed to be empty, except of the poor persons who are forced to attend the Houses of Parliament, and the toiling millions of the East End, who are, however, of no account in the West. In spite of this dearth of population, the Gaiety (which I attended on your behalf, looking and feeling as much like you as I possibly could) was very full on the first night of *Loyal Love*, a play which has apparently been put upon the stage for the personal and exclusive benefit of Mrs. BROWN - POTTER.



Saved by the Bottle.

Certainly this talented lady has vastly improved since she made her first appearance in *Man and Wife*, and has only to continue at the same rate of progress to become in a very short time a really admirable actress. *Loyal Love* is rather a foolish piece, and reminded me equally of the *Lady of Lyons*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Box and Cox*. The plot was feeble in the extreme; and had not Mrs. BROWN-POTTER made a decided point by calling a rude and ancient king, who would wear his hat in the presence of ladies, "Old Man," I really think the performance would have fallen rather flat. As it was, the phrase (which was accepted by the "first-nighters" as a colloquial "Americanism") put everyone in good humour, and the last Act, with its amusing mock poisonings, and comical arrests and counter-arrests, went with every token of genial satisfaction. By the way, the "bottle trick" (by which poison is turned into wine) should be treated more avowedly in a spirit of burlesque. Were a decanter of pantomime proportions introduced, the effect would be excellent. *Loyal Love* is not a good name for this funny little—it is only in four Acts—play. It is a pity, as the hero and heroine are always declaring that they would like to live and die together on a desert island, that it was not called *Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Crusoe*, with an explanatory subtitle of the *Purposeless Plotter, the Death-Dealing Wine-Cellar, and the Grand Old King*.



Heroic Proportions.

At the Adelphi a new and original drama called *The Bells of Haslemere*, has been produced amidst the enthusiastic applause of the entire Press. I am sorry to say I was a little disappointed. No doubt my expectations had been unduly raised by the "notices." It appeared to me that there was nothing absolutely and entirely new and original in the play, save a series of hats worn by Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP in the character of a fraudulent trustee. However, it is only just to say that the *chapeaux* of *Joseph Thorndyke* were unique. Had they been produced as "exhibits" to an affidavit read during a summons heard before one of the Chief Clerks in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, they must have assisted materially in rendering virtue triumphant, ay, with or without an appeal to the Judge. One of the authors of the piece, Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY, is a well-known barrister, and no doubt the legal training of this learned gentleman suggested their most appropriate introduction.



A Hat(e)ful Character.

is a well-known barrister, and no doubt the legal training of this learned gentleman suggested their most appropriate introduction.

Joseph Thorndyke uncovered, might have been faithful to his *cestui que trust*, but in his hat he could only have proved—what, alas! he was—a fraudulent trustee. Mr. TERRISS as *Frank Beresford*, bore a striking resemblance to the naval lieutenant in the *Harbour Lights* whose escape from one action (on board ship) to defend another (in a police court) roused the enthusiasm of the pit and gallery for so many hundred nights, and Miss MILLWARD in both pieces was much about the same individual. But in spite of this conventionality, the play was decidedly interesting to the audience, who filled the cheaper parts of the house. In fact I am inclined to believe that the critics are right, and that *The Bells* will ring for any number of nights. The scenery was admirable, and I should like to see it again. I am not quite so sure that anything else in the drama would induce me to pay the Adelphi a second visit. Stay, I think I should like to bestow another glance on Mr. BEAUCHAMP's hats. I am all but certain, that from a fraudulent-trustee-point-of-view, they are absolutely faultless,—yes, absolutely faultless.

The Crystal Palace, now that the new Bill is on the fair road to become law, seemingly has taken a fresh lease of popularity. The evening *fêtes* are a great feature, and jaded Londoners can scarcely do better than to take a train from Victoria or St. Paul's, and spend a pleasant couple of twilight hours amidst the lamps and (on Thursdays) the fireworks. In the daytime there is always an excellent panorama, and frequently a successful play performed by its original London company. This last has always a charm for

Yours most truly,

ONE WHO HAS GONE TO PIECES.

ADAM SLAUGHTERMAN.*

By Walker Weir, Author of "Hee Hee," "Solomon's Ewers," &c.

CHAPTER I.—BLOOD RELATIONS.

"It is very kind of you to come round," I said, to my two friends, Sir HARRY and BONG, as they threw themselves violently into two arm-chairs (which almost broke under the brutal force of their descent), and emptied two casks of whiskey.

As I looked at Sir HARRY, with his wide shoulders and deeper chest, I could not help thinking what a curious contrast I was to him, with my head of grizzled hair cut short and starting up like a half-worn scrubbing-brush. Then there was BONG, who is not like either of us, being short, dark, stout,—very stout,—with twinkling black eyes everlastingly hidden by blue spectacles.

"Look here, old fellow," said Sir HARRY, "why shouldn't we give up civilisation, and go in for the mud—I mean blood—baths in South Africa?"

I fairly jumped at his words.

"Nothing I should like better. And you, BONG?"

BONG is so overpoweringly frivolous.

"I'll go, because I am getting fat."

"Shut up, BONG," said Sir HARRY, and then we screamed at the witicism for three hours. After that we started for Africa, in search of the land of the White-eyed Kaffirs, which we believed to be somewhere south of the Westminster Aquarium, the Alhambra, and other Music-Halls in which a specimen of the race had occasionally been seen.

On our arrival in Africa we found our old friend, UMBUGSOAPYAS, with his huge battle-axe (playfully called *Kosikutums* or "the brain-pricker," from a habit he had of chipping life out of a man's cranium), awaiting us. He was a huge savage, with a large piece of loose skin concealing the right side of his face, which was absolutely boneless. UMBUGSOAPYAS was delighted to see us.

"O cove, O cove-dat-am-cool!"—(Oh individual, oh individual without the influence of passion!)—"brave one, great one! Let me come with thee to swim in gore!"

I let him say this, as I saw his enthusiasm was producing a marked effect upon the minds of some niggers that were listening to him. But after he had said it, I thought it better to stop his vapouring;

* *Editor.* Surely I have heard this title before, or one very similar to it?

Author. No, I think not.



very sincerely yours
Adam Slaughterman

for there is nothing I hate so much as this Zulu system of extravagant praising—"zwaggering," as they call it.

"Shut up!" I cried, the more especially as I saw that he was getting the blood-fever upon him, and savagely destroying with his huge axe a spider's cobweb.

He gave me a sort of nod, and seized the niggers by their throats until their eyes cracked. Then, with roars of laughter (for they really looked most ridiculous), we followed the blacks into the boat, and went to the Mission House of the Rev. BANG MCSAXPENCE, without any further adventure than cutting off at the wrist the hand of one of the murderous tribe of Lorkymussies.

CHAPTER II.—MISSION WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Rev. BANG MCSAXPENCE and his wife and child lived in great comfort amidst the people they had taught so carefully. I do not quite know what the educational curriculum happened to be, but no doubt it would have merited the approval of the London School Board. They had a French cook, called ADOLPHE, who seemingly had been obtained from a travelling Circus that no doubt had passed the Mission House in the course of a provincial tour.

"Oh, the monster! See the horrible man. He is a Mister Black," said ADOLPHE, looking at UMBUGSOAPYGAS. The savage in a moment had dragged out the little Frenchman's eyes, thrown them high in the air, rubbed them in salt, and replaced them in their sockets. BONG, Sir HARRY, and I could not help laughing.

A little later we were called in by Mrs. BANG MCSAXPENCE, and soon were enjoying a really good cup of tea. I was putting forth my hand for a fresh supply, when the breakfast-things were knocked over by a head freshly severed from the trunk.

"Rough and red!" I suggested, with a laugh.

"Another carpet spoiled!" said gentle Mrs. MCSAXPENCE, trying to wipe out the deep crimson stain.

"This is serious," observed the Rev. BANG MCSAXPENCE arming himself with a carving-knife, "the Lorkymussies are upon us. And, to cause me greater annoyance, they have kidnapped my daughter TOTTIE."

This turned out to be the case, and although we could not help smiling at the notion of a fair-haired little girl being at the mercy of some clumsy, tomahawking, brutal cannibals, we felt very sorry for the bereaved father.

We started. The first victim was a sentinel. UMBUGSOAPYGAS clutched him by the throat and pulling his head back, tore it off with a crack, like the popping of a soda-water cork. Then we were upon them. There were yells, crashes, and blood all over the place. The "Brain-pricker" was here there and everywhere, scooping out brains just like a cheese-scoop scoops out cheese to be tasted by the customers of a London buttermilk. It really was all very amusing, and in spite of our servants being absolutely cut to pieces, we were in the gayest spirits imaginable. That all should end happily, who should turn up at the last moment but TOTTIE, with a little pail into which the dear child had poured the heart's blood of some of her persecutors.

"I shot six of them with my own little revolver," said the interesting infant, as I stroked her golden-hair with my crimson-coloured fingers; "wasn't it clever of me?"

We had a very good lunch, the *poulet à la Portugaise* of ADOLPHE being particularly worthy of a second helping. After this meal was over, I went to the Rev. BANG MCSAXPENCE, and taking him by the arm, observed,

"I really think you ought to give up this sort of life. You see you owe a duty to your wife and daughter—especially the latter, who, if she does not receive any education, and only mixes with bloodthirsty cannibals, may grow up wild, shunning her kind."

"You are right, SLAUGHTERMAN," replied the Minister, straightening his carving-knife, which since the night before had severed many a human rib. "I made up my mind to it this very morning, just before I began my hacking and slaying. I won't risk another fight, but leave it to a younger Clergyman. And besides, between you and me, I am well off. It is thirty thousand pounds I am worth to-day, and every farthing of it made by honest trade, and savings in the bank at Zanzibar—for living costs me here next to nothing."

"You are right."

"I am sure of it," answered the Clergyman. "I will turn my back upon this place in a month. But it will be a wrench—it will be a wrench."

CHAPTER III.—WATER ON THE BRAIN.

We left the Rev. BANG MCSAXPENCE (whose successor, by the way, was killed and eaten six weeks later), taking with us the little ADOLPHE (a most invaluable butt for our buffooneries), and voyaged into the Unknown. We got into a boat, and throwing overboard some niggers to pick up dead swans, they were immediately (much to our amusement) drowned. This made us think, and we came to

* Editor. Surely I have read this conversation, almost word for word, somewhere?

Author. No, I think not.

the conclusion that they must have been carried to death by a current. In a moment our canoe began to fly along as if seized with a mighty hand, and we were in a tunnel. The water hurried us along, and we had scarcely time to notice that we were passing now "Baker Street Station," now "Portland Road," now "King's Cross," when we were close to a gigantic lily of fire that nearly roasted us. We passed, got to some rocks, and were trying to get a cab, or at least a fly, when we suddenly came across a number of spiders. They were dreadful creatures. They foamed at the mouth, screamed at one another, and devoured their invalid relations.

—Here I should like to pause to write something *really* terrible about these spiders, but must hurry on, as there is still a deal of killing to be done before I get to the end of my narrative. Enough to say I may return to those spiders some of these days, and out of their webs spin a three-volume novel of unusual grimness and humour.

Shortly after this we emerged from the tunnel (passing by a place called Gloucester Road), and found ourselves in the land of the White-eyed Kaffirs.*

CHAPTER IV.—QUITE KILLING.

The country we now occupied was called New Pendy—no doubt because it had never been written about before. It is not very necessary to describe the lands or the people; and really the most remarkable thing in the place was a staircase, of a very wonderful character. Let the reader imagine, if he can, a splendid stairway, sixty-five feet from balustrade to balustrade, consisting of two vast flights, each of one hundred and twenty-five steps, of eight inches in height, by three feet broad, connected by a flat resting-place sixty feet in length, and running from the palace wall, on the edge of the precipice down to meet a waterway or canal out to its foot from the river. This was the great staircase, the magnificence of which fairly took our breath away.†

Having described the staircase, it is only necessary to say that the New Pendies were governed by two Queens, one of whom fell in love with Sir HARRY and married him, quarrelled with her sister, and engaged in a civil war which rent the country in twain. This naturally occasioned a good deal of bloodshed. Never shall I forget the manner in which TRYLEAPYEA (the lady who honoured Sir HARRY with her preference) wooed that individual. When they first met they could not speak the same language, so she took a pencil from me and made a delightful little sketch, which I give in the margin. There is no difficulty in recognising a bride expressing admiration at a wedding-cake.*



New Pendy country, and, finally, I myself was killed, funeralled, and cremated.‡

* Editor. The description of the tunnel seems to have some reference to a recent flooding of the Metropolitan Railway?

Author. No, I think not.

† Editor. Surely I have read this wonderfully graphic description of a flight of steps somewhere before?

Author. No, I think not.

‡ Author. Stop, stop, this is disgraceful! Why into about a dozen lines you have compressed two-thirds of my story! I had pages, and pages, and pages of slaughter! If you do not print them in full, I am sure the public will be disappointed!

Editor. No, I think not!

A RISE IN BALLOONS.—It would seem that Aërostation, with an eye to affairs, has at length advanced to a possibility within the range of practical enterprise. Messrs. JOVIS and MALLET, in their late balloon ascent from Paris, were accompanied by two Guinea-Pigs. Had these partakers of their voyage been deputed to attend that expedition in the interest, as Directors, of an Aërial Navigation Company? And did they, in their official capacity, get the customary guineas, and enjoy the lunch provided as usual for their refreshment in the discharge of their arduous duties? If so, of course, it can't be said that a balloon was a place where those Guinea-Pigs had no business. The Balloon also contained two Pigeons; but these perhaps were birds of a different feather from Shareholders in a Joint-Stock speculation.



GETTING OUT OF IT.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING, GEORGE? THE OMNIBUS WILL BE HERE DIRECTLY, AND WE'RE ALL READY TO START."

"YES, DEAREST! A—I FORGOT TO TELL YOU—I WAS TO MEET BROWN AT THE CLUB ABOUT THOSE SHARES, YOU KNOW, UNLESS HE TELEGRAPHED TO THE CONTRARY. MOST IMPORTANT! BUT DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT ME—I'LL GET DOWN BY A LATER TRAIN, IN TIME FOR SUPPER."

A "GOOD GUN."

SCENE—The Moors. A Shooting Party at Lunch.

Sm-th (throwing himself down). Oh! I am so tired!

B-lf-r (stretching himself languidly). So am I!

Sm-th. Oh, you are always tired, aren't you? Look so, anyhow. Haven't been exerting yourself much, so far as I have seen, up to now.

B-lf-r. My dear fellow, you have yet to learn that hurry is not pace, and that fuss is not business.

S-l-sb-ry. Well, boys, don't squabble, but lunch. We've all done pretty badly, up to now, and unless we do better before sundown, —

Sm-th (sorrowfully). Yes, that's very true. [Sighs and sips.]

B-lf-r. Well, I'm glad it's lunch-time anyhow, for I'm fairly baked.

Sm-th. Nip of Irish, B.?

B-lf-r. Irish be—proclaimed! Sick of the very name of Irish. Do let's forget it for awhile, and hand me the J. J., there's a good fellow.

S-l-sb-ry (musing). Humph! Pretty pair of Sportsmen! Empty rotundity, and linked languor long drawn out. Wonder what Dizzy would have thought of such a pair of guns, especially of "his successor." Tracy Tupman emulating Mr. Winkle.

Sm-th. Eh? What? Beg pardon, S-L-SB-RY, I'm not forty-winking.

S-l-sb-ry. Not at all, not at all. I was—ahem!—saying what a Winkle—ah—M-TTH-WS is!

B-lf-r (disgustedly). Oh, M-TTH-WS! Missed every bird he's tried at. Pity all burglars are not as bad shots as he. Couldn't hit a constable at ten yards.

S-l-sb-ry (drily). Not if he tried. I never feel safe at twenty. If he hasn't peppered us all round, it isn't his fault.

Sm-th. And—ahem—G-SCH-N hasn't turned out quite the success we expected, eh? That last miss of his was rather a bad one.

S-l-sb-ry. Humph! perhaps. Still, I wish he'd brought one or two of his friends with him.

B-lf-r. Well, perhaps they'll join us later on.

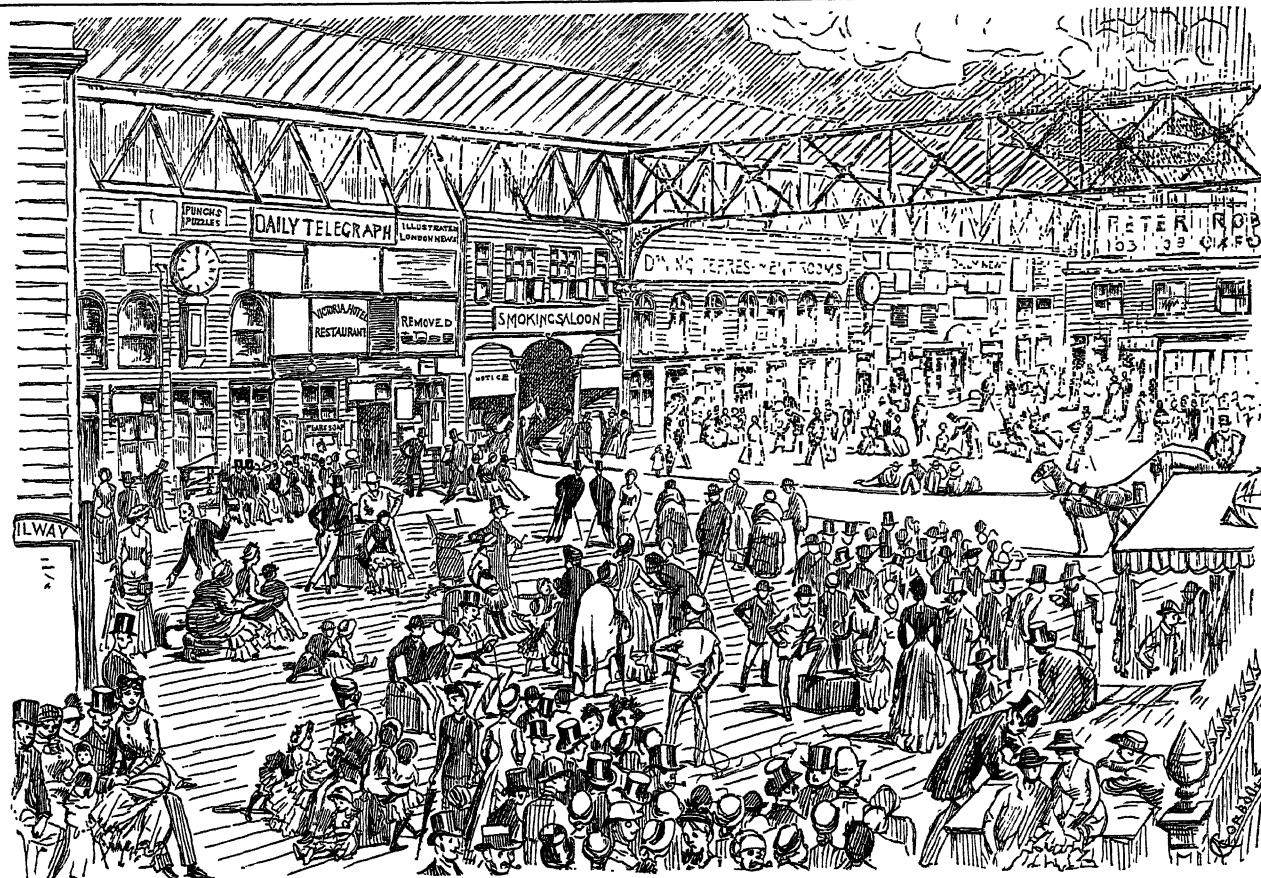
S-l-sb-ry (aside). I hope so. Not much prospect of a decent bag if they don't, I fear. Fact is, my party this year's a failure. Scarcely a good gun among them. Finest and largest shooting-ground we've had for years, and yet we can't make a bag. Adjoining Moor supposed to be an absolute failure, and yet the party who've taken it—on most Liberal terms I hear, and with little hope of good sport—are picking up birds like fun. Pop, pop, pop, pop! and every bang a bird. Old G. getting quite cock-a-whoop about it. Fancies he'll top us at the end of the shoot. Quite wrong, of course. Now that, at last, we've really dropped upon that rascally gang of Irish poachers who had leagued themselves together to play the mischief with our Moor, I guess we shall astonish G.'s party a trifle. They wink at the poaching Paddies. Most unsportsmanlike conduct I ever heard of. What'll they do, now, I wonder? Still we can't afford to go on muffing and missing too long. Bang! There goes another. And one of our birds, too, I'll be bound. Hello! by Jove, there's H-RT-NET-N, sauntering this way, and by himself, too. Something like a shot, he is, and, if he'd join us—well, well, we shall see. Looks, as usual, as though he didn't care a single tomtit for things in general, and shooting in particular. Often lets a bird go from sheer indifference, but seldom misses one from lack of skill. Sure he can't be comfortable with that lot—indeed, he owns it. And they don't like his friendliness with us. Why can't he join us, and have done with it?

H-rt-ngt-n (approaching). Ah! there they are. And a jolly lot of Sportsmen they look. Poor S-L-SB-RY, I pity him. Ought to have swept the Moors. Birds plentiful, and lots of guns. But no shots. Doosed awkward. Know what it is to shoot with a party one doesn't get on with. Our party not the right sort now; awfully mixed—doesn't suit me a bit. G. has let in too many outsiders. If they'd rally round me now, and let me pick 'em! But the picked rallyers are so precious few, and the rest, instead of closing up to me, seem to be tailing off after GL-DSR-NE, somehow, confound 'em! One



A "GOOD GUN."

S-L-SB-RY. "I SAY, OLD FELLOW, I WISH YOU'D COME AND JOIN US, AFTER LUNCH!!"
H-RT-NGT-N. "WELL—ER—FACT IS—I'M WAITING TO SEE IF MY PARTY'S COMING UP!!"



RAILWAY STATION PUZZLE. TO FIND A SEAT.

CH-MB-RL-N doesn't make a shooting party, even with BR-GHT thrown in. Don't want to shoot against S-L-SB-RY, though, I'm sure. Much rather drive the birds his way. But join him!—humph!

S-L-SB-RY (*hailing*). Hillo, H-RT-NGT-N, old man, how are you? All alone? Where's your party?

H-RT-NGT-N. Oh! they're along behind there, somewhere. How are you getting on?

S-L-SB-RY. Oh, pre-e-t-ty well—considering. 'Hardly got our hands in yet,—some of us (*significantly*). Birds a bit shy, too. But we shall get among them presently, and then!—(*sotto voce*). I say old fellow, why don't you join us—after lunch? *Capital* shooting-ground, but, ahem!—some of our fellows a *leetle* wild, and one or two regular cockneys. I wan't a real good gun or two badly, and then we should be safe for a splendid bag. (*Aloud*.) Come, old fellow, what do you say?

H-RT-NGT-N. Tha-a-nks. Awfully kind, I'm sure. But—ah—fact is, I'm just waiting to see if my Party's coming up. [*Left waiting.*]

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

LOVER of Nature, whom her lovers love,
Those who were dear to thee to *them* are dear:
The world's hard way to lift their lives above
Is a clear duty, welcome as 'tis clear.
And if for every page of pure delight,
Those fine and faithful fingers wrought for all,
There came the slenderest gift, the poorest mite,
More lightly on those stricken hearts might fall,
The weight of sore bereavement, hard to bear,
E'en when, as here, all men its sorrow share.

OERES IN DAIRYLAND.—Everybody has heard of Fairy Rings, which have a sweetly Arcadian sound. But "*Dairy Rings*" do not savour of Arcadia, save, perchance, in the sense suggested by the stock quotation, "*Arcades ambo*—blackguards both." The function of "*Dairy Rings*," it seems, is artificially and injuriously to keep up the cost of produce. Not until they are broken up will people really get "*Milk Below*,"—monopoly prices.

RAPTURE.

(By a Radical.)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN (in the debate on the Lords' Amendments to the Land Bill) said, "he had never regarded the House of Lords as the special representatives of the community, that he would very much have preferred that an Amendment in the interests of the community should have proceeded from another quarter, that they were Commons' House of Parliament, and that it was they who had to look after the interests of the community, and not the House of Lords." (*Opposition Cheers.*)

HOORAY! This is rather more like the old JOE, Whom as pet of the Peers his old friends hardly know. Does "cushioned ease" tire him already,—so soon? Is "gentlemen" chumship no longer a boon? Can zeal for the Union no longer determine, The Birmingham champion to back up the ermine? This snub to the Peers is decidedly handsome, We'll soon have JOE talking once more about "ransom." Oh! Spalding was splendid, and Bridgeton was brave, And GROSVENOR's defeat made the Unionists rave; TOM SAYERS ne'er landed his foe such a "oner," As SALISBURY had at the hands of our BRUNNER; But neither the news of Gladstonian gain, Of TREVELYAN's return, or the tantrums of CAINE, To Radical bosoms such a rapture affords, As Brummagem JOE once more smiting the Lords!

CON. FOR THE CONNUBIALLY INCLINED.—What is the difference between an accepted and a rejected offer of marriage? The first leads to the Matrimonial Knot; the second is the Matrimonial Not.

"Bon Voyage!"

MR. CAINE, who is tired Party knots of unravelling, Is off, so 'tis said, round the world to be travelling. Let's hope that much clearing of temper and brain May result from this new sort of "*Wanderings of CAINE (E)*".



IN THE CAUSE OF ART.

Patron. "WHEN ARE YER GOIN' TO START MY WIFE'S PICTURE AND MINE? 'CAUSE, WHEN THE 'OUSE IS UP WE'RE A GOIN'—"

Artist. "OH, I'LL GET THE CANVASES AT ONCE, AND—"

Patron (millionaire). "CANVAS! 'ANG IT!—NONE O' YER CANVAS FOR MR! PRICE IS NO OBJEC'! I CAN AFFORD TO PAY FOR SOMETHING BETTER THAN CANVAS!"

[*Tableau!*]

THE ARTIST'S HOLIDAY;

OR, A BRUSH WITH THE POLICE.

Start for Isle of Wight.—Market for Pictures so depressed, can only afford a fortnight away from Town this Summer. Never mind! Intend to have a high old time while it lasts. Shall travel over the whole Island—Cowes, Ryde, Ventnor, Shanklin, Alum Bay, and the Needles. Travelling suggests that I'm my own "traveller"—in the Oil and Colour line! Mustn't mention this joke to my aristocratic customers, however.

On the Way Down.—Read in my favourite newspaper—"Art is a fanciful and captious mistress, exacting many sacrifices from her servants, and not infrequently putting them to considerable inconvenience." Sounds unpleasant. Wish people wouldn't write like this. True, perhaps, but not edifying. Writer goes on to say of Artists that "Respectability is arrayed in arms against them, because their ways are not as those of its smug and unimaginative votaries." (Rather a good hit that—"smug and unimaginative;"—writer not such a fool as I thought.) "Mrs. GRUNDY sniffs at them with righteous scorn, because their appearance, bearing, and habits, are not measurable by the standards of propriety." (I should hope not, indeed!) "The subaltern administrators of the law regard them with suspicion"—Humbug! Throw paper down in disgust. Never been interfered with by a policeman in my life. What is there in me to excite suspicion, I should like to know? Should write to Author of that article, and tell him he's an ass, only can't afford to waste a stamp just now.

Southampton.—Go on board boat for Ryde. Curious. Three men following me about everywhere! On stepping on to Ryde pier, they make a pounce on me. Ask to see my luggage. It seems they are "subaltern administrators of the law," disguised. I refuse to give up my keys; in order to mollify them, make a joke, and tell them "they can't Ryde the high horse here." Only reply they make is to break my bag open. Very objectionable. Crowd evidently think I'm a London thief, and hoot at me.

Ask Detectives if they think I look like a Dynamiter? They say nothing, and wink. Seem to look on my question as a "leading," or rather a misleading, one. Thank Heaven! There's nothing suspicious in my Gladstone bag. But, as these are Government emissaries, perhaps the mere possession of a "Gladstone" bag is considered to connect me in some mysterious way with Parnellism, and so with crime. Is there such a thing as a "Salisbury" bag? Wish I'd got one if there is. Perhaps it would be a good move to tell them I'm a Unionist. They reply (gruffly) "they don't want none of my gab," and that they intend to find out what I am precious quick.

At Police Station.—(To which I've been taken through a howling mob!) Bag opened. Several things appear to excite suspicion. Palette inspected carefully. If it hadn't been for bad success of my last humorous remark, should tell my captors that "I've no palate for conspiracy." My box of brushes regarded as highly questionable. Suggests obvious sporting-riddle—Why do they think I've been in at the death (of somebody or other?)—Answer: *because I've got the brush!* Bottle of Chinese White at once impounded. Considered to contain "an explosive composition," it seems. Detectives convey it carefully to middle of large field, and bury it, until Colonel MAJENDIE can come down from Town. What, however, is regarded as greatest proof of my nefarious tendencies is a picture of London Bridge in my portfolio. Detective asks triumphantly—"What made you draw that bridge if you ain't a Fenian, now?" I reply "it's only a pot-boiler." Answer considered so very incriminating that I am immediately handcuffed and put in a cell. Never realised before what a very "fanciful and captious mistress," Art is, or what idiots "the subaltern administrators of the law" are capable of making of themselves.

Three Days Later.—Liberated! Am told it was "all a mistake." Chinese White bottle proved not to contain anything dangerous to human life. Pot-boiler restored me, slightly soiled. No excuses or apologies made—sent away with a "free pardon!" And this is England! Ah, they manage some things better in France!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, August 15.—Some ordinary business on Agenda, but importance dwarfed by imposing demonstration made by WEMYSS. Session really coming to a close. WEMYSS has done his share of speechmaking. According to DENMAN has appropriated more than fair share. Nevertheless, he finds in Mid-August quite an accumulation of odds and ends omitted from speeches prepared during last two years. If he doesn't work them off this Session will be out of date by next. That no insuperable objection to delivering speech in House of Lords; still, freshness and appropriateness not altogether without weight. How shall he dispose of the accumulated treasure? Thought once of publishing it in single volume, call it "Jubilee Thoughts, by Earl of WEMYSS;" or "Peerless Wit and Wisdom, by a Peer." Found publishers not anxious to undertake proposal. Jubilee, they said, beginning to pall, too many books about of Wit and Wisdom. Happy thought! Why not throw the scraps into form of speech, and favour House of Lords with it? Some of the topics little ancient and continuity of thought difficult to simulate; but propose to "call attention to Socialistic legislation during the Sessions of 1886 and 1887." That will cover everything.

So arranged, and to-night, as soon as immaterial business disposed of, WEMYSS rose, and began his speech. Audience of eighteen, to begin with. Gradually diminished, till there remained, for fifth and final peroration, only four. Was a tremendous speech—blood-curdling, convincing, and delivered with much animation. Never was a nation in such peril. Before Great Britain lay only Black Night and Despair.

Might have been expected that, when WEMYSS sat down, there would have been eager competition for precedence to take up the thread of debate so solemnly launched. But he'd overdone it. So terrified the few Peers present, that none could speak. Looked at each other with fitful, fearful glances. One by one they rose, and tremblingly tottered out. WEMYSS left in solitary possession of House, filled only with echoes of his fearsome jeremiad. Thus closed this memorable one-speech debate. LORD CHANCELLOR retaining presence of mind sufficient to adjourn the House, WEMYSS picked up his notes, and went forth, probably to prepare for his own flight from the doomed country.

Business done.—In Commons, Mines Bill in Committee.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—JOHN MANNERS in his place to-night. Everyone glad to see him back again; Liberals, Conservatives, Dissentients, Unionists, whatever we be, all unite in saying a friendly word to JOHN on his convalescence. Another arrival greeted with more mixed feelings. BRUNNER, flushed by his great victory in Northwich, comes up to be sworn in. Tremendous cheering on Liberal side. Dead silence among Ministerialists. Old Morality gazes up at glass roof with preoccupied air; thoughts far away from Westminster or Northwich either. CAINE, looking on from Bar, turns his back, and marches forth. "Another blessing in disguise," says he. "I think now I'll go off to Japan, and see how they're getting on with their projected Parliamentary Institutions. Might get some hints for forming our National Party." Crimes Bill on again. Committee pegging away far into tomorrow. A good business-like debate, but a little dull. Minority

of between seventy and eighty industriously tried to carry Amendments moved by BURR and others. Majority, varying between 120 and 140, thinking matter over in privacy of smoke-room, news-room, and terrace, come up with minds fully made up on points of detail, and always vote with Ministers. BURR, beaten again and again, comes back to scratch, looking, towards half-past two in the morning, a little broken down, but still full of fight.

Business done.—Mines Bill.

Thursday.—House of Lords deserves well of its country. Is setting Commons example it will do well to follow. On Monday, as noted, WEMYSS made long speech, and, no one rising to follow in debate, House forthwith adjourned. Same thing happened on Tuesday when DENMAN introduced beneficent proposals for limiting speeches. Met with success beyond his wildest expectations. Had asked that duration of speeches might be strictly limited. Lords with one accord forthwith accepted principle. Applied it so strictly that, as LORD CHANCELLOR in his epigrammatic way put it, "speeches were limited to silence." In fact no one spoke at all. DENMAN had debate all to himself, and House adjourned. So pleased with this arrangement that it was carried a step further to-night. Only one speech was made. Was delivered from Woolsack. So brief may be quoted *verbatim* :—

T. B.-rt.

"House will now adjourn," said LORD CHANCELLOR.

That was all, and noble Lords dispersed.

"Most pleasant, informing and useful sitting we've had for many Sessions," said BUCKINGHAM to CHANDOS.

"Allons!" said STRATHEDEN to CAMPBELL, "let us go and visit those foolish Commons who waste their time in much speaking."

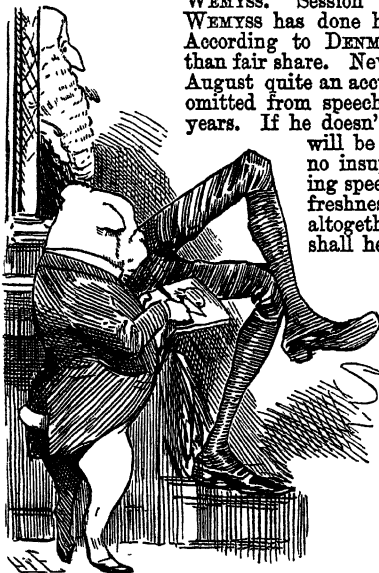
Commons crowded and animated. Evidently no prospect here of foregoing speech-making. Sixty-eight questions on paper to begin with. GEORGE CAMPBELL, his mind athirst for information, wanted to know from President of Board of Trade what was the meaning of "allotment."

RITCHIE, with elbow leaning negligently on box, and legs crossed, mockingly referred the ingenuous Knight to *Johnson's Dictionary*. Curiously reminiscent of *Mephistopheles* bantering *Faust*, was RITCHIE as he looked across at CAMPBELL.

Old Morality announced abandonment of various Government measures, dropping tear over each. Emotion became monotonous towards tenth tear, and Opposition rudely laughed. But Old Morality had his revenge later. Quite a long time since he has "pounced." But as midnight drew on, and little progress made, began to grow desperate. CHAMBERLAIN suddenly turned upon his allies, attacked them in rattling speech. Even voted against them when Division called. Government majority went down from customary hundred to alarming forty-two. Then Old Morality, goaded to madness, "pounced" right and left. HARCOURT stirred up GOSCHEN with long pole; BALFOUR yawned ostentatiously when DILKON convicted him of ignorance of Irish affairs; PARNELL pounded away; T. W. RUSSELL withdrew from alliance with Government; TIM HEALY chuckled; JOSEPH GILLIS alternately jeered and groaned. But Old Morality came out victor. Whenever lull occurred he moved Closure, and so presently wound up sitting.

Business done.—Split between "Dissentient Liberals" and Government.

Friday.—House not so full to-night. Rumour about that there was something to fore in Lords. Members migrated thither. Only a few Peers present. Markiss rose, and in matter-of-fact tone, as if offering observation on state of weather, announced Proclamation of National League. Fifteen Peers present successfully controlled emotion, and passed on to ordinary business. Commons, penned in Gallery above, and crowded at Bar below, rushed to own House,



Columbus, M. P.



Mephistopheles, M. P.

carrying news with them. Arrived just in time to hear HANBURY question Government on quite other subject. HANBURY's hawk eye had discovered in the Estimates vote for salary of Master of Hawks. Wanted to know who he was, what he did for a living, and how many hawks he might have to deal with in course of year. Frank and somewhat startling disclosure from Treasury Bench. The existence of Master of Hawks admitted; regular payment of his salary confessed. Only hitch was that there were no hawks. Still, there have been hawks in time of STUARTS. An impecunious nobleman had obtained office, with reversion to eldest son; and so, through the ages, unsuspecting taxpayer had subscribed salary. House so ashamed to discover its remissness as custodian of Public purse, that, by common consent, subject dropped. But silent resolution taken that noble Hawk-master shall have drawn his salary for last time.

Then BALFOUR confirmed statement made in other House about Proclamation of National League. Announcement received, on the whole, in grim silence, also not without its portent. House then took up Allotments Bill, with which it wrestled in business fashion for rest of sitting.

Business done.—National League Proclaimed.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

(Shakespeare adapted to "The Times.")

"Oppression hath made up this League."
King John, Act iii., Scene 1.

Angelo . . Lord S-L-SB-RY.
Escalus . . B-LF-R.

Escalus. Every leader it hath writ hath disavouched other.

Angelo. In most uneven and distracted manner. Its actions show much like to madness: pray heaven its wisdom be not tainted. Yet can we own ourselves beaten, and redeliver our authority?

Esc. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it a few days before our departure, that if any crave redress of injustice, they must not exhibit their discontent in the street?

Esc. It shows its reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed!

A TALE OF ARABI.—The recent unsuccessful effort to secure the release of ARABI PASHA, recalls the trial of that unfortunate Egyptian when he was so ably defended by a distinguished member of the British Bar. On that occasion, to put it broadly, he was more of a patriot than a criminal.

"ECLIPSE first, the rest nowhere," is a celebrated racing record. The disappointed astronomers of Europe, last Friday, modified the *mot*—"Eclipse nowhere" is the common burden of their reports.

MOTTO FOR AGRICULTURISTS.—Set a parasite (*the Chalcis fly to wit*) to catch a parasite (*the Hessian ditto*).

A BURNING QUESTION.

By Our Own Cricket Enthusiast.

"The four Counties in whose doings the interest of the Cricketing public is centred, were all hard at work yesterday. [Friday, August 19.] Yorkshire doing very badly against Surrey at the Oval, and Nottinghamshire showing to considerable disadvantage with Lancashire at Old Trafford."—*Daily News*.

Oh, don't talk to me of the close of the Session, or who's to be Premier, perchance, in the next one; Those questions, no doubt, may excite party spouters, but there is a far more important and next one.

The Cricketing Season draws fast to a close; the rain's come at last with inopportune bounty.

And there is a question eclipsing all others,—which, *which* for this year will be Premier County?

It's narrowing down,—oh, it's narrowing down, and it grows more soul-harrowing every minute.

For Surrey and Lancashire, Yorkshire and Notts are the only four Counties a man can call "in it."

Trent-Bridge is astir with a fever of fidgets, the Tykes are all hurry, and worry, and flurry,

Old Trafford is all upon thorns, and, by Jove, what excitement there is at the Oval in Surrey!

HORNBY and HAWKE cannot sleep of a night, and their nerves into coolness in vain strive to tutor; GLADSTONE and SALISBURY's rivalry's child's-play compared with the ditto of SHERWIN and SHUTER. Plague upon Jupiter Pluvius!



"Baa low!"

Why did he not hang aloof just a week or two longer? Oh, don't talk to me of your turnips and things,—what are they to the question which team is the stronger?

Glorious season for Cricket all round, as is proved by the lots of Leviathan scoring,

And now, hang it all, at the very identical point when it comes to the pinch, it is pouring.

Cockshies all chance, every average crabs, this detestable deluge. Slow wickets and sticky.

Muck even the great ARTHUR SHREWSBURY's play, and make WALTER READ's chance of top-average dicky.

ARTHUR's two centuries *plus* sixty-seven, falls off to a pitiful seven-and-twenty.

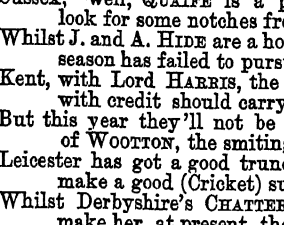
And BARLOW and BRIGGS have it all their own way; three "ducks" in one innings—of Notts men—seems plenty.

Look at poor Yorkshire again! MARTIN HAWKE did his best to choose right, but caked wickets *plus* LOHMANN,

Are far too long odds e'en for ULYETT and HALL; and who can foresee English weather? Why, no man.

Wants a cool sticker like SCOTTON to stand it. Eh? Gives the poor bowlers a look in? Oh, granted,

Good trundling's a part of the game to be sure, but you see at this crisis it's *scoring* that's wanted,



"Hide!"

Dashes the 'gazers, this downing the wickets like nine-pins in swamp with muck-moisture afloat all,

And then ninety-two for a tall-scoring team like our Notts, you must own's a contemptible total.

Middlesex plays in and out; lots of scorers like WEBBE, STODDART, LUCAS, O'BRIEN, and VERNON.

But ROBERTSON, BURTON, and WEST want assistance as bowlers, and bowling's a thing wins will turn on.

Gloucester's slap out of it. Pity poor GRACE with a team he can seldom bring up to the scratch, Sir,

So that, in spite of his own startling scores, the, at one time, Sussex,—well, QUARRE is a promising bat, and you always may look for some notches from NEWHAM,

Whilst J. and A. HIDE are a host in themselves; but good fortune this season has failed to pursue 'em.

Kent, with LORD HARRIS, the family of HEARNES, and RASHLEIGH, with credit should carry field matters on,

But this year they'll not be at top of the tree, 'spite the bowling of WOOLTON, the smiting of PATTERSON.

Leicester has got a good trundler in POUCHER, but one bowler won't make a good (Cricket) summer.

Whilst Derbyshire's CHATTERTON, CROPPER, and RATCLIFF don't make her, at present, the new (Cricket) comer.

As for game Essex,—well, evergreen GREEN, who has done in his day some redoubtable cricket,

Will own he will not have a look in *this* year, e'en with BUXTON, and BISHOP, and BRYAN, and PICKETT.

No, we must still look to one of the four; and oh, what a lot hope that one will be Surrey.

Fancy the spirits of GRIFFITH and SOUTHERTON—(chums of that "barn-door" whom no one could flury,

Stout little JUPP)—must just now haunt the Oval, or hold ghostly confabulations at Mitcham,

Discussing the way in which SHUTER's lot cut 'em and drive 'em, and swipe 'em, and place 'em, and pitch 'em. [like young ABEL



Woo "Ton."



"'Ull yet?"



The Family "Urn."



Puffer.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

SOME NOTES AT STARMOUTH.

3 P.M.—Arrive at Starmouth—the retired Watering-place at which I propose to write the Nautical Drama that is to render me famous and wealthy. Leave luggage at Station, and go in search of



Down by the Sea.

lodgings. Hotel out of the question—*table d'hôte* quite fatal to inspiration. On the Esplanade, noting likely places with critical eye. Perhaps I am a little fastidious. What I should *really* like is a little cottage; two bow-windows, clematis on porch, flagstaff, and cannon (if it wouldn't go off) in front. I could achieve immortality in a place like that. Sea-view, of course, *indispensable*. Must be within sight of the ever-changing ocean, within hearing of "the innumerable laughter of the waves"—I know what the phrase means, though I shouldn't like to have to explain it, and the waves just now are absolutely roaring.

3'15.—Still noting; plenty of time, and Starmouth "all before me where to choose." More than a mile of Esplanade, and several brass plates and cards advertising "Apartments." Must be cautious—not throw the handkerchief in a hurry. Haven't seen the ideal place yet.

3'30.—Better make a beginning. Try "Blenheim House" (all the houses here either bear dual, naval, or frankly plebeian names, I observe). Ring: startling effect—grey-mouldy old person, with skeleton hands folded on woollen tippet, glides in a ghastly manner down passage. They really ought to put up a warning to people with nerves, as M. VAN BEERS does at his *Salon Parisien*. Feel as if I had raised a ghost. Wonder if she waits on lodgers—if so, my dinners will be rather like the banquet GULLIVER had at Laputa. "Has she rooms to let at once?" "No?" "Oh!" Well out of that!

3'45.—Warming to my work. Ring at door in "Amelia Terrace." Maid appears—nice-looking girl, rather. Have you?—I begin—when I see a boy at the ground-floor window. Don't object to boys, as a class, but this particular boy is pallid, with something round his throat, and an indescribable air about him of conscious deadliness, and pride in the unusual terror he inspires, which can only be accounted for by recent Measles. Never under the same roof with that boy! He eyes me balefully, and I stare back, fascinated. "Have you," I begin again—(I am full of resource, thank goodness!) "a Mrs. WALKER—(first appropriate name that occurs to me)—"staying here?" By a horrible coincidence, they *have*! She has taken the ground-floor—where that boy is! Awkward—very. . . . I manage to gasp out, "Then will you please mention that I called?" and retire before she can ask my name. Presence of mind. again!

4 P.M.—Still seeking. Not so fastidious as I *was*. Have given up the cottage, and clematis, and flagstaff. Only place answering that description belongs—or so I inferred, from his language—to a retired sea-captain, whom I disturbed in his nap to inquire whether he let lodgings. As it happened, he *didn't*. Then (as I very nearly went back and told him) what right had he to sport a brass plate? However, I got some good racy dialogue for the Nautical Drama out of him.

4'15.—More failures. Starmouth busy digesting, which it does publicly in bow-windows. I must *not* be so particular. I will do without balconies—even bow-windows—but I cannot, I will not, sit on horsehair furniture.

4'20.—After all, so long as I get a sea-view, what matters? I can be nautical and dramatic on *any* kind of chair. And "Collingwood House," too—what a name for me! I will go in. Rejected again—nothing till Thursday fortnight! I am beginning to feel like an un-

popular man at a dance. I regard the people wallowing at the windows with a growing hate; they are the elect—but that is no reason why they should parade it in that ostentatious way—bad taste! . . . Can't get any rooms along these terraces—I subdue my pride, and try a back-street.

4'30.—Nature too strong for me—I *must* face the sea. Surely there must be *some* cards I have overlooked! . . . Thought so! staring me in the face all the time! Ring—ghost effect again—same old grey lady! She asks me, in hollow tones, what I want. I ask her whether I left my umbrella here (full of resource!) "No!" "Oh!" Back-street again after that.

4'40.—Even the back-streets will have none of me! I grow morbid. Remember words of song, entreating vague somethings (perhaps stars) "to smile on their vagabond boy"—no one smiles on me. And I to have vapoured about "throwing the handkerchief." Fool—fool! . . . They are more sympathetic in the back-streets, though. "Starmouth is very full!" They say, complacently, "they don't know if there's any place I *could* get into, not to say at once—they *really* don't!"

5 P.M.—Back on the Esplanade again. Why, I certainly haven't been *here* before. Ring. While I am waiting for some one to appear, face rises at window—the *measly* boy! Confound these terrace-houses, all alike! This time I *don't* wait—I bolt. They will think I am a clown out for a holiday, but I can't help that.

5'15.—No, I must draw the line somewhere. At "Hatfield House," (good address this) landlady appears with eruptive face, powdered—effect not entirely happy—but I waive that. She has rooms—but the sitting-room is out at the end of a yard, and I am to get to my bed room through the kitchen! Can't write an epoch-making drama under those conditions.

5'30.—I am growing humbler—I would almost take a coal-cellar now. Think I will go back to Hatfield and recant . . . I have. "Very sorry—this moment let" . . . "Oh!"

5'35.—*At last!* May choicest blessings light upon the head of PLAPPER!—or rather of Mrs. PLAPPER, as her husband is out. She has taken me in! Charming rooms—not actually facing the sea, but with capital view of it round corner from bow-window. PLAPPER is an optician—wonder whether it is weak eyes, or wisely duty, that makes Mrs. P. wear blue spectacles? Everything arranged—terms most reasonable—now to recover luggage. Stop; better ask address—or I might never be able to find my optician again—like Mrs. Barrett Browning and her lost Bower! "You've only got to use PLAPPER's name, Sir, anywhere, and it will be all right," says Mrs. P. with natural pride. Very convenient. For instance: *Stern Constable* (to me). "Can't come in here, Sir." *Myself*. "Can't I, though? PLAPPER!" And in I go! Or I am in a scrape of some sort: "Have you anything to say?" asks the Inspector. I whisper in his ear, "PLAPPER!" And they grovel and release me.

5'45.—Odd—but now I find myself wondering ungratefully, whether I mightn't have done better than PLAPPER, after all. This is human nature, I suppose—but discreditable. I *am* overjoyed—really. I no longer hate people. I too am an initiate! But I can pity poor devils who are houseless, I hope . . . I order sundry things: "Send them in to PLAPPER's." Luggage regained and sent back—to PLAPPER's. I feel self-respect once more.

6 P.M.—Returning to PLAPPER's. And in this secure retreat my Nautical drama is destined to see the light—if PLAPPER only knew! I feel an affection already for this humble temporary home. Mrs. P. meets me at the door. "So sorry, Sir—but *you can't have the rooms, after all!* PLAPPER had let 'em quite unbeknown to me!"

And this is Saturday! I am under a curse!

THE BALLET.

Lament by the Rev. S. D. Headlam.

WHAT was it first my fancy fed,
My steps to the Alhambra led,
And finally quite turned my head?

The Ballet!

What, when I studied it apart,
Struck me with force that made
me start,
As being a noble form of Art?

The Ballet!

And what, when seen night after
night,
Inspired me with supreme delight,
And made me to the *Pall-Mall*
write?

The Ballet!

But what, when kindled with its
fire,
I hoped my Bishop to inspire,
Alas! excited but his ire?

The Ballet!

And what, although the orthodox
Two places in an upper box
I offered him,—but gave him
shocks?

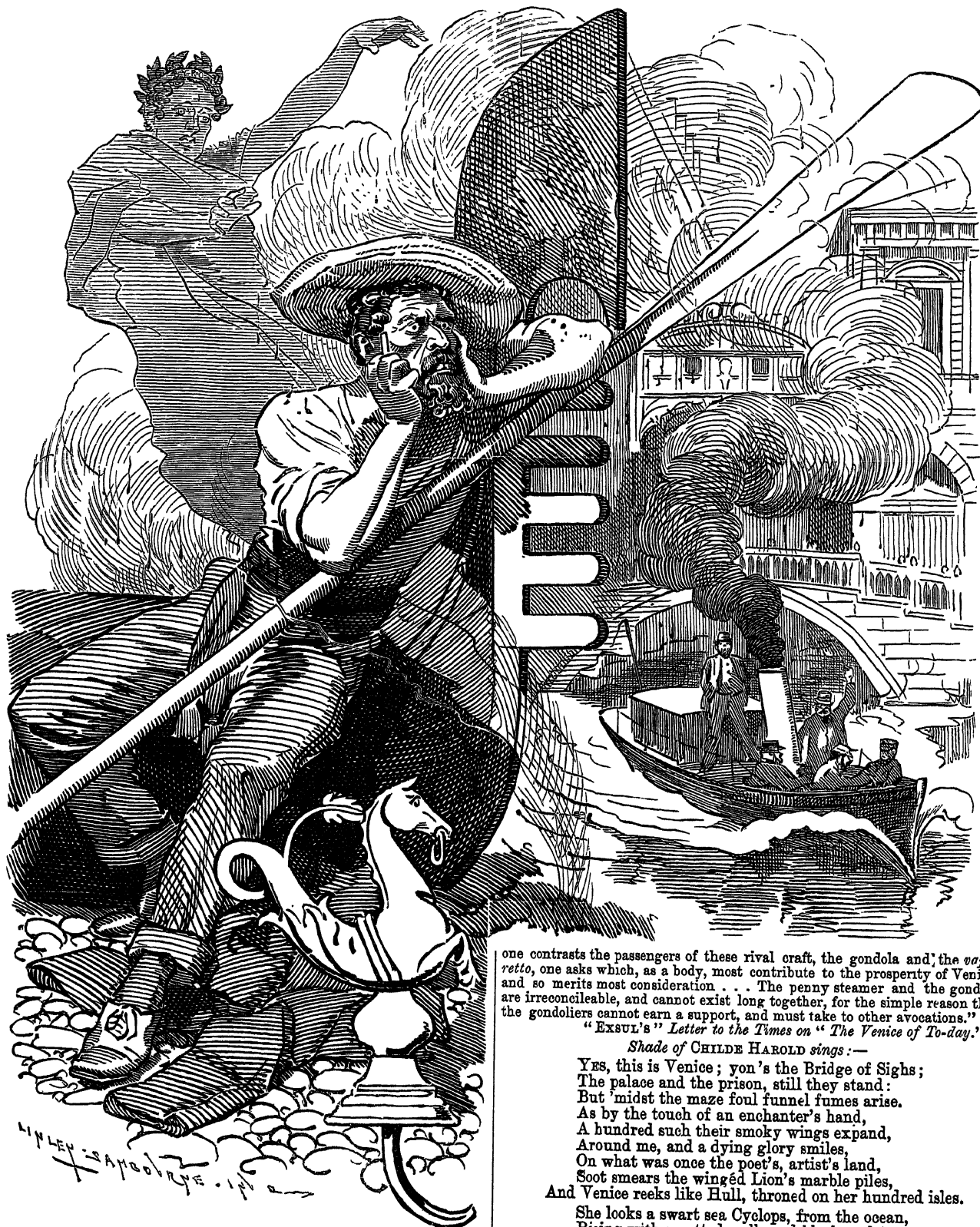
The Ballet!

Ah! what, though every nerve
I've strained
To see the dancers' battle gained,
Leaves me episcopally chained?

The Ballet!

LAST FRUITS OF THE SESSION.—Pairs.

VENICE UNPRESERVED.



"THE modern Venetian takes pleasure not only in neglecting but in persecuting the palace and the gondola . . . As to the gondola, the mass of Venetians possess none, and rarely go in them . . . They forget that the much-desired foreigner does not come to Venice to read signboards from a steamboat up and down the Grand Canal; and, by handing over this magnificent waterway to a company of foreign speculators, they have well-nigh reduced the ancient body of gondoliers to beggary. The steamers are numerous and noisy . . . If

one contrasts the passengers of these rival craft, the gondola and the *vaporetto*, one asks which, as a body, most contribute to the prosperity of Venice, and so merits most consideration . . . The penny steamer and the gondola are irreconcilable, and cannot exist long together, for the simple reason that the gondoliers cannot earn a support, and must take to other avocations."

"Exsul's" *Letter to the Times* on "The Venice of To-day."

Shade of CHILDE HAROLD sings:—

Yes, this is Venice; yon's the Bridge of Sighs;
The palace and the prison, still they stand:
But 'midst the maze foul funnel fumes arise.
As by the touch of an enchanter's hand,
A hundred such their smoky wings expand,
Around me, and a dying glory smiles,
On what was once the poet's, artist's land,
Soot smears the winged Lion's marble piles,
And Venice reeks like Hull, throned on her hundred isles.

She looks a swart sea Cyclops, from the ocean,
Rising with smutted walls and blackened towers;
The *vaporetto*, with erratic motion,
Muddies the waters with its carbon-showers.
And such she is! Progress's dismal dowers
Have spoilt the picture; now the eye may feast
On garish signs and posters. Gracious powers!
Sewing-machines and hair-washes at least
Might spare the Grand Canal. Trade is an ogre-ish beast!

In Venice Vulcan's echoes hiss and roar,
And idle sits the hapless Gondolier.
His Gondola is crumbling on the shore,
The Penny Steamer's whistle racks his ear.
'ARRY exults—but Beauty is not here;
Trade swells, Arts grow—but Nature seems to die.
Hucksters may boast that Venice is less "dear,"
"Progresso!" is the Press, the Public cry;
But, by great RUSKIN's self, the thing is all my eye.

For unto us she had a spell beyond
Cheap dinners and Advertisement's array
Of polychrome, of which Trade seems so fond.
Alas! the Dogeless city's silent sway
Will lessen momentarily, and fade away,
When the Rialto echoes to the roar
Of *vaporetti*, and in sad decay
The Gondola, its swan-like flittings o'er,
Neglected rots upon the solitary shore.

Such is the Venice of my youth and age,
Its spell a void, its charm a vacancy.
Rosy Romance, thou owest many a page,
Ay, many that erst grew beneath mine eye,
To what was once the loved reality
Of this true fairy-land; but I refuse
To deck with Art's fantastic wizardry
A haunt of Trade. Mine is not Mammon's Muse,
She will not sing for hire of Soaps, or Silks, or Shoes.

I know that there are such,—but let them go,—
They came like ghouls, they'll disappear like dreams.
But oh! my Venice, dare they treat thee so?
I fain would flay the Vandal horde; still teems
My mind with memories of thy towers and streams,—
All that I sought for in thy midst, and found.
Must these too go? The ogre Progress deems
Such fair and flattering phantasies unsound;
Now other voices speak, and other sights surround.

"The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord,"
Ay, and yet worse, Venetian souls grow rude.
The Gondola lies rotting unrestored,
The Gondolier unhired must lounge and brood,
Or stoop to "stoking" for his daily food,
On board a puffing fiend that by "horse pow'r"
Measures its might. Oh! base ingratitude!
Dogs! ye one day shall howl for the lost hour,
When Venice was a Queen, with loveliness for dower.

Gondolas ruled, and now the Steam Launch reigns,
A stoker shovels where a lover knelt.
This thing of steam and smoke that stinks and stains,
Might suit the tainted Thames, the sluggish Scheldt;
But the Canal, which for long years hath felt
The sunshine of Romance—that downward go?
This is the deadliest blow that Trade hath dealt;
Enough to bring back blind old DANDOLO,
To fight his country's latest most debasing foe.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
But garish signboards glitter in the sun;
And up and down the watery alleys pass
The snorting steamers. Venice lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of beauty done,
Sinks to an Isle of Dogs. Let her life close!
Better be whelmed beneath the waves, and shun
Ev'n in destruction's depths her Vandal foes,
Than live a thrall to Trade, a scourge to eyes and nose.

Dreams of Romance—all shattered! They revile
Our "Ruskinismo," do these souls of dust,
Who care not for their sumptuous marble pile,
Oh, sons unworthy of their splendid trust!
With his oar broken, and his dry keel thrust,
Unused ashore, the Gondolier recalls
Gay days and nights of glory, such as must
Too oft remind him *who* his land enthralled,
And flings a sordid cloud o'er Venice' shining walls.

How can the Childe's poetic shade refuse
To plead his cause, on his base foe make war?
Perchance redemption from a phantom Muse,
Whose voice now faintly echoes from afar,
May come, and check his sordid conqueror's ear,
E'en in its roll of victory, snatch the reins,
From Greed's foul hands and further havoc bar,
Say, *shall* the Penny Steamer's petty gains,
Banish the Gondolier, and hush his cheery strains?



TENDER PASSAGES.

He (tenderly). "YES WHEN IT'S DONE AGAIN, YOU MUST REALLY SEE THE BLONDIN DONKEY!"

She (sincerely). "I WILL. I'LL LOOK OUT FOR IT, AND, WHEN I DO SEE IT, I WILL THINK OF YOU!"

VIRTUES OF OMISSION.

PEOPLE—Mr. IMPREY, Mr. GEORGE SMITH (of Coalville), and others—are actually to be found contending for the barren honour of having invented that terrible nuisance of a catch-phrase, "Three Acres and a Cow!" Strange and morbid perversion of ambition! As well fight for the deep discredit of having been the first to hit upon such kindred controversial horrors as the boring and question-begging "gags" of "Law and Order," "Patriot first, and Party-man afterwards," "Hand over to the tender mercies, &c.," "Disintegration of the Empire," or even that most hackneyed of political phrases, "Grand Old Man" itself. Now, if any one took credit to himself for never, never having uttered the "Acre and Cow" Shibboleth, or made use of any others of these soul-sickening bits of polemical claptrap, *Mr. Punch* could understand, and admire, and envy. There be things that *everybody*—possessed of sense and sobriety—would "rather not have said."

THE WAY OF THE WIND.

By an anxious Unionist.

[Mr. T. W. RUSSELL has formally withdrawn from the Unionist Party.]

AH! sorely tossed is our poor "Union" bark,

We shall not get to port without a tussle.

They say the wind will change against us. Hark!

That wind seems rising; I can hear its RUSSELL.

A FIGHT FOR THE FORTY.—Sir EDWARD HAMLEY is, admittedly, one of the greatest strategists the British Army possesses. Although in the prime of life, this gallant officer will be "automatically retired," unless he receives a military appointment before the end of October. It has been suggested that he should be employed to work out a scheme for the protection of London. This will be far easier work for him to do than to have to frame a defence of the Government that has so long, and so strangely, and (some say) so maliciously overlooked him.

CON: FOR THE CONSIDERATE.—Why is Happiness like an Act of Parliament? Because you can never tell its value until it is passed.

ALL IN PLAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THIS year has been a great one for America in London. The Exhibition in West Kensington, with its Wild West Show, has attracted its thousands, and at this moment two dramas (both from the United States) are very popular in the Strand and Oxford Street. A few nights ago, anxious to save you the trouble of filling a stall with your customary urbanity and critical acumen (to say nothing of your august person and opera-glasses), I visited the Princess's, to assist at a performance of *The Shadows of a Great City*. It was really a most amusing piece, written by JEFFERSON, the *Rip Van Winkle* of our youth, who you will remember was wont in years gone by to drink to the health of ourselves and our wives and our families at the Adelphi. The *City* was New York, and the most substantial of the *Shadows*, Mr. J. H. BARNES, a gentleman who might be aptly described as one of the



"heaviest" of our light comedians. He played a fine-hearted sailor with an earnestness of purpose that carried all before it. I cannot conscientiously say that he gave me the idea that he was exactly fitted to take command of the Channel Fleet, but after seeing him I retained the impression that he would have felt entirely at home on the quarter-deck of a Thames Steamboat. Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS, who has so often assisted to make the fortune (as a jocular scoundrel) of a Drury Lane melodrama, was also in the cast, and so was Miss CICELY RICHARDS, the *Belinda* of *Our Boys*. Then there was Miss MARY RORKE, a most sympathetic heroine, and several other excellent performers, whose names, however, were less familiar to me.

The play, admirably mounted with capital scenery, recalled a number of pleasant memories. Here was a suggestion of *The Ticket of Leave Man*, there a notion from *The Colleen Bawn*, and yonder ideas from *The Long Strike* and *Arrah-na-Pogue*. There is nothing new under the sun, and *The Shadows of a Great City* is no exception to the rule. However, it is a thoroughly exciting play, full of murder and mirth, wrong-doing and waggery, startling incidents, and sidesplitting comicalities. It was certainly greatly enjoyed, when I saw it, by the audience, who cheered Mr. BARNES and Miss RORKE to the echo, and hissed all their enemies to their heart's content, as a reward for the most effectively-simulated villainy.

Very soon all the Theatres will be busy with the Autumn-cum-Winter Season. The first on the List is Drury Lane, which, reserving PAYNE for the Pantomime at Christmas, opens in September with *Pleasure*.

Always yours sincerely,

ONE WHO HAS GONE TO PIECES.

SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

Still at Royat. *Hotel Continental.*—*À propos* of PULLER "airing his French" Miss LOUISA METTERBRUN said something delightful to him the other day at dinner. PULLER had been instructing us all in some French idioms until Madame METTERBRUN set him right in his pronunciation. He owned that he had made a slip. "But," says he, wagging his head and pulling up his wristbands with the air of a man thoroughly well satisfied with himself generally, "but I think you'll allow that I can speak French better than most Englishmen, eh?"

Madame METTERBRUN doesn't exactly know what to say, but Miss LOUISA comes to the rescue. "O Mr. PULLER"—he is frequently at their house in London, and they know him intimately—"I always say to Mamma, when we're abroad, that I do like to hear you talk French"—PULLER smirks and thinks to himself that this is a girl of sense and rare appreciation—"because," she goes on quietly, and all at table are listening, "because your speaking French reminds me so of home." Her home is London. I think PULLER won't ask Miss LOUISA for an opinion on his French accent again in a hurry.

I have just been reading VICTOR HUGO's *Choses Vues*. Admirable! *Fuite de Louis Philippe!* What a pitiful story. Then his account, marvellously told, and the whole point of the narrative given in two lines, of what became of the brain of TALLEYRAND. Graphically written is his visit to THIERS on behalf of ROCHEFORT. Says THIERS to him, "*Cent journaux me traînent tous les matins dans la boue. Mais savez-vous mon procédé? Je ne les lis pas.*" To which HUGO rejoined, "*C'est précisément ce que je fais. Lire les diatribes, c'est respirer les latrines de sa renommée.*" Most public men, certainly

most authors, artists, and actors, would do well to remember this advice, and act upon it.

"*Choses Vues*," written "*Shows Vues*," would be a good heading for an all-round-about theatrical and entertainment article in *Mr. Punch's* pages. Patent this.

PULLER has recovered his high spirits. The temperature has changed: the waters are agreeing with him. So is the dinner hour, which M. HALL, our landlord, kindly permits us to have at the exceptional and un-Royat-like hour of 7.30. At dinner he is convivial. Madame METTERBRUN and her two daughters are discussing music. Cousin JANE is deeply interested in listening to Madame METTERBRUN on WAGNER. The young Ladies are thorough Wagnerites. La Contessa is unable to get a word in about SHAKESPEARE and SALVINI, and her daughter, who, in a quiet tone and with a most deliberate manner, announces herself as belonging to the "Take-everything-easy Society," is not at this particular moment interested in anything except the *menu*, which she is lazily scrutinising through her long-handled *pince-nez*.

Mrs. DINDERLIN, having succumbed to the usual first attack of Royat depression, is leaning back in her chair, smelling salts and nodding assent to the Wagnerite theories, with which she entirely agrees. For my own part, I am neutral; but as the METTERBRUNS are thorough musicians,—the mother being a magnificent pianist, and the eldest daughter a composer,—I am really interested in hearing all they have to say on the subject. Our bias is, temporarily, decidedly Wagnerian, for Cousin JANE, who is really in favour of "tune," and plenty of it,—being specially fond of BELLINI and DONIZETTI,—in scientific musical society has not the courage of her opinions.

From composers the conversation travels to executants, and we name the favourite singers. After we have pretty well exhausted the list, and objected to this one as having a head voice, or to that as using the *vibrato*, or to the other as dwelling on an upper note ("queer sort of existence," says PULLER, gradually coming up, as it were to the surface to open his mouth for breath,—whereat Cousin JANE smiles, and Miss CASANOVA lazily nods approbation of the joke—while the rest of us ignore PULLER, putting him aside as not wanted just now,—when down he goes again), we generally agree that GAYARRÉ is about the best tenor we have had in London for some time; that SANTLEY is still unequalled as a baritone; that there is no one now to play and sing *Mephistopheles* like FAURE; that M. MAUREL is about the finest representative of *Don Giovanni*; that Miss ARNOLDSON shows great promise; that ALBANI is unrivalled; that MARIE ROZE is difficult to beat as *Carmen*; and that it is a pity that PATTI's demands are so exorbitant; and having exhausted the list of operatic artists,—Madame and her daughters holding that certain Germans, with whose names we, unfortunately for us, are not even acquainted, are far superior to any French or Italian singers that can be named—there ensues a pause in the conversation, of which the Countess CASANOVA takes advantage, and extending her right hand, which movement sharply jingles her bracelets, and so, as it were, sounds a bell to call us to attention, cuts in quickly with an emphatic, "Well, I don't profess to understand music as *you* do. I know what I like!"—"Hear! hear!" *sotto voce* from PULLER, coming up again to the surface, which draws a languidly approving inclination of the head from Miss CASANOVA, and a smile, deprecating the interruption, from Cousin JANE).—"and I must say," continues the Countess, emphatically, "I would rather have one hour of SALVINI in *Othello*, than a whole month of the best Operas by the best composers,—WAGNER included," and down comes her hand on the table, all the bracelets ringing down the curtain on the first act.

We, the non-combatants, feel that the mailed gauntlet has been thrown down by the Countess as a challenge to the METTERBRUNS.

"O Mother!" faintly remonstrates Miss CASANOVA, who loves a stall at the Opera. She fears that her mother's energetic declaration means war, and fans herself helplessly.

I am preparing to reconcile music and the drama, and am getting ready a supply of oil for what I foresee will be troubled waters, as the METTERBRUNS are beginning to rustle their feathers and flap their wings,—when PULLER, leaning well forward, and stretching out an explanatory hand, with his elbow planted firmly on the table, ("Very bad manners," says Cousin JANE afterwards to me) says genially, "Well, *voyez vous*, look here, you may talk of your WAGNERS and SHAKESPEARES, and GAYARRÉS, and PATTIS, but, for singing and acting, give me ARTHUR ROBERTS. Yes," he repeats pleasantly but defiantly, and taking up, as it were, the Countess's gauntlet, "SALVINI's not in it with ARTHUR ROBERTS."

The Countess's fan spreads out and works furiously. The steam is getting up. The METTERBRUNS open their eyes, and regard one another in consternation. They don't know who ARTHUR ROBERTS is. "Not know!" exclaims PULLER, quite in his element. "Well, when you come to London, you send to me, and I'll take you to hear him."

"He's a Music-Hall singer," says the Countess, fanning herself with an air of contemptuous indifference.

"Music-Hall *Ar-tiste!*" returns PULLER, emphasising the second syllable, which to his mind expresses a great deal, and makes all the difference. "Now, *Miladi!*" he goes on, imitating the manner of one of his own favourite counsel, engaged by PULLER & Co., conducting a cross-examination, "Have you ever seen him?"

"Yes," she replies, shrugging her shoulders, "once. And," she adds, making the bracelets jingle again, as with a tragedy queen's action of the right arm she sweeps away into space whole realms of Music Halls and comic singers, "that was quite enough."

"Didn't he make you laugh?" continues PULLER, still in the character of a stern cross-examiner.

"Laugh!" almost shrieks the Countess, extending her hands so suddenly that I have only time to throw myself back to avoid a sharp tap on the head from her fan. "Heavens! not a bit! not the least bit in the world! He made me sad! I saw the people in the stalls laughing, and I said,"—here she appeals with both hands to the majority of sensible people at large—still at large—"Am I stupid? am I dull? Do I not understand?"

"O Mother!" expostulates her daughter, in her most languid manner, "he *was* funny!"

"Funny!" ejaculates the Countess, tossing her head.

"I'd rather see ARTHUR ROBERTS than SALVINI," says PULLER, waggishly, but with conviction.

"I think I would, for choice," says Miss CASANOVA, meditatively, but seeing the Countess's horrified expression of countenance, she takes care to add more languidly than ever, as if taking the smallest part in an argument were really too exhausting, "but then, you know, I really don't understand tragedy, and I love a laugh."

"Prefers ARTHUR ROBERTS to SALVINI!" exclaims the Countess, and throws up her hands and eyes to the ceiling as if imploring Heaven not to visit on her the awful heresy of her child.

Here I interpose. SALVINI, I say, is a great *Artiste*, no doubt of it, a marvellous Tragedian; and ARTHUR ROBERTS is not, in the true dramatic sense of the word, a genuine Comedian; but he is, in another sense a true Comedian, though of the Music-Hall school.

"What a school!" murmurs the Countess, and with a pained expression of countenance as though she were suffering agonies.

The METTERBRUNS see the difference. Madame remembers a fat comic man in Berlin, at some garden, who used to wear a big hat and carry a large pipe, and make her laugh very much when she was a girl. Certainly, in his way, he was an artist. Is this ARTHUR ROBERTS anything like MAX SPLÜTTERWESSEL? At this point, as we have finished coffee, and the Countess finds the room hot, I propose adjourning the debate to the Restaurant in the garden, as we are too late for the band at the Casino Samie.

The party is broken up in order to walk down to our rendezvous.

PULLER, whose idea of making things pleasant, and, as he expresses it, "sweetening everyone all round," is to order "drinks" for everybody, insists upon the party taking "*consommations*"—he loves saying this word—at his expense. The Countess at first objects, as also does Madame METTERBRUN; but, on PULLER's explaining that he belongs to "The Two-with-you Society," they accept this explanation as utterly unintelligible but perfectly satisfactory; and so, accepting PULLER's *al fresco* hospitality, we form a cheerful group round two tables put together for our accommodation. PULLER's hospitality has taken the form of grenadines, chartreuses, and "sherry-gobblers,"—he loves this word too,—for us all round, and he has ordered for himself a strange mixture, which perfumes the night air as if some nauseous draught had been brought out of a chemist's shop, and which looks like green stagnant water in a big glass. It is called by PULLER, with great glee, an "Absinthe gummy."

Anything nastier to look at or to smell I am not acquainted with in the way of drinks. However, he is our host, and I have a grenadine before me of his ordering, and between my lips an excellent cigar which is his gift. I can only say mildly, "It looks nasty;" and Cousin JANE expresses herself to the same effect, remarking also as she looks significantly towards me, that it is late, and that I am not keeping Royat hours. I promise to come away in ten minutes. PULLER is in the highest possible spirits: surrounded by this company, all drinking his drinks, he as it were takes the chair and presides. He knocks on the table, which brings the waiter, to whom he says, holding up a couple of fingers "Two with you,"—whereat the waiter only smiles upon the eccentric Englishman, shakes his head, and wisely retires.

"Ah, *Miladi!*" says PULLER, "you must take a course of ROBERTS. He's a rum 'un." Then he sings, "He's all right when you know him, but you've got to hear him *first*."

His guests politely smile, all except the Countess. I preserve a discreet silence. Taking this on the whole for encouragement, PULLER commences the song from which he has already quoted the chorus. What the words are I do not catch, but as PULLER reproduces to the life the style and manner of a London Music-Hall singer, and cocks his hat on one side, it is no wonder that the French people at the other table turn towards us in amazement.

"For goodness sake, Mr. PULLER!" cries the Countess, rising

from her chair in consternation. JANE also rises, Miss CASANOVA is laughing nervously. The METTERBRUNS look utterly astonished. I feel I must stop this at once.

"My dear fellow," I say, magisterially, "you really mustn't do this sort of thing"—he is breaking out again with "*O what a surprise!*"—but I get up from my seat to reprove him gravely. "You would not do this if you were in a London Restaurant."

"No," he replies, not in the least offended—"that's the lark of it. I belong to 'The Out-for-a-lark-and-Two-with-you-Society.' Don't you mind me," he adds; then turning with a pleasant wink to the ladies, who have been putting on their wraps and mantles, and are preparing to leave, he sings again,—

"I'm all right when you know me—
But—"

We leave him to finish the song by himself.

And to think that my friend PULLER, with his hat cocked on one side, a big cigar in his mouth, a tumbler of "absinthe gummy" before him, a rakish expression in his eye, is the same PULLER to whom, as partner in the firm of HORLER, PULLER, BAKER AND DAYVILLE, Solicitors, I would trust my dearest interests in any matter of property, of character, even of life itself! The strange story of *Hyde* and *Jekyll* is no fiction, after all.

WHITMAN IN LONDON.

(Adapted from the American.)

Oh, site of Coldbath Fields Prison!

Oh, eight and three-quarter acres of potential Park for the plebs!

I gaze at you; I, WALT, gaze at you through cracks in the black hoarding,

Though the helmeted blue-coated Bobby dilates to me on the advantages of moving on.

I marvel at the stupidity of Authorities everywhere.

I stand and inhale a playground which in a week or two will be turned into a Post Office by Government orders!

Instead of plants growing here, bricks will be planted.

Instead of girlhood, boyhood playing here, cash will be counted, stamps will be affixed (savagely) by the public, and letters weighed when the young women have time, and also inclination, to do so.

I, from the wild Western Continent, wilder myself, weep for this Park soon to be devoured.

I am like a buck-jumper: I buck at it.

I am like the Giant Cowboy: only I am not gigantic, and I am cowed by it.

Oh, Northerly end of Farringdon Street! Oh, Coldbath Fields Square! Oh, dwellers in all the adjacent slums and rookeries, redolent of old clothes' shops, swarthy Italian organ-grinders, and the superannuated herring,

Are you going to see another House of Correction—a Postal one—built where the old one stood?

If so, it is I who correct you: I, who am so correct myself!

And you, too, Clerkenwell Gaol!

What are the dodrotted Authorities going to do with you?

Eh? Clear you away, and build a Board School there?

But why build anything?

Clerkenwell is mine: I am *à propos* of Clerkenwell: Clerkenwell is *à propos* of me.

Morally, if not legally, it is mine; morally it is yours as well, you wizened, pallid, blue-nosed, dunderheaded Metropolitan Citizen!

In this jungle of houses, what is wanted is fresh air.

Everyone of you toilers should be given the real "Freedom of the City," by having free spaces bestowed on you.

It is better to learn how to expand the limbs, and play rounders, and leap over the frog, and fly kites,

Than to acquire in a school-room elementary education, consisting of algebra and Assyrian hieroglyphics, spelling, Greek, Italian, and advanced trigonometry.

Allons, then! *Esperanza!* Also *cui bono!* Go to your Home Secretary, your Postmaster in General, and tell them that no Post Office or School shall be built on this spot.

Because I, WALT, hailing hoarsely from Manhattan, have spotted it. And *Punch*, the lustrous *camerado*, the ineffable dispensator, will spot it too!



A Salt and Battery.



COMPENSATION.

Effie. "BUT, DEAR MAMMA, HOW CAN WE HELP BRING SELFISH, MAUD AND I! YOU AND PAPA HAVE ALWAYS GIVEN WAY TO US IN EVERYTHING! UNSELFISH PARENTS ALWAYS MAKE SELFISH CHILDREN, YOU KNOW—AND VICE VERSA!"

Maud. "YES; AND, ACCORDING TO THAT, MUMMY DARLING, JUST THINK WHAT NICE UNSELFISH GRANDCHILDREN YOU 'LL HAVE, IF WE EVER MARRY!"

JUPITER TONANS!

"Shall I fetch your thunderbolt, Jove?" inquired Ganymede.—*Idion in Heaven.*

Modern Jupiter loquitur:—

A BOLT, a potent one, and brought at need! That B-L-F-R is a ready Ganymede. And yet—and yet—ah, well, upon my soul. A troublous function is the Thunderer's rôle. 'Tis vastly fine, of course; if fate would smile, I fancy that the Cloud-Compeller's style Would suit me sweetly; just the line I love; Resolute rule's the appanage of a Jove. But SHELLEY's dismal Demogorgon's self, That solemn, shadowy, stern, oracular elf, Plus obstinate Prometheus, did not play Such mischief as the parties do to-day, With Law and Order. Who would be a god When force forsakes his bolt, and fear his nod?

Yes, here's the bolt forged ready to my hand, But,—will it fly obedient to command, And hit the mark I mean? Would I were sure;

Then should I hold my new-found seat secure, Without a thought of Saturn, or that Hour Which sets a term e'en to Olympian pow'r. But what if like a boomerang, it fly Back to my hand, or, worse, into mine eye? Ah, Ganymede, Jupiter Tonans seems A splendid part, in young ambition's dreams, But, Ganymede, who would aspire, I wonder, To be a Jove who's half afraid to thunder? With doubts about the handling of my bolt. And half Olympus in half-veiled revolt; With hostile Titans mustering on the plain,

And old Prometheus "popping up again"; With Demogorgon lurking down below, Disguised as Demos, with its muffled, low, But multitudinous slowly-swellng voice, How should I in Olympian power rejoice? I grasp the bolt; I cannot well refuse it; But—I half hope I may not have to use it!

"HOMES IN THE HILLS."

[The absence of skilled nursing in the British Military Hospitals in India having long been felt to be a serious evil, leading to the needless sacrifice of brave and valuable lives, the SECRETARY OF STATE has sanctioned the employment of Lady Nurses in these hospitals. The Government of India have undertaken the whole cost in connection with this scheme, except the provision of "Homes in the Hills," as restorative resorts for the Nursing Sisters, when their own health feels the strain of their arduous duties in such a climate as that of the plains of India. The money required for this most essential purpose the Government consider might be "appropriately left to the active benevolence of private individuals interested in the welfare of the British Soldier in India."

For aid towards the establishment of these "Homes in the Hills," Lady ROBERTS, wife of the gallant Indian hero, Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS, makes an appeal which *Mr. Punch* desires most earnestly to second.

Subscriptions will be received by the Alliance Bank, Simla; Messrs. Cox & Co., Craig's Court, London; and by Lady ROBERTS herself.]

To nurse our stricken Soldiers! Nobler task, Or more ennobling, can our Sisters ask? Whilst stout hearts suffer, soft ones shall not fail

In selfless readiness to soothe and save, Sharing the tribute rendered by the brave To FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Her sex's strong and sweet exemplar, she Must surely send across the orient sea To "NORA ROBERTS," as a kindred heart, Message of warm good-will. And we at home For whom our soldiers fight, and watch, and roam,

Shall we not do our part?

'Tis sad to think that in that burning land, For lack of ministry from woman's hand, Strong men and gallant boys have sunk and died.

Gladdening to hear that Nursing Sisters now, To cool hot lips and ease pain-fevered brow, Will seek our Soldiers' side.

But who shall nurse the Nurses? When the strain

Of ministry on India's torrid plain Brings the fatigue that, long-neglected, kills,

They'll need, as health-resorts whereto to send,

For rest restorative, the soldiers' friend, Homes in the cooler hills.

For these the Lady of our gallant Chief, Whose brilliant march brought Candahar relief,

Pleads to a public whom that honoured name

Alone should stir to sympathy and aid. Help for the Helpers! *Punch* is not afraid That plea will miss its aim!



JUPITER TONANS!

“HA!—A POWERFUL WEAPON!—HOPE I MAYN'T HAVE TO USE IT!!”



HOLIDAY HINTS.

(From Crowded-out Correspondents.)

SIR,—The plan of your Correspondent, "A DOUBTFUL SAILOR," who alleges that he avoids sea-sickness by drinking two bottles of Champagne before starting, and then goes on board accompanied by his Family Doctor, who administers alternately nitrous oxide gas and ginger beer to him every ten minutes till the passage is over, though no doubt an efficacious preventive, strikes me as less simple than the means I invariably employ to secure a comfortable crossing. They are easily available, and are as follows. Before I start I provide myself with a six-foot mattress, several yards of rope, and four screw-hooks, which, the moment I enter the cabin, I proceed with a large gimlet to fasten to the ceiling, and, before the Steward or passengers have had time to protest, I have rigged myself up a capital swinging bed in the very centre of the vessel. To jump in, occupy it, and keep officials at bay with an umbrella, only needs a little nerve and practice, and when once fairly out of port, specially if it be rough, one is not very easily dislodged. In the course of thirteen passages, I have only been overturned eleven times, in nine of which I was cut down by order of the Captain; and though on several occasions, through clinging to the swinging-lamp, I brought it down in the struggle, and had to pay for the damage, I can confidently recommend any one who has a horror of the Channel crossing, and does not mind a brisk physical encounter with three Stewards, the First Mate, and half the crew of one of the Folkestone and Boulogne boats, to follow my example.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ABAST THE FUNNEL.

SIR,—"ONE WHO HASN'T YET DONE IT," wants to know how, travelling with only one ticket, he can secure an entire third-class compartment for the whole journey to himself. I will tell him. Let him install himself in his quarters taking with him five full life-sized lay-figures dressed in old great-coats with hats pulled down over their ears and eyes, and let him arrange these picturesquely about the carriage in attitudes indicative of the suffering of much internal torture. Then let him stand at the window with a genial and good-humoured expression on his face, and pointing over his shoulder to the scene behind him, explain briefly to any passengers who are thinking of entering, that he is travelling with "five aged uncles in the last stage of delirium from a contagious and infectious fever," and he will find they will instantly desist from their efforts and hurry to another portion of the train. To carry out this little *ruse* successfully it may be sometimes necessary to wink at the ticket-collector and give him threepence, but this does not follow as a matter of course. The plan will be found to work excellently on comparatively short excursions to the sea-side, during which people sent in search of health are necessarily anxious to avoid anything approaching to the risk of contagion. For longer distances, such as a journey to the North for instance, there is nothing like travelling with an Indian Chief, and if possible, with a hyæna. The appearance of the former in gleaming paint and feathers brandishing a tomahawk and uttering wild war-whoops at every station, will be sure to prevent the intrusion of women with babies, while even a country farmer, on seeing the hyæna emerge from under the seat, and on your remarking smilingly, "He isn't muzzled, but I don't think he'll bite," will be likely to select some other compartment. I have travelled from King's Cross to Inverness several times under the above conditions, and except on one occasion at Perth, where the hyæna got loose and eat thirteen half-crown breakfasts, for which I had to pay, and on one other at Edinburgh, when the Indian Chief scalped a ticket-collector by mistake, I have never met with any sort of *contretemps*, but enjoyed the journey in comfort, and kept the carriage the whole way entirely to myself. At this season of the year when so many who are off "for the grouse," think twice before putting their hands into their pockets for the exorbitant fare of a journey first-class, my method of securing all its comfort at half the cost, may possibly find some votaries willing to profit by my experience. Such as it is, it is thus freely placed at their disposal.

By yours inventively,

THERE AND BACK.

SIR,—Your Correspondent, a "STIFLED INVALID," wants to know how, in these days of ill-drained and ill-ventilated lodgings, he can secure a breath of fresh sea-air without the risk of being prostrated by a local fever, or poisoned by sewer gas. His course is simple enough. He has only to do as I have done. Let him get a furniture-van (if he is a married man with a family, he will want more—I have five), and hire a traction-engine to drag him to some well-known watering-place, and deposit him on the Pier. I have tried the experiment, as yet, with every prospect of success. Here am I, with my five vans, well installed at the end of the Pier of a well-known fashionable health resort, the band playing twice a day, with the fresh air blowing all about me, and the sea surrounding me on every side. We managed to get on when the man who takes the tickets

was away having his dinner. The situation is quite delightful, and but for the fact that all the local Authorities have commenced proceedings against me, and that there was a slight riot last night during an ineffectual attempt made by six-and-thirty cart-horses to move me on to the Marine Parade, I have every reason to be satisfied with the result of my experiment. I am living rent free, and, beyond the cost of a family ticket for the Pier, which, though it is disputed by the Committee, I insist gives me a right to have my vans on as well, have, as yet, been put to no expense whatever. There was a report that the Local Fire Brigade had resolved, in the event of my not moving off, to force me to do so by "pumping" me out, but I am loth to believe this. Meantime we are having some excellent fishing with a lawn-tennis net. The traction-engine is to call for me in a month. Strongly recommending my "Plan of Campaign" to a "STIFLED INVALID," I beg to subscribe myself, your obedient servant,

NO LAND LUBBER.

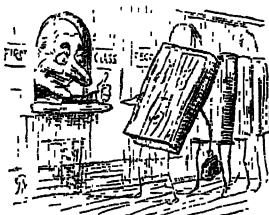
THE NOVEL-READER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. I believe you are a very rapid reader of fiction?

Answer. Certainly. My average rate is three and a half volumes a day. This gives me plenty of time for meals, sleep and skipping.

Q. Do you skip a great deal?

A. A very great deal. For instance, I have skipped about two-thirds of *Isa*, by the Editor of the *North-Eastern Daily Gazette*, in spite of it being only in a couple of volumes, and containing for an introduction the following rather lengthy sentence:—"If the devil were in a laughing mood, what could seem more grimly humorous to him than the vision of a fair young spirit striving consciously after ethereal perfection, but overweighted unconsciously by the bonds and fetters of human infirmity and passion, and dragged at last headlong down the abysmal descent to perdition?" "Abysmal" is good—very good.



Through Booking, First-Class and other wise.

Q. Well, and what of the book itself?

A. Chiefly horrors. Nightmare after a pork-chop supper I fancy. *Nelly Jocelyn (Widow)*, is a welcome contrast. One of the best things Miss JEAN MIDDLEMASS has done. The character of *Paul Cazalet* capitally drawn and foreign local colouring admirable.

Q. What do you think of *His Own Enemy*?

A. Fancy the title somehow must refer to the Author. Clerical sketches full of unconscious humour. Two volumes but very big ones. Quite a relief to get to *A False Start*,—by HAWLEY SMART, which is most entertaining. But in this case the name of the Author is a safe guarantee for something worth reading.

Q. What do you think of *A Modern Circe*?

A. I fancy it is not quite so good as *Molly Brown*, by the same Author.

Q. What do you know of *Molly Brown*?

A. Nothing—I have not read it.

Q. What have you to say about *Scamp*?

A. That it is by the Author of *The Silent Shadow*, which I fancy must be the sequel of another novel called *The Garrulous Ghost*. In the first chapter the heroine *Scamp*, (a young lady) is discovered up a tree from which coign of vantage she throws a yellow-paper-covered novel at the gardener's head.

Q. The first chapter then must be vastly entertaining?

A. Vastly. I am absolutely dying to read the chapters that follow it, and will—some day.

Q. What is *Brother or Lover* about? A. I don't know—do you?Q. This is trifling! Pray describe *Out of Tune*.

A. Ought to have been called *Out of Paganini*—founded upon that distinguished fiddler's life, although (as the Author says) "it is necessarily speculative as to its details."

Q. Have you read *In the King's Service*?

A. Some of it. Fancy it deals with the Peninsular War.

Q. How about *Jill and Jack*?

A. Book I imagine written before the title. Rather hard work to get up the hill which ends with the last chapter.

Q. What is *Hidden in my Heart*?

A. Seemingly the words which finish the third volume, "It is two years now since *Hubert* died, and to-morrow is my second wedding-day."

Q. Is this the first novel that the Authoress has written?

A. Oh dear no. She has also published *Out of Eden*, *Quite True*, and a book which apparently refers to the late-in-life "finishing" of an uneducated ecclesiastic called *The Vicar's Governess*.

Q. Don't you think that you are rather hard upon the novelists?

A. I hope not. I am sure I owe them a deep, deep debt of gratitude.

Q. How so? A. Without them I should be a victim to insomnia.



A REMINISCENCE OF THE VERY DRY WEATHER.

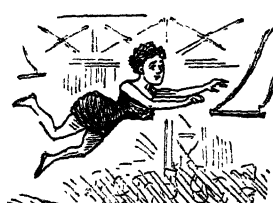
Secretary to Water-Works. "TUT-T-T-T. 'GETTING VERY SERIOUS, Y'KNOW! IF THIS DROUGHT CONTINUES, I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE——"

Friend. "LOOK HERE,—CAN'T YOU TURN ON SOME WHISKEY IN THE SERVICE? MY DEAR FELLOW, IT WOULD INFALLIBLY PREVENT WASTE!"

THE FLY AND THE FARMERS.

"The Hessian Fly is causing great alarm amongst the agriculturists. Its extinction is attracting the attention of the Faculty."—*Daily Paper.*

Now we number the Potato
Beetle 'mong the scares gone by;



But a cuss has
found its
way to
Fields of
corn—the
Hessian
Fly.

Unde derivatur
"Hessian"?
Named from
whence the
fly had
flown,

Catching Perch with a Fly.

Under quite a wrong impression,
No such thing in Hesse's known.

Cecidomyia destructor,
(What long names have little things!)
Comes o'er Ocean by conductor;
Straw, pestiferous, *pupa*, brings.
They turn, each, into a small gnat,
Not a blow-fly, bottle-blue;
Cecidomyia, vulgo, gall-gnat,
Galls both growths and growers too.

So the Farmers, full of trouble,
Help imploring go about,
They are told to burn the stubble;
No way else to stamp it out.
True the *Chalcis* is reputed,
On the Gall-gnat's grub to feed;
But, for service to be suited,
How that parasite can they breed?

Yet there is a vermin-killer,
Like to thin the dipterous pest,
To the farmer and the miller,
Which instruction may suggest.
What, may be, the question narrows,
If they doubt they can but try,
Is, if let alone, the sparrows
Might keep down the Hessian Fly.

BLESS HIS 'ART.—If there is anything in a name, the recently suggested appointment of *Artin Effendi* as Turkish Commissioner at Sofia ought to mean something. Certainly the situation is one demanding the exercise of no little diplomatic art. But the question is, whether the proposed Commissioner has got, as ROBERT would put it, his *art* in the business. There's the point.

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.—The Riots at Ostend.

THE WHISTLING RELIEF.

(*A Song for the Sleepy.*)

"Baron H. DE WORMS informed Mr. LAWSON, that the Board of Trade had communicated with some of the Railway Companies as to the nuisance caused to the inhabitants of the Metropolis by the constant use of railway whistles at night, and the Board were assured that every effort would be made to reduce the nuisance."—*Parliamentary Report.*

AIR—"The Whistlin' Thief."

WHEN one is tired or ill,
And fain asleep would be,
A whistle loud and shrill
Oft brings the "big, big D."
"DE WORMS," young LAWSON said,
"This whistling is a bore."
"All right," says the Baron; "don't you
be afraid.
They'll whistle at night no more."

"I've lived a long time, Baron,"
Says *Punch*, "in the world, my dear,
But of a nuisance settled at once,
I never yet did hear.
Yet if you'll lessen nocturnal shines,
And let us sleep or think,
Your jolly good health all the commonwealth
In a bumper deep will drink."

ECCENTRIC CONDUCT OF A JOURNALIST
ON THE SPREE.—The Editor of the Berlin *Echo* has offered a prize for the best Poem in praise of the Mother-in-Law. This singular demand proves that the gentleman cannot be married.

CHANGE OF NAME.

If thus Penny Papers are freely allowed
To fling right and left their absurd
imputations,
To find a new name for the quill-driving
crowd
Will surely be one of our first obligations.
The Penny-a-Liner for long has been
known
As a genial gusher, a fine phrase-refiner;
But now that he false and malignant has
grown,
We must call him "The Penny Maligner."

THE SIGH OF THE SEASON.

GOOD-BYE dinner, good-bye lunch,
Good-bye turtle, good-bye punch,
Good-bye jambon
soaked in cham,
Good-bye venison,
cutlets lamb,
Good-bye salmon,
smelts, and sole,
Good-bye HEIDSIECK'S Monopole,
Good-bye hock,
sauterne, and
sherry,
Good-bye all that
makes me merry,
Good-bye liqueurs, *petite verre*,
Good-bye Sauce au Vin Madère,
Good-bye all these joys of life,
Good-bye fork, and good-bye knife,
Good-bye all I take when out,
Good-bye then this twinge of gout!

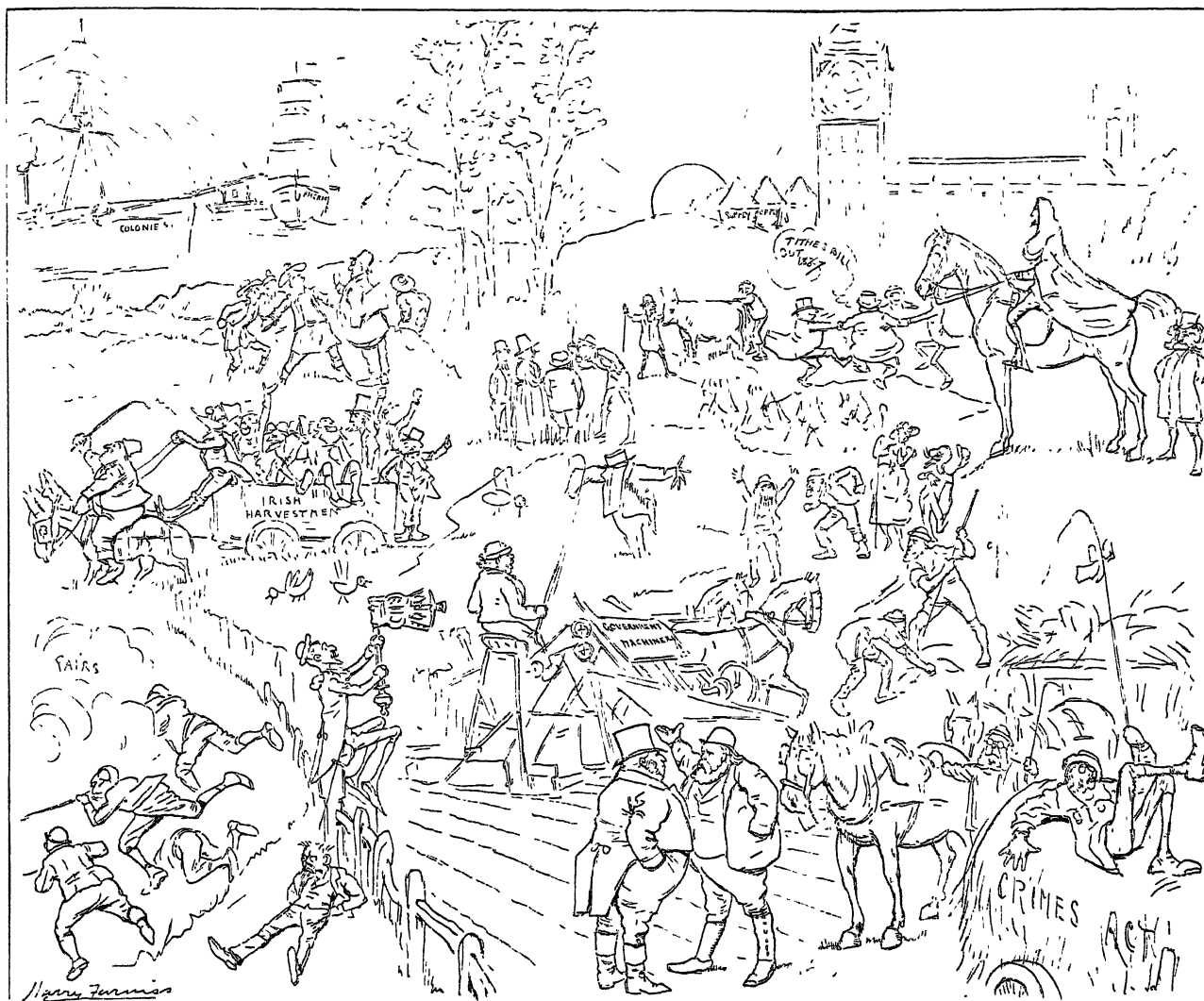


Pilled at the Club.

WORTH NOTICE.—There is this slight difference between the conventional Yankee and the average Home Ruler, that whilst the former swears "by Gum," the latter swears by G. O. M.

"THE STORY OF A KISS."—(*A "Novel" Reading.*)—Kiss and tell! For shame!

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 51.



THE LATE PARLIAMENTARY HARVEST.

(Facsimile of Sketch by Our Out-of-Town Special.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday August 22.—Peers at last face the inevitable. As records have shown there has been for week or two no work for them to do. Still, they have eased their tender consciences by assembling to see HALSBURY take the Woolsack. (Always a pleasing spectacle. Innate grace of LORD CHANCELLOR comes out in every step and gesture.) To-night there was, as usual, nothing to do; but Noble Lords really could not again make believe that Nation could not get on without them. So stayed away, and for one night House of Lords abolished.

In Commons at hour for commencing public business barely a quorum present. Both Front Bench and Treasury Bench vacant. GEORGE BALFOUR, always ready to throw himself into breach, took possession of seat of Leader of Opposition, and calmly gazed across table. Never should it be said as long as he had seat in House that Liberals were as sheep without a shepherd. Few Members on back benches visibly brightened up at sight of veteran volunteer.

Only a few questions, but unwonted difficulty in getting through them. Some cases the questioner not present. In others Minister addressed not yet arrived. MCARTHUR had question down pretty early in list. SPEAKER called upon him. No response. Went on to next question. Quarter of an hour later, all other questions run

through. MCARTHUR coming in put his question to Parliamentary Secretary for Foreign Affairs. FERGUSON, who had also just arrived, supposing that MCARTHUR had put question in due course, apologised to him for not having been in his place; whereat House laughed uproariously. Very grateful in these times for anything that looks like joke.

P. STANHOPE brought under notice of Home Secretary case of enterprising parish constable in North Hunts. P.C., a supporter of Her Majesty's Government, resented Liberal candidate presenting himself before constituency. Determined he should not be heard. Brought down enormous rattle; swung it about throughout candidate's speech. JOSEPH GILLIS pricked up his ears. What a notion this would be for adaptation to Parliamentary usage! Suppose he had rattle and swung it whilst SAUNDERSON or JOHNSTON were speaking? Will consult SPEAKER as to how far this would be in order. HOME SECRETARY declined to be responsible for either parish constable or his rattle.

Business done.—Votes on Supply.

Tuesday.—Lords sat ten minutes to-night. Home to dinner, with sense of deserving well of country.

Commons at work again in Supply. Considered Vote for Science and Art Department, South Kensington. CAVENDISH-BENTINCK contributed one or two speeches of great interest. Thin attendance, and prevalent air of lassitude. But, whilst on legs, C.-B. riveted attention. Very indignant with neglect of Art in common life. Old Members accustomed to Right Hon. Gentleman's little trick, of

which he is sole repository. But new Members tremble, and grow pale, as, when denouncing any person or practice, Right Hon. Gentleman mysteriously raises his hair till it stands on end. Once this phenomenon came about when he denounced certain weighing-machines, which, he said, had recently been put up at London railway stations. Tops of this machine, he said, were supported by two columns, one supposed to be Ionic, and the other Doric.

"As matter of fact," said C.-B., his hair slowly uprising, "they're neither one thing nor the other, but simply German!"

As he spoke, fixed fiery eye on HOME SECRETARY, MATTHEWS, so accustomed to be badgered, and feeling his perfect innocence in this respect, shook his head. Phenomenon witnessed again when BENTINCK discovered that picture, bought at CHRISTIE'S for 120 guineas, subsequently sold to National Gallery for 400. Hair rose in angry protest.

Business done.—Thirteen Votes passed.

Thursday.—Dreary wilderness of House of Commons blossomed to-night like a rose-garden. Yesterday, and for days before, empty benches and a fagged remnant wrestling with routine votes. To-night House crowded, and buzz of excitement filled chamber. GLADSTONE going to move hostile Resolution on Government proposal to proclaim Land League. Every Member in town early in his place. Members from afar arrived post-haste. Even RANDOLPH, temporarily returns. Old Morality smiles ghastly smile of welcome, but knees tremble as he wonders what RANDOLPH means to do. The O'GORMAN MAHON back again, PARNELL having elected him for Carlow County. The old boy as young as ever, and full of reminiscences of his early Parliamentary career, which goes back immeasurable distance.

"Ah," he said, looking at the Mace, "there it is agin. I remember well the afternoon—we always sat in the afternoon thin—when CROMWELL came down, and said, 'Take away that bauble, ye spalpeens, or I'll make it worse for ye.' I was younger then, Toby me bhoy, indade quite a young man."

Old boy's limp is, I fancy, getting better. He has suffered it for some years now. Seems that one day towards the close of last century BURKE flung dagger on floor of House by way of peroration. Weapon rebounded, and struck The MAHON on the instep. If you step into the lavatory with him, he'll show you the scar.

"A mere thrifle, a mere thrifle, acushla! They were lively bhoys when I was in me prime."

GLADSTONE in fine form and excellent voice. Honoured occasion by donning one of his biggest collars and a new necktie. Curious proof of his persuasiveness how he gradually talked his necktie round till knot rested under left ear. BALFOUR squealed forth his disapprobation for upwards of an hour. Rather a pitiful spectacle, the more so by reason of the contrast.

"He should try to avoid immediately following GLADSTONE," said RANDOLPH, looking down contemptuously at his former friend.

Best speeches after first, *longo intervallo*, were BRADLAUGH's and ROBERTSON's, the Scotch Solicitor-General. Conservatives quite forgotten their old animosity to Member for Northampton. As for PARNELL, cheer him madly as they do PARNELL. Certainly BRADLAUGH has acquired House of Commons' manner. Speeches in good style and full of point.

Quite a treat to hear such speech as ROBERTSON's from Treasury Bench. Mem. for Markiss. Why not double his salary, and let him speak from MATTHEWS's brief, and, above all, from BALFOUR's?

Business done.—Debate on Proclamation of National League.

Friday.—Amphibious old Warrior, who has been Admiral afloat, Generalissimo ashore, and is now Member for County Carlow, reappeared to-night, and took oath. It was a moving scene. Old veteran got up in rather young-looking costume, light tweed, with white waistcoat, in cut what young beau of twenty might wear.

"Why, Colonel," said CYRIL FLOWER, a judge of these things, "you look younger than ever in your new suit!"

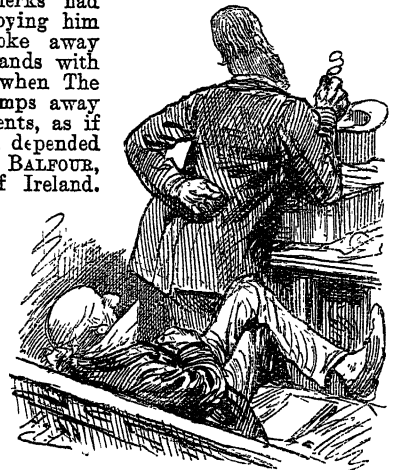
"New, bedad," says The MAHON, "why I had 'em made to go to the wedding of WILLIAM and MARY. All Mimbers of Parliament invited; special seats in Abbey; and, what's more, a good luncheon at BELLAMY'S. Haven't worn suit lately; thought it would do for this festive occasion."

The MAHON's advance to table to take oath a triumphal progress. Members on both sides cheered like mad. The Colonel stopped half way, and, facing friends and countrymen, blew them a kiss from

tips of fingers. Turning to Ministerialists, who joined in applause he bowed gracefully. Clerks had greatest difficulty in conveying him to SPEAKER'S Chair. Broke away from escort, and shook hands with Old Morality. No joke when The MAHON shakes hands. Pumps away violently for several moments, as if ship were leaking, and all depended on him. Next got hold of BALFOUR, and avenged long woes of Ireland. At last got at SPEAKER. Thought he'd never let go. Pumped away till the SPEAKER had hardly breath to call "Order! order!" Finally flopped himself down next to GLADSTONE, on Front Bench, and gave him fearful shaking up.

This, liveliest episode in debate. Some pretty good speaking, but everyone sick to death of topic.

A little movement of interest when HARTINGTON rose; but happiest moment when bell rang, and Division actually at hand. *Business done.*—Proclamation of Land League approved.



Lord H-rt-ngt-n's attitude towards Mr. Gl-dst-ne.

A SUMMER SOLILOQUY.

By Jaques Junior.

A BEE, or not a bee? That is the question. Whether 'twere better not to mind, and suffer The stings that every summer are our portion, Or take the trouble but to move an arm, And, by opposing, end them. It flies—it creeps, It creeps, perchance it stings! Then comes the rub, When we have shuffled off our clothing. Soft, 'Twas but a bluebottle! How sweet it is To lie like this i' the sun, and think of nought Save how sweet 'tis to lie, and think of nought; And that meseems to many wordy sages Were small refreshment in this windy time. How many are there who do cheat themselves, And with themselves the many, that they are The very vaward leaders of the fray, The victors of the pomp of intellect. Whereas they are the merest driven spray, The running rabble heralding the march Impelled by what they herald;— Who ever glance behind to see which way— Oh, my prophetic soul! my Aunt ELIZA!

[He is stung!]

IRISH NET PROFIT.

IN connection with the establishment, thanks chiefly to the munificence of Lady BURDETT-COURTIS and the Duke of NORFOLK, at

Baltimore (Cork) of a New Industrial Fishery School to the end of teaching the fishermen there how to make the most of their hauls, the *Times*, as one example of the need of that instruction for those toilers of the Sea, very justly observes that "their ignorance of the art of curing fish causes them endless loss." The hap of Kill or Curemay be hazarded

by physicians, but the practice of fishermen should be to kill and cure too—kill first and cure afterwards. Sure, no Irishman can fail to see the force of that. An Irish peasant sometimes when his pig is poorly, kills the animal, as he says, to save its life, whereby, of course, he means, to save his bacon. Fishermen should be up to curing all fish that are curable—except—they are not bootmakers—the cure of soles!



"Putting the Carte before the Hoarse."

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STRANGE ADVENTURES OF ASCENA LUKINGLASSE.

(By PHIL UPPEB, *Author of "An Out-of-Luck Young Man," "Jack and Jill went up the Hill," "The Bishop and his Grandmother," &c.*

ASCENA'S NARRATIVE.

THE story which I have to tell is more than strange. It is so terrible, so incredible, so entirely contrary to all that any ordinary reader of the *London Journal* or the "penny dreadfuls" has ever heard of, that even now I have some doubt in telling it. I happen, however, to know it is true, and so does my husband. My husband will come in presently with his narrative. There! that ought to make you curious. A very good commencement.

My early life was uneventful. I was a foundling. I was left with two old ladies (I fancy I may work them up some day into "character" sketches) by a perfect gentleman, who, after giving them £200, went away the next morning to Vienna for ever. He left with these two old ladies a little wardrobe full of clothes, but there was not a mark, nor so much as an initial, upon a single thing. They had all been cut out with a sharp pair of scissors.

This again ought to excite your curiosity. Bear it in mind. Mysterious parentage—no mother, no marks, and father gone to Vienna for ever.

The two old ladies kept a school, in which I first was a scholar, then a teacher. There I remained until I was seventeen, when I was tall and strong for my age, and looked more like three or four and twenty. One day one of the old ladies said to me—

"Now, my dear, I will tell you what we are going to do. We are going to sell the school, and buy a little cottage at Bognor. It doesn't face the sea, and just holds two. So, as we have considered you more or less our own daughter, we are going to kick you out. Now don't let's talk any more about it to-day, but tell us to-morrow at breakfast, like a dear good girl, that we are going to do what you wish."

"I shall tell you to-morrow," I answered, firmly. "I'll pretend to think the matter over with all my might and main, until to-morrow morning, and then give you an answer as solemnly weighed, and as carefully set out, as a Saturday afternoon essay."

So I was kicked out.

I became a governess in the household of Mrs. COWSTREAM. That household consisted of the master, whose manner was what old ladies in Lincolnshire call "rampageous," the children, who were, beyond doubt, hopelessly dull, and the mistress, who was colourless.

Nothing particularly happened save my dismissal (after receiving a salary of about a thousand to twelve-hundred a year) within six months. With about four-hundred pounds in hand I went to the Charing Cross Hotel.

I feel I am a little plot-less. So far: foundling, old ladies at Bognor, aimless engagement by Mrs. COWSTREAM and advertisement for the Charing Cross Hotel. All good in their way, but not quite enough. I want an incident. I have it.

Having untold gold, I thought I would buy some gloves in the Tottenham Court Road. I entered an omnibus, was much struck by an old woman who sat next me, bought the gloves, was arrested as a thief for passing false money and saved from penal servitude for life by old woman. Come, there's action for you! Still, I don't know why it is, but we don't seem to get much "forrader."

The old woman hurried me about from place to place feeding me simply on grapes and bonbons. For some reason I was not allowed to know where I was. I didn't want to, and not caring a brass-farthing for the selfish old ladies at Bognor, it mattered nothing to me whether they heard from me or not. After a time the old woman asked me to sign this with my blood.

"In consideration of seven pounds a week, I agree to sell my dreams between sunset and sunrise, the payment ceasing on my death, and my dreams, if any, immediately becoming only, and unconditionally my own."

I broke out laughing and signed it. Then the old woman said:—

"I am old enough to be your mother, and I am sure you know I feel kindly towards you. I am not entirely my own mistress—think well of me if you can."

Then placing by my side a little bottle of champagne, potted meats, Devonshire cream, and dainty biscuits of various kinds, she left me. The next day I was kicked out and carried in a carriage to Dawlish. I had a nice little dinner—tender beefsteak, new potatoes, asparagus and spinach, a bottle of sound port and a ripe stilton. After this, somehow or other, I had a restless night. I was tormented with strange dreams in which appeared a person whom I had never seen in my life. Certainly not that I can remember. He was an old man wearing an immense opal on his right-hand little finger. I had never seen such an opal before. The dream was confused, I can only give these facts about it.

Let's see how I am getting on. Mysterious parentage. School life. Old woman in omnibus, ghastly-comical agreement, heavy dinner and consequent nightmare. Is that all? No, I have forgotten the advertisement for the Charing Cross Hotel. All told, I can't say

that there is much in my story. Must get on. More heavy dinners, more nightmares. Went to Brighton. Saw Doctor who said, "your nerves are out of order, you are suffering from a malady called Incipient Detearia. What do you drink?"

"Nothing but port, maraschino, and champagne."

"Quite right. Persevere. I am going away for a fortnight. Continue your diet, and, when I return, I will come and see you again. By that time your malady will have reached an acute stage. By the way, do you ever eat?"

"Not as much as I drink. I sometimes have a plate of turtle soup, but chiefly as an excuse for a glass of punch."

"Quite so. Good day."

After this, my dreams became more and more confused, and I grew quite ill. Then I met a gentleman at the *table d'hôte*, called Captain CHARLES. He was most kind, asked me on board his yacht, and, when we had got to Dieppe, said,—

"Miss ASCENA, I think we both understand each other. I am afraid I have done very wrong in kidnapping you. Well, now, I am going to put a question to you, straight and fair. When the yacht slipped anchor at Brighton, I had a marriage-licence in our names, in a morocco case in my pocket, upon which any clergyman on the Continent is bound to act. It's no Gretna-Green business, I can assure you."

"I'll talk about it this afternoon, if I am well enough," I said, holding on to a rope (it was very rough), and, feeling myself turning deadly pale,

"Are you married already?" he asked, with a something like a choking in his mouth.

"No, no, no," I cried. "I like you very much."

I got out of the general embarrassment by fainting away until I found myself in the Hotel Royal, Dieppe.

Again I pause to say that I fancy somehow I am making a mess of this story. To my list I have added an absolutely pointless and superfluous case of kidnapping, which would be unpleasant were it not ridiculous.

Well, the Doctor came, and said I was to have a large glass of port wine and a small glass of beef tea every ten minutes. This did me good. After a few hours of this treatment, feeling more communicative, I told Captain CHARLES all I have written here. I also explained to him my difficulty in carrying on my tale without a collaborateur.

He stooped over me, kissed me gently on the forehead, and said—"Never mind, dearest. I will send for a curious old man from Strasburg, and have myself a shot at the story. Two pens are better than one."

I could only wonder how it would all end, and vaguely hope for the best.

CAPTAIN CHARLES' NARRATIVE.

My name is ALBERT CHARLES. I have a curious old friend who lives at Strasburg, called OUTHOUSE. I am CHARLES, his friend. I wrote to OUTHOUSE and told him Miss LUKINGLASSE's story—of course, in unscientific language. He replied, it was deeply interesting, and he would come to me at once. He arrived, and immediately performed the old "drop of ink trick" where, it will be remembered, a chap is made to describe what he sees in a little writing-fluid.

Then OUTHOUSE turned to me with a strangely solemn face.

"We have got our finger," said he, "on the tarantula in his hole, the viper in his lair, the *pieuvre* in his cave. Such monsters should not be allowed to live."

I was bewildered. We made our way from Newhaven to Chislehurst. We called upon the old man with the opal, of whom we had so often talked. He trembled. OUTHOUSE seemed to swell to twice his natural height. Then the old chap with the opal appeared to wither under his gaze. Then he changed to all manner of colours, and literally exploded. He went off with a feeble bang, like a cheap firework. Not waiting to pick up his pieces, we returned to Dieppe, collared the omnibus old woman (whom we found on the point of strangling ASCENA), and got her sent to prison, where she very properly committed suicide to save us further embarrassment. After these preliminaries had been successfully accomplished, I am pleased to say that ASCENA enjoyed peaceful dreams and sweet repose.

There now! I have cleared up things pretty well, and don't think it bad for a first attempt.

ASCENA'S NARRATIVE.

I am married to Captain CHARLES, and OUTHOUSE is to live with us for ever. This is pleasant. I am a little disappointed that circumstances over which I have no control should prevent me from telling you why I was a foundling, what was done with my juvenile wardrobe, why my father never returned from Vienna, what on earth became of my dreams when I sold them to somebody or other for a pound a day—in fact, what it is all about. You will say that I am a fraud, a mistake, an unconsidered trifle. You will be right. Mrs. Captain CHARLES is very stupid and commonplace. Alas! there has been a great falling off since the days of ASCENA LUKINGLASSE!



A PARVENU.

(THE COMING ARISTOCRACY OF MIND)

He. "CHARMING YOUTH, THAT YOUNG BELLAMY—SUCH A REFINED AND CULTIVATED INTELLECT! WHEN YOU THINK WHAT HE'S RISEN FROM, POOR FELLOW, IT REALLY DOES HIM CREDIT!"

She. "WHY, WERE HIS PEOPLE—A—INFERIAH!"

He. "WE'LL, YES. HIS GRANDFATHER'S AN EARL, YOU KNOW, AND HIS UNCLE'S A BISHOP; AND HE HIMSELF IS HEIR TO AN OLD BARONETCY WITH EIGHTY THOUSAND A YEAR!"

A TALE OF TERROR.

HE sat, or rather grovelled, amongst a pile of daily newspapers. His eyes were wilder, much wilder, than the Wild West of BUFFALO-BILL, his hair was as dishevelled as that of an infuriated Irish M.P. after an All-night Sitting. He looked as mad as a hatter.

"What ails you?" I inquired, sympathetically, soothingly. For all answer—as the ebulliently sentimental she-novelist saith—he pointed to the pell-mell pile of morning papers.

"Poor fellow!" said I. "Have you then been trying to understand Sir HENRY ROSCOE's erudite Address to the British Association?"

He shook his head emphatically.

"Or to make head or tail, flesh, fowl, or good red herring of one of AUBERON HERBERT's acidulous jeremiads?"

Again he shook his head, and tore his hair at the same time.

"Or to learn from MATTHEW ARNOLD's moony meanderings, complacent assumptions, and tart imputations, what is the real nature of his favourite, quiet, reasonable person,

"Asperitatis et invidiæ corrector et ire?"

Once more that action of decided dissent.

"Then perhaps you have been trying to find the 'sweet reasonableness,' and the invaluable 'dry light' of Science in Professor TYNDALL's furious fulminations from the Alps?"

"Nay, nay, not so," he sobbed, insanely.

"You may have been endeavouring to reconcile all Mr. GLADSTONE's Home-Rule utterances during the last ten years, to identify the Mr. BRIGHT of to-day with the People's Tribune of forty years syne, to measure the motives of Mr.

CHAMBERLAIN, or appraise the intrinsic importance of JESSE, 'the Member for Three Acres and a Cow?'"

"Alas, no!"

"Humph! You cannot possibly have been so foolish as to venture the brain-dizzing dangers of a course of the 'Thunderer's' tempestuous Home-Rule leaders?"

He had not, and intimated as much, mournfully.

"Dear me! Desperate man, do not say that you have been trying to analyse the authoritative 'Analyses' of this year's County Cricketing, to test their apportionment of champion honours, or track out their distracting decimals to their last hidden lair!"

"Worse than that—far worse!" he moonily muttered.

"You alarm me, rash man!" I cried. "Can it possibly be that from a comparison of the works of the (Sporting) Prophets you have foolishly essayed to spot the winner of the coming St. Leger?"

"No such luck," said he, with a shudder.

I drew near to him, and whispered low in his ear—

"Have you—have you been seeking the meaning of the verses of some peer-poet in the *Morning Post*?"

"Would—would it were but that," he groaned, picking a single straw from the truss or so that stuck porcupine-quill-wise in his tangled fell of hair.

"I have it!" I cried. "You have an attack of veritable 'Whitmania,' arising from a too long indulgence in the intoxicating yet enervating flow of Swinburnian superlatives?"

"The deuce a bit of it," he snapped, testily.

I was growing impatient, and inclined "to give it up."

"Oh! this is worse than ARGYLL on Political Economy, or a Double Acrostic!" I grumbled, angrily. "What in the name of Eleusis have you been up to?"

"Listen!" he whispered, placing his lips close to my ears; "listen, and marvel if you may; aid me if you can. I have been trying, by a comparison of the comments thereupon in the various party papers, to understand the real significance of a BYE-ELECTION!!!"

"Miserable man!" I gasped, "that way indeed Madness lies. Know you not that human imbecility in those identical comments reaches its absolutely 'lowest deep' of abject folly and crazy inconsequence. Know you not that nothing—positively nothing in the whole history of this crack-brained world—is so mad and so maddening as a Tory article on a bye-election won by a Liberal, or a Liberal article on a bye-election gained by a Tory? Know you not that in these dimly, delirious lucubrations, all the rules of arithmetic, all the laws of logic, all the palpable bearings of facts, all the obvious meanings of words, to say nothing of the dictates of veracity, and the impulse of fairness, are deliberately inverted, perverted, played moral havoc and intellectual pitch-and-toss with? Know you not that the gibberings of Bedlam are clear and continent sense compared with the arguings of a party-scribe 'explaining away' an opponent's success, or picturing an ally's crushing defeat as a 'moral victory'? Know you not that the (supposed) necessity of penning such frantic fustian makes a Tory Thunderer drivel like a drunken THERSTES, and a Radical RHADAMANTHUS equivocate like a pettifogging attorney? Know you not—?"

But with a howl of horror the wretched victim of party silliness and factious sophistry pitched head-first amidst the pile of papers—MAD!!!

Laissez-Faire.

"I believe, if you would let alone this unhappy peasantry, there would be no difficulty whatever."—Mr. BALFOUR, on the Irish Question.

THE Irish Landlord has lost his tenants,

And doesn't know where to find them;

Let them alone, and they'll come home,

And bring rents (in their pockets) behind them.

A Real "Inky Flood."

"HERE lies one whose name was written in water," was the sad but happily inappropriate epitaph which KEATS suggested for himself. Had he lived in our days he would have felt it to be equivocal. People are writing to the papers with "ink," said to be made out of Thames water. Styx itself was surely nothing to this. An inkstand has been called "*mare nigrum*," but hitherto no poetic trope-maker has been bold enough to speak of a river as an inkstand. Facts are stranger than fiction!

'ARRY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Ow are you, old oyster? I'm doin' the briny, dear boy; Got my usual fortnit, yer know, as I makes it a pint to enjoy, Things is quishy at 'ome, and they pressed me to chuck up my annual spree, And stand by to look arter the mater who's down with rheumatics. Not me!

Relations are that bloomin' selfish it fair gives a feller the sick, I'm jest tidy myself, flush of tin, with no end of a thunderin' "pick," And now I've a chance of a outing to keep myself up to the mark, I'm to stay in the doldrums at 'ome! It's too much of a screamin' old lark.

No, CHARLIE, boy, self-preservation's the fust law of Nature, yer know; So I jest slung my 'ook like a shot and came here for a bite and a blow. I'm as red as a bloomin' tomarter already, and talk about stodge! Jest you ask the old mivvey as caters for me at the crib where I lodge.

Number Seventeen, Paragon Place, is my diggings, mate, floor Number Three, From the right 'and bow-winder's off-corner you ketch a side-squint of the sea. White stucco and hemerald sun-blinds, trailed up with a fine "Glory" rose, And a slavey as pooty as pie, if it weren't for the smuts on her nose.

Oh, I'm up to the knocker, I tell yer; fresh 'errins for breakfast, old pal, Bottled beer by the bucket, prime 'bacca, and oh, such a scrumptious young gal! Picked 'er up on the pier, mate, permiskus, last Wensday as ever was. Whew! She would take the shine out of some screamers, I tell yer, my pippin, would Loo.

Dropped 'er at the feet of yours, truly, and 'ARRY, of course, was all there. Her 'airpins went flyin! Thinks I, that's a jolly fine sample of 'air; As black as my boots, and as shiny, and oh! sech a 'eavenly smell. "Hillo! Miss," sez I, "while you're 'andy, there's no need for Mister RIMMEL."

That nicked 'er, my nibs. It's the patter as does it, of course with good looks; Gals do like a chap as can gab, as you'll find by them Libery books. Take WREDDER, my boy, or Miss BROUGHTON; you'll see if a feller would tackle A feminine fair up to dick, he 'as got to be dabs at the cackle.

And that's where I score, my dear CHARLIE. Lor bless yer, in 'arf an 'our more, Me and Loo was as cosy as cousins, tucked up in a nook on the shore. Gives yer 'oliday outing a flavour, the feminine element do, Although, ontry noo, dear old pal, it's a tidy stiff drain on yer "screw."

'Owsomever, flare up and blow "exes" is always my motter, yer see; And I never minds blueing the pieces purwided I gets a good spree; Wich is jest wot I'm 'aving at present. You'll say, at this pint, I expect, "'ARRY's doing the Toff as per usual." To which, mate, I answers, "Ker-rect!"

Society's right, my dear CHARLIE,—Society always is right,—GLADSTONE's gab about "masses and classes" is all tommy rot and sour spite.



"OVERCAST."

THEY WERE OUT FOR A DAY IN THE COUNTRY—WERE LATE AT THE STATION—HE LEFT IT TO HER TO TAKE THE TICKETS—A HORRID CROWD—FRIGHTFULLY HOT—AND SHE WAS HUSTLED AND FLUSTERED CONSIDERABLY WHEN SHE REACHED THE CARRIAGE.

He (cool and comfortable). "HOW CHARMING THE YELLOW GORSE—"

She (in a withering tone). "YOU DIDN'T 'XPECT TO SEE IT BLUE, I S'PPOSE!"

[Tacet!]

There is only one class worth consid'rin', and that is the reglar fust-class; And the chap as don't try to get into it—well, he is simply a ass.

Society sez, "When the Season is hover, slide off to the Sea!" It's the place for a fair autumn Barney." And shall I dispute it? Not me. 'ARRY knows his tip better than that, Sir. Your juggins may 'ave 'is own whim About bicycling, boating, or wot not; I mean bein' well in the swim.

Lor, it warms a cove's heart dontheknow, puts his sperrits right slap on the rise, Wen the Niggers are dancing a break-down or singing *Two Lovely Black Eyes*. To see lardy Toffs and swell ladies, and smart little gals with no fuss, 'Anging round on the listen and snigger as though they wos each one of *hus*.

They likes it, my lad, yus they likes it, the Music Hall patter and slang. Yet some jugginses kick at my lingo as vulgar! Oh, let 'em go 'ang. Take a run, Mister Mealy-mouthed Critic, go home and eat coke, poor old man. All Toffs as is Toffs share my tastes; we are built on the very same plan.

Wots the hods if yer rides in a kerredge, or drives in a double-orse drag, With a 'orn and a loud concertena and lots o' prime prog in the bag? It is only a question of ochre, the principle's ditto all round. It is larks by the Sea we all seek, and they suits us all down to the ground.

But now, I am off to the Pier, CHARLIE. Boat's coming in from Boolong, And I wouldn't miss that not for nothink. The wind blows a little bit strong, And there's bound to be lots on 'em quishy, some regular goners, dessay; And it is sech a lark to chi-like them, the best bit o' fun of the day.

Old jokers in sealskin caps, CHARLIE, drawn over their poor blue old ears, Pooty gals with complexions like paste-pots, old mivvies gone green with the queers; Little toffs with their billycooks raked, jest to swagger it off like, yer know, But with hoptics like badly-biled whelks. Oh, I tell yer it's all a prime show.

Larf, CHARLIE? It bangs ARTHUR ROBERTS, and makes a chap bloomin' nigh bust. I must take a 'am sanwich to munch. Wen a cove ketches sight on it fust, And I sings out, "Hi! who'll 'ave a fat 'un?" to see that bloke shudder and shrink, And go gooseberry green in the gills, is too lovely, mate. Wot do you think?

And all this, with the larks on the sands, niggers, spotting the bathers,—that's spiff!—Sails round, going bobbing for whiting, and singing at night on the cliff, Not to mention rides out, as per posters, and quiet flirtations with Loo, I was quietly asked to chuck up 'long o' Mother's rheumatics! Yah boo!

'ARRY's not sech a mug, I assure you. Sweet Home is dashed fiddlededee. I'm not nuts on yer dabby domestic, it spiles a smart chap for a spree. Ony sorry my time's nearly hup; but, as fur as the ochre will carry, Do the briny with swells like a swell, is the tip of Yours scrumptiously,

'ARRY.

SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

Thirteenth day of Cure at Royat. Hotel Continental.—The view from my window is charming, whether on a bright morning or a moonlight night. But I am not contented with it. There is within me an "OLIVER, asking for more." Had I the faith which moves mountains, I would order that hill opposite to be removed, so as to give me a more extensive, and a grander view.

The Beggars at Royat.—A nuisance and a disgrace to the place. Why are these wretched creatures allowed to trade on their fearful afflictions? Are there no free hospitals, no charitable institutions, where they can be taken care of? Of course there are. Is there no power to compel them to go in? Is there no "traitement" for them?

As for the little beggar boys and girls who are brought up to the trade and who waylay us all day, cannot they be put to some useful work and be forced into school? These able-bodied paupers should be employed in mending the footpaths leading up to Grave-voire and the environs, which are in a very bad condition.

I do not object, indeed by this time I take rather kindly to the *vin du pays*, but I detest what Mr. "DUMB-CRAMBO" would call—



The Whine of the Country.

A propos of walks in a wretched condition, why don't their Worship, the Maires of Royat and Chamalière, lay their heads together and mend the footpaths? In making the above suggestion, I do not contemplate wood-pavement. No: but I do think that these beggars might be utilised.

Pensées d'un Baigneur.—A bather has plenty of time to emulate the celebrated parrot. What can he do—the bather not the parrot—in his bath, except think? He can talk, hum, or sing. He can recite: and exercise his voice and memory. But this would attract attention, and I fancy the talking, singing, or reciting bather would very soon be requested to keep quiet. Therefore he must think. He may not sleep: it is not permitted by the faculty. No: thinking is the thing. The time in a bath,—thirty-five minutes of it—passes as a dream, and the thoughts are as difficult to catch and fix as butterflies. Here are a few:—

It is absolutely necessary to please oneself even in things apparently indifferent. Out of politeness, I yielded yesterday to an invitation to take a drive of two hours. I was ill for nearly a couple of days afterwards. . . . So was the kind person who took me. I believe she meant it well, and intended it as an act of politeness. (N.B. This was written within the first seven days of the "traitement." This sort of thing must come out of you. The waters bring out selfishness and ingratitude.)

Morning after morning I find myself staring at the notice on the wall at the foot of my bath. From that I gather that I am a "titulaire." My bath-cell is No. 17. So as Titulaire I am Number Seventeen,—like a convict. My Gaoier, the bathman, does not know me perhaps by any other name than "Monsieur &c., Dix-Sept." Ah, well, I never thought I should be seventeen again. But I am—at Royat. How it must be re-juvenising me!

I have been looking over a list of excursions to various "Salubrities Abroad." Among them I find this:—"De Lyon en Savoie et en Dauphiné par Saint-André-le-Gaz, et retour."

"St. Andrew-the-Gas" sounds a novel name in a calendar. He was evidently a Saint much in advance of his time. An excellent man of course "according to his lights."

I saw a subject here for Mr. MARKS, R.A. A bearded Franciscan Monk in his brown habit, with cord and rosary at his waist, sending a telegram at the telegraph office. [Imagine] the surroundings. Mr. MARKS might call it an Anachronism.

When abroad, I make notes of the names of any new dishes. The following one was new to me as a name, not as a dish, which was

simple enough, "*Culottes de bœuf à la fermière.*" What next? "*Caleçons de veau à la baigneuse?*" "*Gilets de mouton à la bergère?*" "*Culottes de veau à la Brian O'Lynn?*" "*Chapeau de volaille à la coq?*"

Music.—This morning, the fifteenth of my sojourn here, the band is playing something new. This is refreshing, as I am becoming a little tired of the overtures to *Zampa*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Italiano in Algeria*, selections from the *Huguenots* (highly popular as a good finish to any concert) and the dance music, waltzes and mazurkas, which have been popular for the last two years.

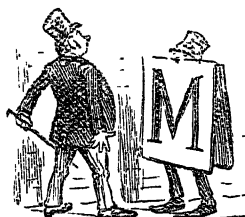
The clocks of Royat are still in an undecided state. The uninitiated person who takes his time—(Note, *en passant* for all baigneurs here—Never be in a hurry, and always "take your time," no matter from where you take it)—from the Hotel, and starts at 7'30 in order to reach his bath by 8,—a walk of five minutes,—will find, on arriving at the *Etablissement*, that it is just 8'5, so that he has taken a quarter of an hour to do the distance. If he starts from the *Etablissement* at 8'30, to meet a friend at the station, on arriving there he will discover that it is 8'15 by the Railway Clock, so that he is at the end of his journey a quarter of an hour before he set out, having done the distance in considerably less than no time,—a record worth preserving. The Post Office Authorities, in despair, have put up a notice informing everybody that their clock has no connection with that of the *Etablissement*, which may just do what it likes and be wound to it, and ignoring all church-clock authority and all municipal authority too, they (the Post Office Authorities aforesaid) announce that they intend to take their time from the Railway station, but even then will give themselves a margin of five minutes one way or the other, so that the public wishing to send letters must ascertain what the post times *ought* to be, and then give themselves another margin of at least ten minutes on the safe side. The calculation is not very complicated when you are accustomed to it, and its uncertainty lends a gentle stimulus to the ordinary routine of the uneventful life at Royat.

For "Excursions from Royat by Rail or Road," see my Guide-Book, forthcoming.

This advice, "*See my Guide*," or "*See my History*," is perpetually recurring as a friendly hint—it really being a most artful way of introducing an advertisement to your notice—in that invaluable publication, the *Guides Diamant*, P. Joanne, series, HACHETTE & Co., without which no traveller's pocket or bag is completely furnished. Time for siesta.

FIRST IN THE FIELD.

A Song of the Cricket Championship.



Em met. (Yorks.)

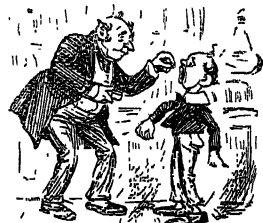
And, though it is famed as the pluck and hard-work shire,
The top of the tree is not reached yet by Yorkshire.

Dame Fortune, that Sphinx of the riddle-cum-diddle sex,
Crowns not with success the crack Batsmen of Middlesex.

Spite of SHREWSBURY, GUNN, and such criqueting pots,
Her Song for this season is "No, not for Notts!"

And, although "runner-up" (if like greyhounds one rank a shire)

She's just missed first place, has stout HORNBY-led Lancashire.
Thanks—in chief—to young LOHMANN, whom fate cannot flurry,
The Championship once more comes South. Bravo, Surrey!



Pilling. (Lancs.)

OMINOUS.—Lord R. CHURCHILL is to address a meeting of Unionists at Sunderland. Hardly strikes one as quite a suitable spot for that purpose, *Sunderland* being rather suggestive of the Separatist policy that Lord RANDOLPH and his friends are so strongly opposed to. The Home Rulers would have chosen Cumberland as more appropriate.

DRURY LANE WITH PLEASURE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,



Pleasure Parties.

but on the condition that he did not introduce me to the aforesaid *Jack Lovell*, who on matriculating at Drury Lane was about as lively as a mute at a funeral. I was not at all surprised to find him rather out of sorts. Frankly, *Mr. Jack Lovell* in *Pleasure* is not a nice young man. He reads for the Church and gets plucked, as indeed he should, as he seems to have employed the time that he ought to have occupied in hard reading, in behaving in the most disgraceful manner to *Miss Jessie Newland*, otherwise the ever charming *Miss ALMA MURRAY*. Very properly refused a family living, he succeeds to a peerage, and immediately publishes the story of his betrothed and refuses to marry her.

Personally, I must admit that I received with joy the news that he was drinking himself to death, and only felt the deepest regret when I learned that he had not perished in an admirably contrived Earthquake.

But, in spite of *Mr. Jack Lovell*, Oxford, at Drury Lane, contained a number of interesting persons. The *Doddipotts*, father and son, with their American relative (Miss BROUGH), were most amusing, and I was quite satisfied to accompany them to Nice and Monte Carlo, to see the *Battle of Flowers*, the *Carnival Ball*, and last, but not least, the *Earthquake*. This latter effect, in more senses than one, "brought down the house." In *Pleasure* the stage-management is excellent throughout, and, of the joint authorship of the piece, I think I may safely say that its chief merit lies in the name of *HARRIS*. Not a mythical "HARRIS," like unto the friend of *Mrs. Gamp*,

It was only what might have been expected that a large audience should assemble in the National Theatre to see the new piece by Messrs. PAUL MERRITT and AUGUSTUS HARRIS. The very title was inviting, and when to that title were added scenes in Oxford, Monte Carlo, Nice and Gloucestershire, who could refuse the invitation? Certainly not I. So I accepted, with pleasure, and was present at the initial performance. I refreshed my recollection of college life at Oxford where men certainly were not quite as serious as *Mr. Jack Lovell*, in the long since of the "fifties." I could not help regretting that the Oxford of thirty years ago had not the unconventional Mr. NICHOLLS amongst the Undergraduates. Had he been there at the period to which I refer, I undoubtedly should have sought the honour of his acquaintance,



Bringing Down the House.



Sweets to the Sweet.

throughout, and, of the joint authorship of the piece, I think I may safely say that its chief merit lies in the name of *HARRIS*. Not a mythical "HARRIS," like unto the friend of *Mrs. Gamp*,

but some one far more substantial, the great AUGUSTUS DRUBIOLANUS himself. Whether one is gazing upon the Sheldonian Theatre (the background to an Oxford Mixture of no common kind), or



An Oxford Mixture.

the Barges, or the Promenade des Anglais, or the Carnival Ball, the presence of an excellent master of effect is seen in every group, in every detail.

Pleasure is described as a Comedy-Drama, and the plot is not, perhaps, as strong as some of its predecessors. As "strength" at a theatre invariably spells "murder" or "sudden death," I am not at all sure that this absence of the ultra-melodramatic is not to be welcomed, in spite of the taste for the horrible which is supposed to be the characteristic of those who patronise the pit and gallery. But what the People (with a capital initial letter) lose in the ghastly, they certainly gain in the beautiful. If the scenery at Drury Lane of the Riviera does not cause "Personally conducted tours" to be more numerous attended next year than ever, I shall be more than surprised—I shall be disappointed. Even the Earthquake should not be a deterrent, for as far as I could learn from "the incident" at Drury Lane, no one was a penny the worse for the shaking. Even the unworthy *Lovell* escaped—I fancy up the chimney. If this were so, it would only be in keeping with his character.

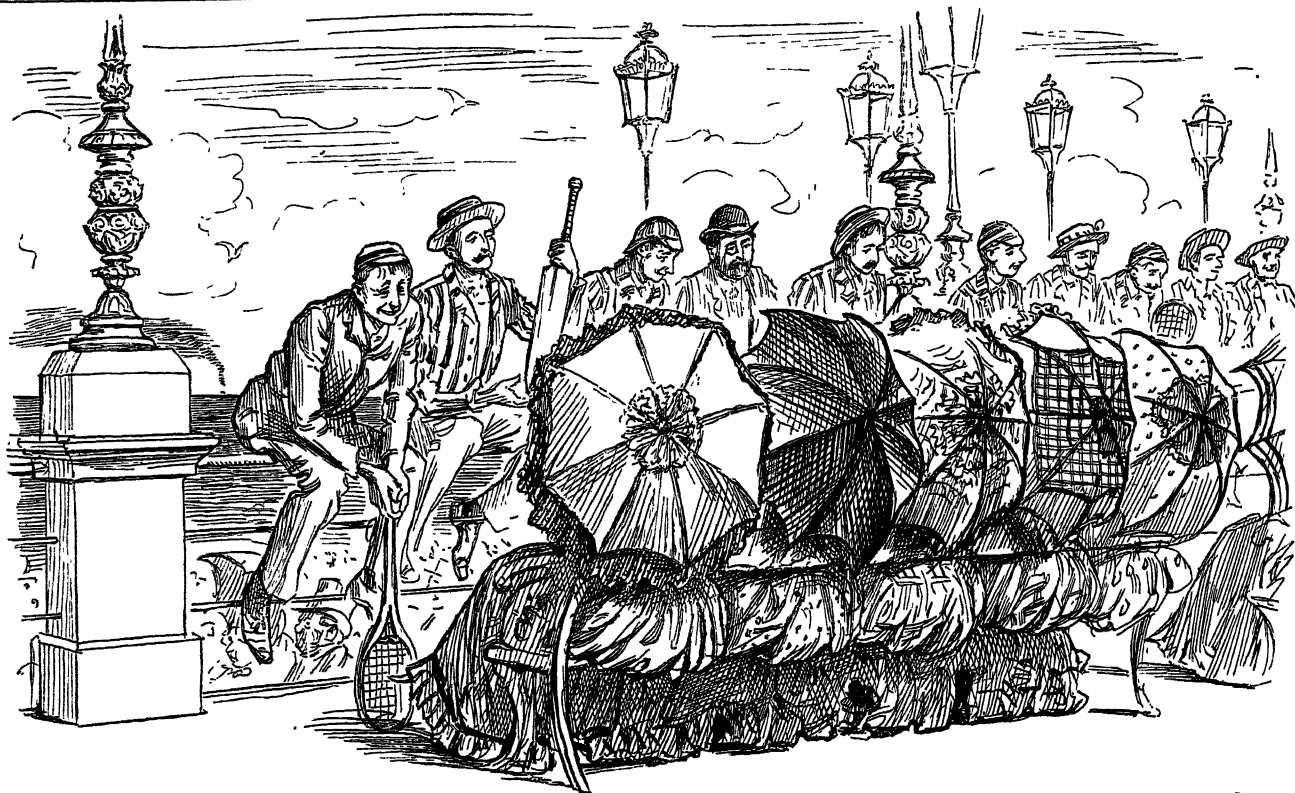
In the first Drury Lane success, *The World* (by the same authors as *Pleasure*), there was a wonderful clergyman, played by the late Mr. RYDER, whose cynicism was equal to his audacity. This strange ecclesiastic I remember, having sown an unusually large crop of wild oats in his youth, on his return from Evening Service in his middle age, imperiously refused to allow a lady to remain in his parish because she had once been deeply attached to him, and had loved him "not wisely, but too well." I shall never forget the dignified earnestness of the late Mr. RYDER as he explained to this lady his position as a married man, and sternly ordered her to move on. Had *Mr. Jack Lovell* been ordained, I fancy he would have made an excellent curate to this reverend gentleman, and that between them they would have formed what is satirically termed a "pretty pair."

It is possible that the original intention of the authors of *Pleasure* may have been to have conferred on the hero of their piece a Deanery, or even an Archbishopric, and that the recollection of this prior clerical creation may have influenced them to alter this contemplated Church patronage into a temporal peerage linked with twenty thousand a-year. Be this as it may, *Jack* and his prototype will rest in my memory as companion pictures, of what a clergyman might, could, would (but should not) be. The scenery and the admirable stage-management make *Mr. Lovell* and his doings bearable. They pull him through. For the rest, *Pleasure* is an amusing play, well mounted, and capably acted, and should keep the boards until December brings to Drury Lane and a delighted world the Christmas Pantomime. On the first night all went well up to the end of the Fifth Act; but the last, after the excitement of the *Riveira* scenes, came as rather an anti-climax.—I beg to sign myself, in compliment to and emulation of the Earthquake, ONE WHO HAS GONE TO PIECES.

A Hint to the Howlers.

BETWIXT Paddies who kick up wild hulla-baloo,
And rude Radical raffs who will play the Yahoo,
There apparently is not a Tanner to choose;
Though the Irishmen boast of the better excuse!
Rads the Message of Peace will not hasten, I trow,
By taking a hand in this Donnybrook row.
To "trid on their coat-tails" is policy mad,
But to help them to swing the shillelagh's as bad.
To ape angry Pats in their weakness for fights,
Is the very worst way to get Ireland her "rights."

AN ADDRESS TO PARLIAMENT.—Shut up!



SEA-SIDE WEATHER STUDIES. SET FAIR. WHITBY.

"ON HIS OWN HOOK!"

A POLITICAL "ANGLER'S SONG."

*(Imitated, at a respectful distance, from Piscator's Song in "The Compleat Angler.")**Piscator pipeth:—*

Now private pique breeds party talk,
Some G. would bless, and some would baulk;
Some seem to find it pretty sport,
Changeful constituencies to court.
To share such games I do not wish,
No, for awhile, I'd rather—fish.

Just now I might to danger ride,
There's doubt about the winning side,
One's little game may often prove
Advanced by a retiring move.

For faction's fetter, party's snare,
Whilst angling here I need not care.

Such recreation is there none,
As playing one's own game alone.
Aught else is risky, more or less,
And well may land one in a mess,
My hand alone my work can do,
Here I can fish, and study too.

I care not much to fish the seas,
Me party-angling more doth please;
My present task I contemplate
With patience, not with heart elate.
But in safe waters I would keep,
And floods at home run wild and deep.

I'm not quite cocksure on which side
At present runs "the flowing tide;"
I'd not be stranded with the ebb—
I've shunned the Grand Old Spider's web;
I am not like a simple fly;
I take my hook, and mind my eye.

I'll not with Cæus gudgeons wait,
Prepared to gorge whatever bait.

How poor a thing, wire-pullers find,
Will captivate the Cæus mind!
Yet latterly, to my surprise,
Unto my bait it fails to rise.

But here, though while I fish I fast
From the political repast,
Yet, as my new-found friends invite,
I'll take the swim, I'll watch the bite.
Should chance the Coalition dish,
There'd be a pretty kettle o' fish!

So I'm content this post to take,
Alone, but calm and wide awake.
Anglers "lie low" just now and then,
Much more so we fishers of men.
Here I can "bob," smoke, make a name,
And from afar watch the whole game.

I fancy that, were RANDOLPH here,
He'd smile, and share my bottled beer.
Both fishers we, by brain not book,
Take our own line, on our own hook.
I'll watch which way the home wind blows,
And when 'tis settled—well, who knows?

AT HOME WITH ATOMS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—AFTER listening to Sir HENRY ROSCOE'S Address at the Free Trade Hall last evening, my brain feels very much like a "molecule on the eve of being broken into atoms," by the grandeur of the subject on which he discoursed, and as he so kindly told us this catastrophe "may be brought about not only by heat vibrations, but likewise by an electrical discharge at a comparatively low temperature," the present state of the weather rather adds to the anxiety I feel about the seat of my mental organisation. Still "there is a fundamental difference," he tells us, "between the question of separating the atoms in the molecule, and that of splitting

up the atom itself," so that there seems to be a remote chance in any case of my preserving an atom or two of sound sense and intelligence in the midst of impending chaos, the more so, as "even the highest of terrestrial temperatures, that of the electric spark, has failed to shake any atom in two."

In the course of his address Sir H. Roscoe also said, "There is no such thing in nature as great or small." I was always considered the smallest in my family, and it seems difficult, though at the same time encouraging, to believe I am equal in physical quantities of height and weight to the other members. What such nice men say must be true—at any rate until something truer is found out. I shall therefore cherish the idea I have hitherto been under a delusion. Mind may have some inscrutable quality wherewith to balance Matter. I remember my tallest sister was the one who thought least. Mind and Matter are now so much mixed, that they may be interchangeable molecules; who knows? Sir H. Roscoe observed also that "heat is evolved by the clashing of the atoms." I felt how true that was when we twelve molecules quarrelled as children.

I think, Mr. Punch, for a woman, I have gathered a great deal of information in a few hours.

Yours truthfully,
THE BETTER HALF OF SOMEBODY.

The Peccant Member.*A Wail by a Weary One.*

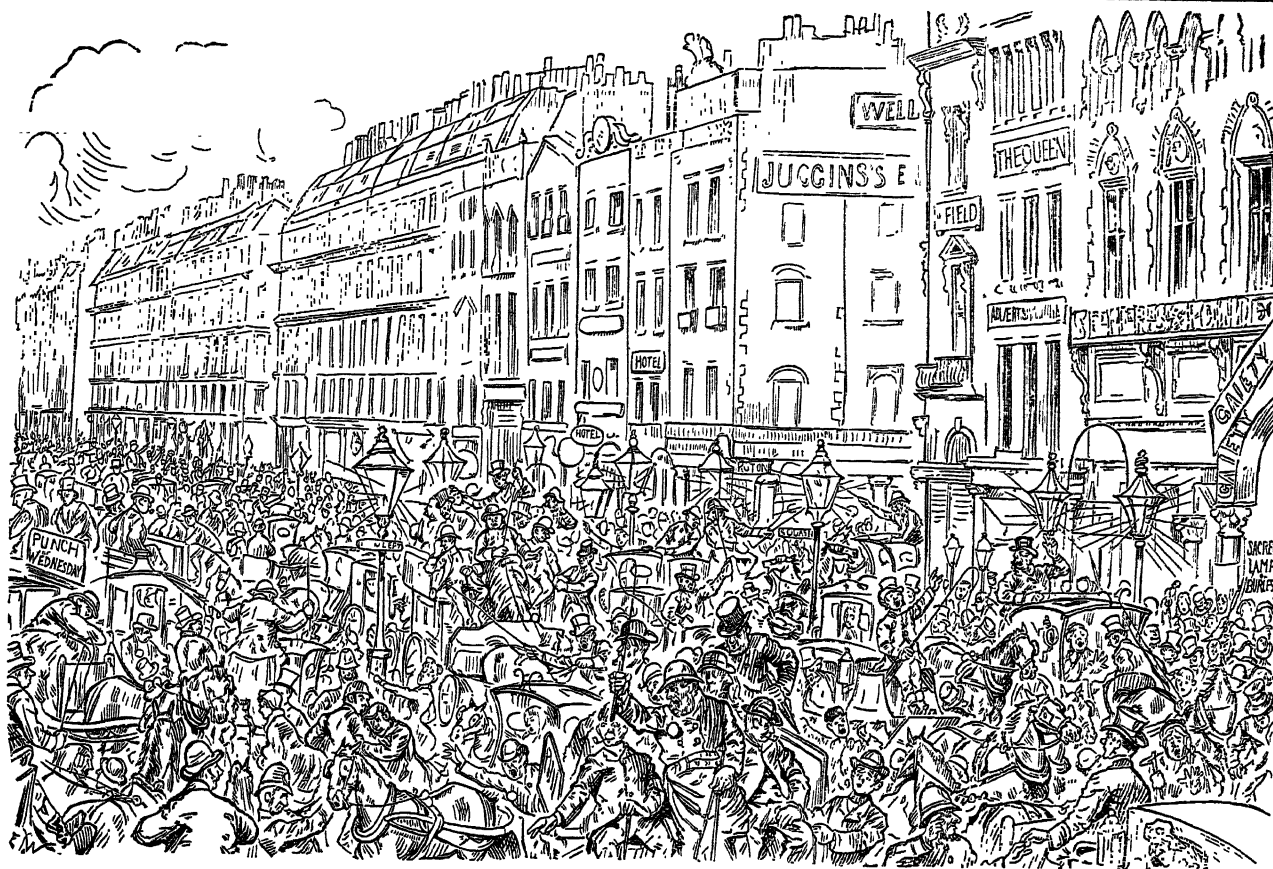
PARLIAMENT sitting still—and in September!
It's all along of "the unruly member"—
That is, the tongue. But, to adapt it duly
To modern days, it should be called *Home-Ruly!*

"NOT IN THE HUNTS."—MR. SANDERS.



“ON HIS OWN HOOK!”

JUDICIOUS JOE. “A BIT ROUGH—BUT, PLEASANTER THAN HOME WATERS—JUST NOW!”



STREET PUZZLE. TO FIND LAW AND ORDER.

STRAND, 10.45 P.M.

CIRCUS PERFORMANCES.

SIR,—I see that there is a senseless outcry against the proposed plan of the Board of Works to build on a portion of the open space now available at Piccadilly Circus, and I write to protest against the pestilent heresy that prompts it. What, Sir, I ask, has the Board to do with "beauty"? As a public body, responsible to the ratepayers, they have only one thing to consider, and that is, "utility." Why, then, should they not seize upon every vacant inch of ground at their disposal, and convert it into a Central Pig Market? Such a thing could not be better installed than at the end of Regent Street, and here is the very site for it. Expecting to see some active steps taken to set this on foot,

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

NOTHING IF NOT PRACTICAL.

SIR,—Your Correspondent, "ONE WITH AN EYE TO THE SUBLIME," is right in attacking the gross Vandalism of the Board, but, in his proposed scheme for statues and fountains, he falls miserably short of what is really wanted to make Piccadilly Circus what it should be; namely, the grandest open space in Europe. The ground should be cleared from St. James's Church to Leicester Square, East and West, and opened up southwards the whole width to the Duke of York's Column. Upon the space so secured, a white marble pavement, broken only by colossal water-works, groups of classic statuary, splendid monuments, and groves of orange-trees, should be laid, and here, to the plash of silvery cascades, utterly outrivalling the greatest display of which Versailles is capable, and, to the music of half-a-dozen separate military bands, the jaded Londoner should disport himself from morn to dewy eve. You ask as to the cost. Well, a rate of fifteen shillings in the pound for a hundred and fifty years would soon settle that, and I am sure there is not a taxpayer in the parishes immediately concerned who would not willingly jump at this trifling charge to see the scheme realised. At least, this is the view at the present moment taken of the matter by

Yours, obediently,

AN ENTHUSIASTIC OUTSIDER.

SIR,—They are talking of pulling down St. Mary-le-Strand and wish to cut off the steps of St. Martin's. Why not move them both and set them up back to back on the disputed ground? One could

face Piccadilly and the other look up Coventry Street. The idea is a happy one and has the merit of bringing together in juxtaposition the works of our two great *Renaissance* architects GIBBS and WREN. I offer it to your artistic readers for what it is worth and beg to subscribe myself, Yours, tentatively, A LOCAL MECENAS.

SIR,—There was some time since some sensible talk of erecting a gigantic iron tower in the neighbourhood of the St. Martin's Baths and Wash Houses. Surely no finer site could be found for such an erection than that provided by Piccadilly Circus. Here, with a sufficiently ample base, such for instance as could be furnished by the entire available space in question, a thing of the kind might rise to, say, the height of 1,000 feet and have one, two or even three theatres at the top. Several restaurants could be accommodated on the upper floors, and the lower 500 feet might be partly relegated to a sausage manufactory and partly let out in chambers. The whole would afford a pleasing and striking *coup d'œil* to any one approaching it either from Waterloo Place, Piccadilly or Shaftesbury Avenue, and prove, I think, a happy compromise and solution of the somewhat vexed question of the utilisation of the disputed space. At least, so the matter strikes your suggestive Correspondent, A HOPEFUL AEDILE.

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE.

A Page from his Bulgarian Ollendorff.

HAVE you perceived the Triumphal Arch at the entry of the City? No, I have not perceived the Triumphal Arch at the entry of the City, but I have noticed the cold shoulder of the Generals.

This must be the congratulatory Round Robin of the Officers.

Yes, it is the congratulatory Round Robin of the Officers, but here also is the placard proclaiming me a Usurper.

Has the Snub arrived from the Porte?

Yes, the Snub has arrived from the Porte, and with it the Ultimatum from the CZAR.

In any emergency would you depend upon the omnibus horse provided for you by the War Department?

No, in any emergency I would not depend upon the omnibus horse provided for me by the War Department, but on the list of trains proceeding to the frontier, as furnished in the local *Bradshaw*.



NAUGHTICAL ?

Yachting Friend (playfully). "HAVE YOU ANY EXPERIENCE OF SQUALLS, BROWN?"
Brown. "SQUALLS!" (*Seriously.*) "MY DEAR SIR, I'VE BROUGHT UP TEN IN FAMILY!"

FOR AN IRISH TRIP.

(*Some Preparatory Memoranda.*)

1. To get up the early Celtic history, and establish my undoubted right to call myself an Irishman, by tracing my pedigree directly back to FERGUS THE FIRST.
2. Lend colourable certainty to this by hiring a low-comedy Donnybrook Fair suit from NATHAN'S, and wearing it on all public occasions.
3. Make arrangements to take a dozen lessons in jig-dancing and shillelagh-flourishing from some recognised Music-Hall celebrity engaged in this special line of business.
4. Get the words of the *We'll have the Tail off the Cow, Pat*, and other patriotic songs, by heart, and have an encore verse ready in case of being called upon to give it in any popular emergency.
5. Familiarise myself with the use of such expressions as "Whist! Whist!" "Arrah! are ye shure now," "divil a bit!" and other Irish colloquialisms, and accustom myself to interspersing my orations with shrill whoops to give emphasis to a sentence or point to a period as occasion may require or suggest.

6. Conceive a defence of boycotting and bring it oratorically, in an airy and genial way, within a measurable distance of legality, and back it up if possible with some biblical and Homeric analogies.

7. Study the Plan of Campaign practically, by hurling boiling pitch, meal, lime and brickbats through a besieged cabin-window into the faces of imaginary constabulary without.

8. Habituate myself to mild indulgence in "potheen," occasional drinking of confusion to the "Sassenach," and to taking care not to lose sight of my return ticket.

CASE-O'-MY-BANKER.

(*The Story of Another Child.*)

THE Boy stood in the sweltering street,
 Whence all but he had fled;
 The fast-departing dog-days' heat,
 Flamed full upon his head.

He was not beautiful nor bright,
 Nor born to rule the storm;
 A most unlucky urban wight;
 A small, yet grimy, form.

His parents could not grant the boon
 —A fortnight's Country air;
 They would have spared him precious soon,
 But had no cash to spare!

He called aloud: "Kind Public, say,
 If me you have forgot!"
 But far from Town the Public play
 Unconscious of his lot.

"Speak, millionnaires," again he cried,
 "If I may not levant!"
 And but the falling leaves replied,
 And daylight growing scant.

Upon his brow he felt the breath
 Of summer slowly fail,
 And looked and prayed for kindly aid,
 As seaman for a sail.

Meanwhile the Children's Country Fund,
 Formed near the roaring Strand,
 (At Buck'n'ham Street, the Number Ten.)
 Had no more cash in hand!

He murmured faintly once again,
 "Kind Public, must I stay?"
 While to the seaside cab and train
 Bore happier lads away.

* * * * *
 Ah, Public! You this Summer's heat
 Have felt at Pleasure's marts;
 Think how you'd like it in the street,
 Before it quite departs!

A Real Sporting Event.

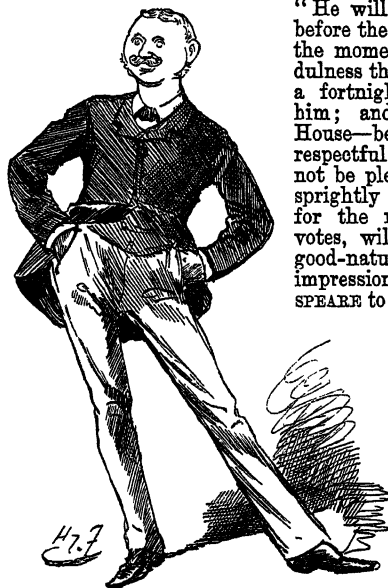
ARROW-THROWING is said to be the latest new sport—in Yorkshire. Newer even than Frog-spearing in France! What next? Perhaps "Javelin-men" will soon mean something modern, and not perfunctory. Then "Hatchet-throwing"—in a sense having no relation to travellers' taradiddles—may become the vogue; and Mr. HANBURY, who is so much concerned about the Salary of the Master of the Hawks, may move in the House to have it transferred to a new and actual public functionary—the Master of the Tomahawks.

GEOLOGISTS talk learnedly about the immense antiquity of what they call "the Coal measures." The modern coal-measures, needed now, are measures for arming our Coaling Stations.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

From the Notes of a Colleague of the Member for Berkshire.

House of Commons, Monday, August 29.—I was afraid that TOBY would give himself a holiday. For some time since the Whips have kept an uneasy eye upon the most independent, the most talented, the most industrious of their following. And now he has gone!



A. Ak-rs D-gl-s.

"He will return—I know he will," before the end of the Session; but for the moment he is away—the deadly dullness that prevailed at Westminster a fortnight since was too much for him; and so I follow him in the House—be it well understood, at a respectful distance. His absence will not be pleasing to any one—even the sprightly AKERS DOUGLAS, forgetting for the moment the destination of votes, will regret him. But, as he good-naturedly observes, under the impression that he is adapting SHAKESPEARE to the exigencies of the situation, "Votes may come and votes may go, but the Session seemingly goes on for ever!"

To return to August 29. The Patriots have determined it shall be a grand week for the "Old Country." Many previous weeks have been equally grand weeks, or as they would put it "months." When the SPEAKER took his seat, scarcely a quorum present. Ministerialists

"in reserve," (like policemen when some one writes to tell Sir C. WARREN he is going to demonstrate in Trafalgar Square) in various parts of the House. Gladstonian Whips well *en évidence* to act as guides to sole representatives of the Non-Dissentient Liberals, WOODALL and CHILDERS. Unprejudiced North Briton DOUGLAS CRAWFORD has a question for young NORTHGOTE about pig-iron and coal. Seemingly Scotch firms have been overlooked. Surveyor-General of Ordnance very gravely answers question, goes home and tenders his resignation, "in consequence of recommendation of Committee reporting upon War Office organising and suggesting changes." NORTHGOTE had enough of it. Couldn't even say something funny about "burning questions *re* coal generally ending in smoke."

After JOICEY had wanted to know why great guns should be let off at Tynemouth Castle, and STANHOPE had promised that for the future they should be fired (if possible) in a whisper ("Savours of a bang," put in CHILDERS, *sotto voce*), the Irish gentlemen got to their favourite sport, KING-HARMAN baiting. They had one or two good sets-to, making it particularly unpleasant for the Under Secretary about the trial of O'BRIEN, Resident Magistrates, and Horse-breeding. But this "illigant diversion" was only a sort of *hors d'œuvres* to the *pièce de résistance*, "Supply—Irish Votes," which was as strong and savoury as the National Stew itself.

DILLON began the ball by moving a reduction of the Constabulary Votes, saying that the chief duties of the officers were, driving out with the Country Gentlemen, flirting with all the Young Girls, and shooting with the Landlords.

"Ah, so it is," said JOSEPH GILLIS, with a flush of scarlet indignation mounting his noble brow, "It's not the driving and shooting I object to—it's the flirting!"

JOSEPH GILLIS is very excitable when the fair sex is mentioned, and no doubt meant what he said. TIM HEALY followed on, regretting that GRANDOLPH was not there, no doubt for the same reason that the Irish gentleman with a shillelagh was sorry to see no bald pates neat and handy. He said that the Boycotted were the happiest inmates of the distressful country, possibly feeling that they had plenty of time for drinking and fighting.



H. N-rtho-te.

Then the various votes were taken and "talked at," in the customary way until the hands of the clock marked Three in the morning. Whenever a chance showed itself of a war-whoop—whiz—and down came the club upon somebody—anybody. A couple of hours after midnight the Irishmen became more conciliatory, soothed by the



Sm-ll and B-gg-r.

thought that on the following evening they would have KING-HARMAN at their mercy. "He will take a deal of bating," said TIM, "but whist, you will see how I shall get at him. He's been to Cremorne!"

"Fie, for shame!" cried JOSEPH GILLIS, "don't talk of such sinful places!"

Tuesday.—Lords had a real good afternoon's work. The LORD CHANCELLOR (with his usual grace—rather suggestive of the pavan in the Gray's Inn Maske) took his seat at 4'30.

Squabble about the Woman's Suffrage Bill, which, after being deferred for six months, had come up again—scowling. LORD DENMAN proposed "previous question," but LORD CHANCELLOR (great tactician, but not great lawyer) suggested the matter should stand over until the next sitting. Reproach of "got no work to do" consequently removed from the Upper House.

Lords adjourned at Five o'Clock for a week, to recover from their exertions.

"Whist, boys, be aisy now," said TIM, in the Commons, when KING-HARMAN was seen going to his dinner. Then came the deluge. "It is grand, Sorr," said the only Home-Ruler who does not use an accent; "it is just illigant, Sorr; and it's myself is proud of this day."

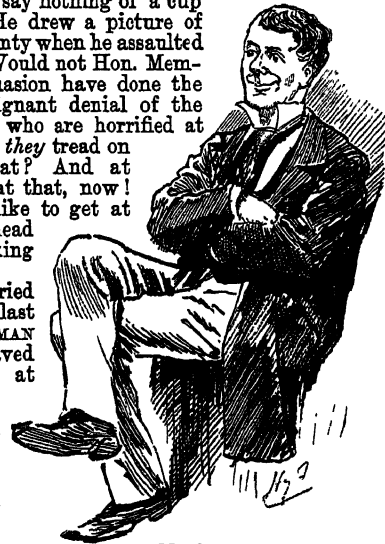
TIM walked into the Under Secretary with "joy." He "scathed" him, and said all manner of things about him. He used, amongst other weapons his legal knowledge (TIM is a great authority upon all legal questions) to describe him as a "returned convict."

"Look at that now!" observed JOSEPH GILLIS. "It's disgraceful that we should be ruled by a man who has assaulted the perlice!" In the midst of the excitement KING-HARMAN suddenly returned from his dinner. No doubt he had sacrificed, in his haste to defend himself, or rather, what the only Home-Ruler who does not use an accent calls his "Ka-rack-tare," from the aspersions of the "inimy," three courses, a dessert, to say nothing of a cup of coffee and a *chasse*. He drew a picture of being a lad of two-and-twenty when he assaulted the police at Cremorne. Would not Hon. Members of Home-Rule persuasion have done the same at that age? Indignant denial of the entire Home-Rule Party, who are horrified at this suggestion! "Would they tread on the tail of anybody's coat? And at two-and-twenty? Look at that, now! Bedad! they would just like to get at the Under Secretary's head with a shillelagh for making such a suggestion."

And so the war was carried on, TIM's heart being at last softened by KING-HARMAN declaring that he had saved him from ill-treatment at Dungannon at the hands of some gentlemen who wanted to show him "how to cheer for the QUEEN" with a stick. "I got hold of the men by the neck and hurled them back," cried KING-HARMAN, unsuccessfully controlling his emotion, "and now he—he—he says I got into a ro—ow—ow at Cremorne."

"Craymorne, not Cremorne," shouted the Home-Rulers who are proud of accuracy.

And while all this excitement reigned around, the HOME SECRETARY



M-tth-wa.

sat smiling, glad for once and away to be out of his customary hot corner. However, all passed off peacefully and no bones were broken.

Thursday.—House very thin during Question Time, and attendance of Ministerialists during the entire sitting very scanty, considering the programme. Then there was an incident. Incident came about this way. DILLON had been seen during hour allowed for Minister-baiting reading the huge print of an enormous green placard. First impression he had grown short-sighted, and required larger type; second, that he meant mischief. Second impression right one. So to raise the question of the proclamation of the Ennis County Clare Meeting he asked permission to move adjournment of debate. SPEAKER put it, were there requisite number of Members present ready to sanction a regular first-class, A 1, whack-where-you-will, go-as-you-please, Irish row? SPEAKER used more Parliamentary language than this, but that was about his meaning. Sixty Members sprang to their feet to testify their desire not to quarrel, but to uphold constitutional privileges in the most peaceable manner in the world. And then the row began.

DILLON had first shot. Meeting was to be of the most peaceful character. All that the boys wanted to do was to remind one another of their inalienable right to denounce the wanton and overbearing conduct of the Government. They would say this in the most illigant manner imaginable, without giving offence to anybody. He was going to speak to the boys himself, and so was Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, and so was Mr. PHILIP STANHOPE. Sure, now, what harm could there be, especially as the meeting was not to be held in a part of the country that wanted pacifying? And because some rack-renting landlords, wild with fury, and shaking in their shoes with apprehension, asked for it to be proclaimed, it was to be! Could this be tolerated? No! He would be off that very evening to brave the bayonet, the buckshot, the battle and the breeze!

BALFOUR mildly remonstrating. Ennis, County Clare, best possible place in the world; but meeting might cause peasantry to lose the Arcadian innocence for which they are at present distinguished. Murmurs from Home-Rulers, and, later on, "outrage" by PHIL STANHOPE, who actually had the audacity to speak of Chief Secretary as a "whimsical and lackadaisical gentleman." The SPEAKER sprang to his feet, and sharply rebuked the outrager. Only fancy! Calling ARTHUR BALFOUR's manner whimsical! and lackadaisical! So monstrous! So blood-curdling! so untrue!

The usual gentlemen who patronise the "diversion" having had their full share of the fun, the debate was brought to a conclusion. Then the gentlemen turned their attention to the remaining Irish Estimates, and enjoyed themselves until the next morning.

Friday and Saturday.—Sittings at this time of the year get so mixed, that they take two days to give a single date. Committee of the House as before; Irish Estimates as before; "illigant diversion" as before. And so, half asleep, the remains of what, a few months ago, had been a self-respecting House of Commons continued its dreary Session.

Total for the Week.—Irish Business carried on in Irish manner, and CHAMBERLAIN booked for Canada.

SOME NOTES AT STARMOUTH.

AN outcast once more! I exchange the blessing invoked on the perfidious PLAPPER for curse of equal calibre. On-on—like the Wandering Jew, or the Pilgrim of Love. No rest but the hotel for me! Starmouth landladies beginning to enter into the humour of the thing—they appear now with a broad grin, repeated on faces of accepted lodgers at windows. They evidently do not consider me a sound investment. Meet other homeless ones, searching—we scowl at one another jealously.



Sound Investment.

Evening is getting on—which is more than I am. Sinking into a state of maudlin self-pity. My poor Drama—and all the things I ordered to be sent in to PLAPPER'S! He, or his lodger, will read by my lamp, bathe in my bath, feed on my jam—while I . . . but I cannot trust myself to think of it—or Starmouth may lose one of its leading optimists? . . . Later—*saved!* It still seems incredible to me—but I have rooms at last! At Mrs. SURGE'S—a widow lady, who, as she tells me herself, has not been in a hurry to put up her card, as she likes "to pick her lodgers." And she has picked Me—me, the Blighted, the scorned of Starmouth! No sea-view—but plenty of horsehair. Sunflowers and mignonette in long front garden; bow-window, and regiment of geraniums drawn up in pots on little table. Go back, and recover luggage.

Return to Mrs. SURGE'S roof, not without nervous apprehensions—she may repent, or I might find the house a smoking ruin. Can't get over an idea that the Fates are pursuing me. However, they seem to be taking a rest just now. I am free at last to study Star-

mouth. Hitherto I have had eyes for nothing but little cards with "Apartments" on them.

No doubt about Starmouth being full. Streets crowded. Most of the young men promenading in flannels and cricket "blazers," of startling brilliancy. Children, young girls, and stout matrons in striped linen yachting-caps. (When you are elderly, and at all stout, you do not appear to advantage in this form of head-dress.) Chars-à-bancs, flies, tricycles, goat-chaises. Always thought Starmouth was a picturesque fishing-village, with windmills, wooden huts, and drying-nets along beach. It isn't.

Still, of course, the change from all London associations, the absolute quiet must have tendency to refresh the fagged brain. (Always rather a gratifying reflection somehow, to think one has a fagged brain.) I observe they are doing *Our Boys* at the theatre.

At the Aquarium are the BUFFON Brothers with their celebrated Acrobatic Ass "from all the London Music-Halls." Switchback Railway, too, on the beach, and automatic machines about every five yards. Plenty of life here.

I am becoming gradually aware that Starmouth, though full, is not exactly fashionable. I infer this, partly from the fact that already I instinctively turn round to look curiously at the speaker, when I hear a duly aspirated "h," *à la mode d'Islington*, partly from the prevalence and popularity of the wheel-stalls on the Esplanade. Really good society, even in its laxest mood, would scarcely support quite so many.

On the Pier. Military Band. View of Beach from sea very beautiful at night, fairy-like effect of continuous line of light from wheel-stalls. Yet one would hesitate to put a touch of description like that into a novel—curious the prudery of fiction, your realistic French author would describe contents of all the little saucers. That is *Art*, and I shall see if I can work it in to my drama somehow.

Leave Pier. Back to Esplanade. Crowd round young man singing to concertina a ditty about a certain JEMIMA who thought "so fond of her beer, was always a Mug."

Sentimental Song, to harp, at next corner. About a Stowaway, with golden curls, and "dear baby lips," and "sweet little eyes," how a cruel Mate found him in the hold, and was so touched that he kissed him on the forehead for speaking the "tree-youth," and the crew wept. Most pathetic—Singer himself compelled to retire to public-house at conclusion.

Bed. Dream my Nautical Drama accepted by Mr. IRVING—a *waking* dream, too!

Sunday.—Breakfast. My landlady evidently person of strict propriety. My two boiled eggs come in dressed in little red-worsted petticoats. It never occurred to me before that a bare egg was calculated to call up a blush—but

really they make me feel almost shy now—they do look so coy, so modest in their simple attire. Possibly, though, Starmouth eggs are not very strong, and require artificial warmth.

Bells. Stream of people, looking good, in tall hats and best things, going inland—unregenerate stream, in tweeds, making for sands. Salvation Army, with fervent but tactless drum. Sunday not a day for Nautical Drama. Beach. "Will I take a tract?" Hate being rude, so accept. . . . I have gone a hundred yards, and I have fourteen tracts—almost enough to start distributing on my own account.

Evening.—Sacred Music. That is, I go to pier when Military Band is playing. Band certainly broad in its views—I find them performing an unmistakable polka. There are sacred dances, I know, in Oratorios—but surely not *polkas*? As they follow it up with *Faust*, and the *Jeunesse Dorée* Valse, I realise that I am on the secular, or Trafalgar Pier—it is *Waterloo* Pier that has the Sacred Band.

Crush tremendous; all the art, chivalry, and beauty of Holloway and Mile End pass in dazzling procession before me. "Shouldn't you laugh if this old pier was to come down, eh? There's a tidy lot on it," observes a Blazer to a Yachting Cap. "I should 'ang on to you if it did," responds the Cap, tenderly—"we'd all gow down together!"

The pier is certainly crowded—is it strong? Don't like the idea of going down with my Drama unwritten. Shall retire—good night's rest, and then start fresh with Drama in morning.



Is-linked-on.



Holloway.



My Lend.

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OUR IGNOBLE SELVES.

(Lament by a Reader of "Letters to the Papers.")



Oh! bless us and save us! Like men to behave us

We Britons once held it our glory;
Now Party bids fair to befool and enslave us.
We're lost between Liberal and Tory!
Some quidnunc inditeth a letter to GLADSTONE,

The style of it, "Stand and deliver!"
Its speech may be rude, and its tone quite a cad's tone,

Its logic may make a man shiver.
Au contraire it may be most lucid and modest,

In taste and in pertinence equal
(Though such a conjunction would be of the oddest),

But what, anyhow, is the sequel?
Rad papers all cry, "We've once more before us

An instance of folly intruding."

Whilst all the Conservative Journals in chorus
Declare "it is perfectly crushing!"

"Little Pedlington's" snubbed by the Liberal Press,
And urged such fool tricks to abandon.

Cry Tories, "I guess the Old Man's in a mess,
He hasn't a leg left to stand on!"

Oh! save us and bless us! The shirt of old Nessus,
Was not such a snare to the hero,

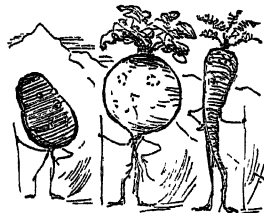
As poisonous faction. Crass fools we confess us,
With sense and with spirit at zero.

If thus we comport us like blind sprawling kittens,
Or pitiful partisan poodles,

'Twill prove Party makes e'en of freeminded Britons,
A race of incontinent noodles!

"TO TEAPOT BAY AND BACK."

LONDONERS who like but are weary of the attractions of Eastend-on-Mud, and want a change, can scarcely do better than spend twenty-four hours in that rising watering-place Teapot Bay. I say advisedly "rising," because the operation has been going on for more than forty years. In these very pages a description of the "juvenile town," appeared nearly half a century ago. Then it was said that



Cheap and Picturesque Roots for Tourists.

the place was "so infantine that many of the houses were not out of their scaffold-poles, whilst others had not yet out their windows," and the place has been growing ever since—but very gradually. The "ground plan of the High Street" of those days would still be useful as a guide, although it is only fair to say that several of the fields then occupied by cabbages are now to some extent covered with empty villas labelled "To Let." In the past the High Street was intersected by roads described as "a street, half houses, half potatoes," "a street apparently doing a good stroke of business," "a street, but no houses," "a street indigent, but houseless," "a street which appears to have been nipped in the kitchens," "a street thickly populated with three inhabitants," and last but not least, "a street in such a flourishing condition that it has started a boarding-house and seminary." The present condition of Teapot Bay is much the same—the roads running between two lines of cellars (contributions to houses that have yet to be built) are numerous and testify to good intentions never fulfilled. There is the same meaningless tower with a small illuminated clock at the top of it, and if the pier is not quite so long as it was thirty or forty years ago, it still seems to be occupying the same site.

The means of getting to Teapot Bay is by railway. Although no doubt numbered amongst the cheap and picturesque routes for tourists, the place is apparently considered by the authorities as more or less of a joke. Margate, Ramsgate, Westgate and Broadstairs, are taken *au sérieux*, and have trains which keep their time; but Teapot Bay, seemingly, is looked upon as a legitimate excuse for laughter. If two trains are fixed to start at 12, and 12:30, the twelve o'clock train will leave at 12:30, and the 12:30 at 1. The authorities endeavour to have a train in hand at the end of the day, and I fancy are generally successful in carrying out their intentions. But between London and Teapot Bay there are many slippery carriages, which stop at various Junctions, and refuse to go any further

in the required direction. When this happens, the weary traveller has to descend, cross a platform, and try another line. If he is a man of determination, and is not easily disheartened, nine times out of ten he ultimately reaches Teapot Bay, where his arrival causes more astonishment than gratification.

When I got to this "rising watering-place" the other day, I found an omnibus in waiting, ready to carry me to the town, which is some little distance from the station. We travelled by circular tour, which included a trot through many of the fields of my boyhood, now, alas! potatoeless, and covered with weeds! In one of these fields I noticed a canvas booth, three or four flags, and a group of about twenty spectators, inspecting a gentleman in a scarlet coat, mounted on rather a large-boned horse.

"They still have a country-fair here?" I suggested to the person who had collected my sixpence.

"That isn't a fair, Sir—they's the Races," was the reply.

"Not very well attended, I fear?" I observed.

"Better than they was last year—why the whole town has gone to see them this time."

A little later we reached the principal inn of the place, which was described in a local Handbook as "an old-established hotel, but comfortable." Rather, to my annoyance (as I was anxious to preserve my *incognito*), I was received by the landlord with respectful cordiality. "Glad you have honoured us, Sir—proud of your presence."

I made a sign to him not to betray me, and asked for my room.

"Well, Sir, we must put you into the Rotunda."

Again by a gesture inviting silence as to my identity, I mounted a flight of stairs, and found myself in a room that once, I think, must have been entirely arbour. Much of the arbour still remained, but a large slice had been partitioned off affording space for a chimney-piece, two chairs, a washstand and a bed. By opening a window which reached to the ground, I found myself on a balcony covered in with creepers, and beneath which was a gas-lamp labelled "Hotel Tap." In front of me was a field with the foundation (long since completed) for some houses at the end of it. On my left another field in the same state of passive preparation, and on my right a side view of the Ocean. It was growing dark, so after an "old-fashioned but comfortable" dinner, I went out for a stroll.

"Pleased you should honour us," said the landlord, as he opened the door to allow me to pass. Again to my annoyance, as it was vexatious to be thus identified in this out-of-the-way place as one of the celebrities of the hour.

The visitors and other inhabitants of Teapot Bay had returned from the Races, and were walking on the pier listening to the band. The gentlemen were in flannels, the ladies decorated with yards of white ribbon. The band was more select than numerous. Its conductor beat time with his left hand, while with his right he played the "air" of the tune at the moment attracting his attention upon an elaborate instrument that looked like a cross between a clarinet and an old-fashioned brass serpent. There was not much drumming, because the drummer spent nearly all his ample leisure on more or less successful efforts to vend programmes. The band was in a gusty alcove at one end of the pier, a small room covered with placards of a Wizard who, after making the acquaintance of "The Crowned Heads of Europe," was to perform there "to-night," was at the other. Having soon exhausted the pleasure derivable from listening to the band, I sought out the wizard.

"Oh, he ain't going to do it again until next Saturday," was the answer of a little girl who had charge of a turnstile, when I asked for a ticket. "But you can see him then."

I retired. As all the shops (possibly a couple of dozen) were closed, I returned to my hotel—really a very comfortable one. In the morning I thought I would have a sea-bath. There were a few machines, which were manipulated with ropes and windlasses. There was an elderly man in charge, who informed me that he could not lower one of these vehicles until his mate returned.

"Gone to breakfast?" I suggested.

"Breakfast—no one here has time for breakfast!" was the reply.

When I left, the landlord again murmured his thanks for the honour I had done him by patronising his hotel. Still anxious to preserve my *incognito*, in bidding him adieu I begged him not to allow my name to appear in the Visitors' List.

"You may be sure I won't Sir," said he with a bow as he opened the door, and a tip-inviting "boots" put my portmanteau on the omnibus starting for the station—"as I don't know it!"

On the whole I prefer Eastend-on-Mud to Teapot Bay!



A Circular Tour.



"You're up!"

A PRETTY CENTENARIAN.

(Mr. Bull's Song on Miss Columbia's Hundredth Birthday.)

"The chief authorities of the several States of this Union have resolved to celebrate, on the 15th, 16th, and 17th days of September next, at Philadelphia, the first centennial anniversary of the framing of the Constitution of the United States, with military and industrial displays, and with other suitable ceremonies."—*Letter of Invitation to Mr. Gladstone from the Constitutional Centennial Commission.*



LILLEY. J. H. B. 1887.

John Bull. "A HUNDRED YEARS OLD, MY DEAR! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT! BUT THEN YOU HAVE SUCH A WONDERFUL CONSTITUTION!"

AIR—"I'm getting a Big Boy now."

You have passed through the troubles of national youth,
(To have safely survived them's a boon.)
You have cut your eye-teeth, you look pretty, in truth,
But much the reverse of a "spoon."

We gaze on you fondly, admiringly, dear;
Few traces of age on *your* brow.
A hundred this year? Then it's perfectly clear
You are getting a great girl now.

Chorus.

You are getting a great girl now,
And you know it, COLUMBIA, I trow.
Philadelphia's "boom"
Leaves for doubt little room
That you're getting a great girl now.

I feel like Papa, who though elderly 's fresh,
And with younkers can sympathise still;
You are bone of my bone, you are flesh of my flesh,
And I bear you the warmest good-will.
My centennial dates which have rapidly run,
I have given up counting, somehow;
Like me, you'll be learning life is not *all* fun,
For you're getting a great girl now.

Chorus.

You are getting a great girl now.
With health and that radiant brow,
One hardly would say
You're a hundred to-day,
Though you're getting a great girl now.

You've gone in for Parties,—my plague, dear, at home;
If anyone's sick of 'em I am,—
Your land is so large you need hardly to roam,
Yet you're known from St. James's to Siam.
We greet you as Cousin, our family throng
Is wide, but you're welcome, I vow.
Come often, stay long, you can hardly do wrong,
Though you're getting a great girl now.

Chorus.

You are getting a great girl now.
The rawness of youth you outgrow.
I am proud of your looks,
Like your art, and your books;
You are getting a great girl now.

To your big birthday party 'twas kind to invite
My WILLIAM; I'm sure he'd have come
And danced at your ball with the greatest delight,
But for years, and some business at home.
He's really a marvel, you know, for his age;
At your great Philadelphia pow-wow
He'd have reeled you off columns of talk, I'll engage,
Though he's getting an Old Boy now.

Chorus.

He's getting an Old Boy now,
Yet but for our big Irish row,
He'd have come like a shot,
And orated a lot,
Though he's getting an Old Boy now.

Your health, my COLUMBIA! A hundred? Seems queer!
What a sweet Centenarian you make!
I suppose it's your fine "Constitution," my dear;
Which nothing, I hope, will e'er shake.
You have proved you have not only swiftness, but stay;
Well, long may you flourish and grow!
Many happy—and hearty—returns of the Day!
You are getting a great girl now!

Chorus.

You are getting a great girl now;
May you prosper, and keep out of row;
Shun bunkum and bawl,
All that's shoddy and small,
For you're getting a great girl now!

THE FATHER OF THE MAN.

A CASE of some interest to Self-made Men, the conviction of a boy fined half-a-crown for playing, with some other boys, the game of "brag," occasioned Mr. SHIEL, on the Southwark Bench, to observe that "Gambling was the first step towards crime. Boys who began with gambling, very often ended by being thieves." Too often, perhaps, but, it may be hoped, not always. The boy who begins by playing at pitch-and-toss, surely doesn't always grow up to be a man who actually commits manslaughter. He may possibly stop short of larceny, burglary, or housebreaking, and do nothing worse than getting a useless, but not absolutely criminal livelihood, by betting on the Derby and the St. Leger, or speculating on the Stock Exchange.



FORM.

Public School Boy (to General Sir George, G.C.B., & S.I., V.C., &c., &c., &c.) I SAY, GRANDPAPA,—A—WOULD YOU MIND JUST PUTTING ON YOUR HAT A LITTLE STRAIGHTER? HERE COMES CODGERS—HE'S AWFULLY PARTICULAR—AND HE'S THE CAPTAIN OF OUR ELEVEN, YOU KNOW!"

WORDS IN SEASON.

News are by no means wanting in the newspapers. A surprising telegram from Vienna announces that:—

"A large shark has been captured close to the harbour of Fiume. It is four and a half metres long, and weighs 1,460 kilogrammes. The stomach contained a pair of human feet with the boots on."

The shark with two feet, and boots inside of it to boot, beats JERROLD's "San Domingo Billy," in *Black Eyed Susan*, with a watch in his maw—whereby hung a yarn. Provincial journals, please copy, and report a jack that was so big as to have swallowed jack-boots. You may calculate that they will go down with some of your readers too. Nothing like leather.

The gooseberry season is over, but if this were the height of it, the prodigious fruit of that family would be unmentionable to any scientific assembly. Nevertheless, Dr. C. FALBERG read a paper to an audience at the British Association upon "Saccharine, the New Sweet Product of Coal Tar," which, in connection with the John Hopkins' University (U.S.) he discovered in 1879. Coal tar has been brought to a pretty pitch. He averred this saccharine to be 250 times sweeter than sugar. Must have used nice means to calculate that quantity of the quality of sweetness. Said it had become an article of commerce—had a large sale in Germany, was perfectly harmless, he had himself used it for nine years, and it produced no injurious effect upon him. Apparently, then, he used to eat it, and if he didn't might have invited his hearers likewise to eat him. This "Saccharine" bears a somewhat long name, which, as it is a commercial article, might perhaps be compendiously replaced with "Sugarine."

The sea-serpent, *Python marinus*—*Python Ambulatoris*, or *Python Walkerii*—seems not just yet to have been satisfactorily sighted either by sailors or marines. However, he may be expected to turn up again very soon, this time probably coiled in constrictor fashion, as an oceanic ophidian, around a Laocoon or leviathan of a species very like a whale.

The Duke's Motto.

MR. DUKE, Secretary to the Liberal-Unionists, says that they consider Liberal reunion as desirable, but "with one opinion" they decline to do anything until publicly authorised to do so by Lord HARTINGTON and the Liberal-Unionist leaders. This DUKE's motto is evidently "Ditto to Lord HARTINGTON." DUKE's "Dittos" may in future pair off with GLADSTONE's "Items."

A VERY PRETTY TALE BY ANDERSON.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

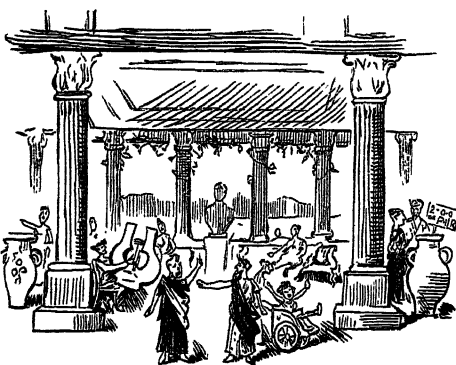
In producing *The Winter's Tale* at the Lyceum, that most charming young actress, Miss MARY ANDERSON, deserves well, not



A Picture from the Stone.

only of her country (if she insists upon calling England "abroad," like some of her compatriots), but also of our country, which, I presume, was furthermore the country of her ancestors. If the shade of Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE will pardon the liberty, the play is a very good one. It has an interesting plot, with plenty of scope for good acting, good music, and last, and not least, good scenery. Why it should not have been revived before I cannot imagine, unless it be that London theatres have men and not ladies to manage them. Had it been produced in the IRVING régime, Miss ELLEN TERRY could have played—and played well—the parts of *Hermione* and *Perdita*; but I fail to see where the name of the lessee would have come in. *Leontes* is not a very prominent personage, and even

had it been coupled with *Autolycus*, still the demands upon Mr. IRVING's talent would have been insufficient, not only to please himself, but also (which is of equal importance) to satisfy the audience. However, when Miss ANDERSON takes the reins of stage management in to her own fair and shapely hands, the necessity of providing for a tragedian of the first class disappears. The "leading man" of her company is Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON—a most talented person. He can paint pictures, and play remarkably well in certain characters. His *Captain Absolute* was far from bad, and his *Romeo* more than good. As *Leontes* he has a part rather out of his line; but, all things considered, he fills it very well. It may be objected that he is rather effeminate, and that his costume would have been more becoming had he worn what the ladies (I believe) term "half sleeves;" but for all that, his reading of the character was entirely conscientious, if not absolutely right. But naturally the success of Saturday evening was Miss ANDERSON, who was as maternally dignified as *Hermione*, as she was deliciously girlish as *Perdita*. She "looked" both parts to perfection. It may be my fancy, but I imagine she has greatly improved since we saw her last in London. The bass notes of her silvery voice have mellowed, and her attitudes, always graceful, are seemingly now more spontaneous, and consequently more natural. Charming as *Juliet*, she is more charming as *Hermione*, and most charming as *Perdita*. Nothing prettier than her dance in the "Pastoral Scene," has been seen in a London Theatre for many a long year.



Young and Hairy.

And my reference to the "Pastoral Scene," (by Mr. HAWES CRAVEN) recalls the fact to my mind that all the scenery is excellent. The *Palace of Leontes* by Mr. W. TELBIN, is only equalled by Mr. W. TELBIN's *Queen's Apartment*, and a wonderful cloth of a road-side with a view of a flock of sheep grazing on the brow of a hill (again by Mr. HAWES CRAVEN, who seems to have become Artist in Ordinary to Arcadia), is not more remarkable than Mr. HANN's Court of Justice. In the last stage-picture it is possible, but not

probable, that the hypercritical might suggest that the accessories are slightly suggestive of a kitchen, on the score that the altar is something like a silver grill, and the Court Herald appears, during a portion of the action of the piece, to be cooking chops. Personally, I think this idea rather far-fetched, although, of course, there is some resemblance (no doubt purely accidental) between the helmets of the soldiers and the brass coal-scuttle of a modern drawing-room. And I



A Scene on its Metal.

will even go further, and admit that, to a careless observer, some of the warriors may appear to be wearing the garb of Harlequin; but when it is hinted that *Leontes*, in his first attitude on his throne, is not unlike a Guy on the Fifth of November, I feel that the wish must be father of the thought, and that the resemblance is purely imaginary.

Leaving the scenery to come to the acting, I may say that the play is generally well cast. Mr. MACLEAN and Mr. CHARLES COLLETTE are both very amusing, the first as *Camillo*, and the last as *Autolycus*, and Mr. GEORGE WARDE is quietly humorous with the baby. When I say quietly humorous, I do not mean that he trenches in the least on the ground occupied by either the Clown of Pantomime or the Clown of SHAKESPEARE. He does not sit upon the infant, or throw it about—no, nor even sing to it a little comic song. He gets all his effects by merely carrying it quietly about, and showing it, with an assumption of gravity that is killing, to Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON. To turn to the less important characters of the play, Mr. DAVIES as a gaoler suggests that in "those days" prison officials were sometimes whatever happened to be the equivalent of the period to the modern "masher." Miss ZEFFIE TILBURY, Miss HELENA DACKER, and Miss DESMOND ("1st Lady with a song" and gigantic lyre) are all equally good, and even the subordinate female parts have efficient representatives.

Returning to the gentlemen (a difficult task when it entails leaving such pleasant company) Mr. F. H. MACLIN as *Polixenes* is sufficiently robust in his manly bearing to suggest the necessary contrast with *Leontes*, and Mr. FULLER MELLISH is picturesque, painstaking and conscientious as *Florizel*.

I began with Miss ANDERSON and (much to my regret) I must end with her. She is equally charming as *Hermione* and *Perdita*. Her cry of horror and dead faint in the Hall of Justice on learning of the loss of *Mamillius*, is one of many points that profoundly impressed the audience, and in her comedy scene with *Polixenes* in Act I, in which she asks him *à propos* of *Leontes*, "Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?" her smiling glance at her sombre lord is simply inimitable. I can quite fancy that *Leontes* when he saw *Hermione*, and *Florizel Perdita*, must have talked of their condition (allowing for the loss of their hearts) as I describe myself when I assume the signature of



An Infant Phenomenon.

ONE WHO HAS GONE TO PIECES.

A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

(To the Ladies of England.)



Lo! "the sea-gulls slowly whirling
Over all the silver sea,
Where the white-toothed waves are curling,
And the winds are blowing free.
There's a sound of wild commotion,
And the surge is stained with red;
Blood incarnadines the ocean,
Sweeping round old Flamborough Head.

For the butchers come unheeding
All the torture as they slay,
Helpless birds left slowly bleeding,
When the wings are reft away.
There the parent bird is dying,
With the crimson on her breast,
While her little ones are lying
Left to starve in yonder nest.

What dooms all these birds to perish,
What sends forth these men to kill,
Who can have the hearts that cherish
Such designs of doing ill?
Sad the answer: English ladies
Send those men, to gain each day
What for matron and for maid is
All the Fashion, so folks say.

Feathers deck the hat and bonnet.
Though the plumage seemeth fair,
Punch, whene'er he looks upon it,
Sees that slaughter in the air.
Many a fashion gives employment
Unto thousands needing bread,
This, to add to your enjoyment,
Means the dying and the dead.

Wear the hat, then, sans the feather,
English women, kind and true;
Birds enjoy the summer weather
And the sea as much as you.
There's the riband, silk, or jewel,
Fashion's whims are oft absurd;
This is execrably cruel;
Leave his feathers to the bird!

ROBERT AT MARLOW.

"HERE we are again!" as the Clown says in the Pantermine, at butiful Great Marlow, looking jest as bootiful as ever, though there is jest a few tears a falling from the dark clowds coz the sun doesn't shine as it did when we was in grand old London last week, and turn all the drops of rain into reel dimons. My son WILLIAM has cum with us, and he says as how this lovely place makes quite a Poet of him, so he dashed off the following description of it larst nite when the rain was a coming down in palefuls, witch we all thinks to be amost as butiful as it's trew:—

"To Marlow have we come, a little city,
Of all the towns on Thames there's none more pretty, [see.
Famous for pretty girls and boating, he Pangbourne perhaps, but that you soon may
Who has not seen it, will be much to Our nice clean lodging's near the flowing
pity, river,
So says King ROBERT, and I quite agree A noble stream, much like the Guadalquivier."

I haven't corrected none of his rayther rone spelling, but writ it down jest as he wrote it all out of his hone hed. Not having ever herd of the place that he says the River is like, I natrally arsked him where it were, and he said in Sow Ameriky. What it is to be not only a Poet but a geolergist as well! ah, it's all owing to the Bellowsmender's Skool.

I don't find much difference in the old Place xcep that it's gitting bigger, witch it's a pity, but how can one be surprized. If peepie finds out a perfeo pairidice they natrally tells their friends of it, and so more cums ewery year. Among others we've got a real live Hem Pea, but he's here on the sly, having told the Tory Whip as he's bin obligated to go to Switzerland to see his pore sick Mother-in-Law! A nice sort of green Whip he must ha' bin to beso easily gammond. His wally told me as he had shaved off his beard so nobody knowed him, but for fear of accidence he passes ewery Saturday and Sunday at a farm yard inland. Wot a lively life for a reel Swell!

I've ony bin here jest a few days, and I've had another startling adventure. I never seed such a plaice as this is for adventures. I had taken my favorit stroll to Temple Lock, and had my customary chat with the werry intellegent Lock Keeper there on things in general, and Locksmen's trubbls in partickler, and was walking gently home, wen I herd the most unusual report of Guns close by me, on the hopposite Bank; and jest as I came up to where they was a shooting, I seed three Gents raise their sanguinary Rifels and haim bang at my devoted hed! I hadn't time to shout tout or to run away, so I had to stand it like a traitor or a dezertor. Luckely they missed me, and, laying down their murderous weppons, went into the ouse. I was so prostrated with estonishment that I remaned fixt on the spot. Luckely my son WILLIAM came by in a Bote, so I hollowed to him, and, getting in, he pulled me across the foaming River. I luckely remembered hearing 2 of the Tems Consewatifs a torking at the LORD MARE'S Bankwet about the Buy Lons, and that one on em was a fine of 40s. for ewerrybody as shot a gun across the River. So, harmed with this nollidge, I at wunce adrest myself to the estonished Gents about the enormous sum as they wood have to pay me if as how as I went and told. I had bin a making the Cal-kerlashon all the way across, so I was able to say boldly, eleven shots, at 40s. per shot, is twenty-too pound! One of the gents turned gashly pail, and another sed as they woodn't do it not never no more, so I kindly promist not to do wot I might do, and rode away in our Bote with the feeling of a Judge a pardoning 3 criminals. They did say as they could not have bin a haiming at me becoz they fired up in the hair, where the birds was; but how was I to know that, wen the dedly weppens was pinted bang at me, and how, too, about the falling bullets? They must have bin quite fust-rate shots, for wen a hole flock of pidgeons flew into their garden, amost close to 'em, they all three fired at the lot, and acshally wounded one of 'em, poor thing.

When warking by the side of the River this artemnoon, I was arsked by a young, but not werry successful angler, what o'clock it was. I told him, in course, and he said as he couldn't fish no more, as it was lunch time, so we warked along together, and he told me all his trubbls. He had bin at it for five days, and had never cort but one fish, and he was too little to keep. He was a nice brite young chap, so I simpatised with him. He said other peepie cort plenty of fish, but they came and looked at his bait, and then turned round and swum away; so I gave him a bit of advice as I had wunce herd of. Don't buy your frys, I ses, but make 'em yourself. Anythink will do if it has 4 legs, and 2 wings made of gorze. And when the fishes sees it they will say to one another, "Hullo, BILL, here's a rum-looking fly—I never tasted one like him—so here goes," and he gobbles up your fly, and so you has him slick. How my young frend did larf. Ah, says he, that's the frute of indulging your curiossity. I'll set to work this evening and make one, as I've no time to did.

I took a walk this morning in butiful Quarry Woods, but O what a site met my gaze! It used to be one of the atrakshuns of the plaice for anyboddy as could walk. What is it now? All the roads as bin dug up, and left so, and at the entrance to the lovely paths there are orrid bords put up, saying, "No path—trespassers persecuted." But it isn't true. They are Paths, and they leads every-where, and I wasn't persecuted. All the finest trees are smeared over with dirty bills, saying, "No person allowed to camp, land, or picknick," and sumbody had added, "Or cough, or sneeze, without permission!" As a poor feller said to me, who was hobbling along on the horful road, and who knew the late propyeter, "Ah, a kind, Cristian Landlord ought to live as long as he posserbly can, for he never can tell what's to foller."

There's a place there where the Wolunteers practises firing, and I'm afraid they must be werry careless, for they writes up, "No one must damage the pro-perty of the Corpse," which is werry kind of 'em, so far.

ROBERT.



A VIKING ON MODERN FASHION.

"WHAT DOES T'LESS WANT WI' YON BOOSTLE FOR? IT AREN'T BIG ENOUGH TO SMOGGLE THINGS, AND SHE CAN'T STEER HERSELF WI' IT!"

THE WAIL OF THE MALE;

Being a British Workman's View of the Cheap Female Labour Question, respectfully submitted to the Trades Union Congress.

Bill Smith to his Shopmate, Ben Jones, loquitur:—

EH? Give 'em the Suffrage—the Women? Why not? What else, that's worth having, lads, *haven't* they got? If it's levelling up, let 'em have it all round, And *we* shan't be the first to complain, I'll be bound. They've cut down our wages, and copied our coats, And I really don't see why they shouldn't have Votes. Wish I was a woman, old fellow, that's flat; I should then have a chance, and know what to be at. I have just got the "bullet," Mate—sacked without notice, I wonder what pull *my* possessin' the Vote is? *She* hasn't got ne'er a one—*she's* got my job, I lose a fair crib, and the boss saves ten bob! I've been at it five years, kept a family on it, And *she*—well, the first thing *she* buys is a bonnet! They're cutting us out, Mate—the Women are—straight, And I s'pose it's no use for to kick agen Fate, But it seems blooming hard on the wife and the kids, *She's* a woman, of course, though *she* can't earn the "quids," But then, being married, *she's* out of the hunt For earning or votes. Look here, BILL! If they shunt You and me, and our like, as they're doing all round, Because Women are cheap, and there's heaps to be found, Won't it come to this, sooner or later, my boy, That the most of us chaps will be out of employ, Whilst the Women will do all the work there's to do, And keep us, and the kids, on about half our "screw"? Who's a-going to gain by that there but the boss? And for everyone else it is bound to be loss. A nice pooty look-out! Oh, I know what they say;— That the women work better than us for less pay, And are much less the slaves of the pint and the pot; What's that got to do with it? All tommy rot! We have all got to live, and if women-folk choose To collar our cribs or to cut down our screws,

They will have to be bread-winners, leaving us chaps To darn stockings at home with the kids on our laps. Well, I hope as they'll like it. I tell you what, neighbour, The world's being ruined by petticoat labour. Besides, Mate, in spite of this Woman's Rights fuss, Work don't make 'em better *as* women, but wus. It mucks 'em for marriage, and spiles 'em for home, 'Cos their notion of life is to racket and roam. Just look at that work-girl there, her with the fringe! *She's* a nice pooty specimen! Makes a chap cringe To think of that flashy young chit as a wife. That's what cheap woman labour will do for our life. Oh, give 'em the Vote, and the breeks, while you're at it, Make 'em soldiers, and Bobbies, and bosses. But, drat it, If this blessed new-fangled game's to prewail, I pities the beggar who's born a poor Male!

BACKING BACO.

THE movements of Prince FERDINAND, as recently reported, appear to be shrouded in some mystery. It was announced that his Mamma was about to join him, and that a suite of apartments was being already prepared for her reception at the Palace. No sooner, however, was this encouraging piece of news published, than it was followed by a sinister rumour that the Prince himself was about to hurry off from Sofia to Baco, one of his country-seats on the frontiers of Hungary. As there is no mention of his being accompanied by his *suite*, it is doubtful if, in going to Baco, the Prince intended to take "returns." Naturally the Sobranje would like to be assured that, in going to Baco, he was really only going there and back, and did not mean, as the name of the place might suggest, to back out of the situation altogether. But perhaps there may not be, after all, any good foundation for the story of the proposed journey, in which event all this disturbing talk of a visit to Baco will probably end, as it naturally should, in smoke.

DEAR AT THE PRICE.—The farmers of Derbyshire have been meeting together and trying to fix "the price of milk during the ensuing winter." Well, the price that we in London pay for milk seems only too often to be—scarlet fever. *That* price requires regulating.



THE "FINAL TABLEAU."

("A CONSUMMATION DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED."—SHAKESPEARE.)



PROBLEM. TO FIND THE LAW COURTS.

(Sketches on the spot, Arundel Street, Victoria Embankment.)

HOUSE AND HOME.

MY DEAR MONEYPENNY,

PRAY excuse one more refusal of your kind and seasonable invitation, so often repeated, to come and stay with you at the "Sycamores." Believe me, there is nobody in the world than yourself I had rather live with if obliged to choose somebody. But to pass more than a few hours at a stretch in anyone's house besides my own, is more than I can abide, unless now and then for a night or so at an hotel, where I am not expected to notice anybody, and nobody minds me except the waiters in attendance, whom I am not ashamed of giving trouble. Besides, my dear fellow, you have no idea of what my making myself at home in your quarters as I do in my own would mean. Am in the first place, a very late riser. If my mind is occupied with any problem, usually lie in bed and think it out, very often until noon, or, even later.

When I have done breakfast (invariably taken in my own room), I always smoke a pipe, and then set to at reading or writing for a longer or shorter time, and go on smoking at intervals in the meanwhile. Sometimes sit and meditate till I lapse into a brown study, and am then liable to dream day-dreams, and fall into fits of unconscious cerebration, in which I frequently start up and spout SHAKESPEARE, or sing songs, or hum passages in operas, oratorios, symphonies, and overtures, a trick which, as my voice is very harsh and discordant, would of course be most irritating and offensive to anybody who could hear me, as would be generally the case anywhere out of my own den. Could never bear to be punctual to meal times, must always dine at what time it suits me; am utterly incapable of observing regular hours.

So I might go on. But I trust I have now said enough to show you what a bore I should be if I were to repay your generous opportunity to become your guest and do whatever I pleased so ill as to comply with it. Enough. I am afraid I have already bored you with much too long a letter. Let me only add that almost all social amusements, particularly cards and dancing, and every sort of small talk, common-place conversation, chaff, or gossip, or discussion of any subject, except philosophy, science, politics and theology, on which I am prone to argument, whilst my opponents generally lose their temper—are all so many bores of the very first magnitude to your sincerely candid and scrupulously outspoken friend,

Tub Snuggery.

ANTONY CAVEBEAR.

THE BRIGAND'S DOOM.

Brief libretto for a Trades-Unionist Grand Opera written up to date.

The Scene represents a Country Mansion surrounded by its grounds. Members of the New Labour Electoral Association discovered hanging about in threatening attitudes. As the Curtain rises they sing the following Chorus:—

CHORUS.

SEE us here, in jubilation,
A brand-new Association.
Still, the truth to tell, although
What we want we don't quite know.
We are bound the world to wake,
If sufficient noise we make.
Hail our programme then with bliss,
Which is, briefly stated, this:
No longer we'll trust representative nous,
But force for ourselves Parliamentary gates,
As Members we'll take our own seats in the House,
And have our expenses paid out of the rates.

A LOCAL RATEPAYER (*andante*).

Nay, nay! To take your seats, you're free,
But not, oh! not, to burthen me!
Enough am I already charged,
And would not see the sum enlarged,
Your pay,—that is your own affair;
I care not whence it emanates:
I only most distinctly swear,
You shall not get it from the rates.

CHORUS (*advancing on him threateningly*).

Be still, and know that the whole nation,
Bows down to the Association!
[The Local Ratepayer covers before them.
And yet this question of the land
We own we don't quite understand.
Is there no specialist who'll try
To make it clear?

Enter Mr. JOSEPH ARCH. He bounds into their midst.

MR. JOSEPH ARCH.

Why here am I!
You want your intellect to march?
[They express assent.
Then listen all to JOSEPH ARCH.
[They group themselves in attentive positions gracefully about him.

BALLAD.

A man may own jewels and gold,
A piano, horse, railway shares,
A cellar of wine, new or old,
A house, and the clothes that he wears.
Everything he may sell, or may buy,
That is purchased by wealth or by toil;
But he mustn't own—no matter why—
A single square yard of the soil.
He this who from HODGE, its true owner,
perverts,
Is a brigand, and merits a brigand's deserts!

This park that around you you see,
These gardens you so much admire,
Each hedgerow, each copse, every tree,
Is the owner's bequeathed from his sire.
He may have remitted his rents!
What of that till the Nation cries "Quits!"
His land, with the march of events,
Being purloined and cut up into bits?
For until to its true owner, HODGE, it
reverts,—
He's a brigand, and merits a brigand's deserts!

[At the conclusion of the ballad Mr. JOSEPH ARCH gives a signal and the OWNER OF THE PROPERTY is led on in the custody of Trade-Union Myrmidons.

CHORUS.

Rob him! fleece him! gag him! seize him!
Drive him from his country place.

Of his right of tenure ease him;
Call him "Brigand" to his face!

OWNER OF THE PROPERTY (*recitative*).

Oh, outrage horrible
And entirely unsatisfactory,
Thus to fasten with salutations
Eminently unpalatable
On the defenceless monied one of the County!
Know ye not that my venerated sire,
A Soap-boiler successful in his line of business
Beyond his wildest visions,
Purchased for eighty thousand pounds sterling,

These acres, as an investment
Speculative and commercial.
Say, then, is it reasonable that I,
His hopeful heir and offspring,
Should be defrauded of what,
At present prices agricultural,
Is but a return dim and disappointing
On his original outlay.

Why call me "Brigand"? Tell me why?

MR. JOSEPH ARCH (*con fuoco*).

Your father had no right to buy,
And, as the land to HODGE is due,
We take it thus by force from you!
A Crowd of Radical Land Reformers rush in, and seizing on the property, hew down the timber, cut away the brushwood, and parcel it out into small allotments.

OWNER OF THE PROPERTY (*con animo*).
And is there for no compensation room?

MR. JOSEPH ARCH.

No! none! And now, behold the Brigand's doom!

[Points triumphantly to the work at the back, while he waves the draft of a new Act of Parliament over the prostrate form of the Owner of the Property, as the Curtain slowly descends.



"MUFTI."

Materfamilias (flurried). "OH, PLEASE, WILL MR. CHARKLE COME TO OUR HOUSE DIRECTLY—THE SOOT IS FALLING INTO THE NURSERY, AND——"

Mrs. Charkle. "CERTAINLY, M'UM. LEASTWAYS MY 'USBAND AIN'T IN BLACK HISSELF TO-DAY, M'UM, BUT I'LL SEND SOMEBODY AT ONCE, M'UM!"

MORE ADVICE GRATIS.

VICTIM.—We should not advise you to prosecute the constable who "pummeled you severely," and then took you up for being drunk and disorderly, because you happened to drop your hymn-book on the pavement on returning from Church last Sunday evening. We cannot, either, recommend your going to the Police Station to lodge a complaint, unless you are an expert pugilist or take the precaution to wear sheet-iron next the skin. Perhaps the poor fellow was trying to introduce the *massage* treatment to your attention.

RIPARIAN OWNER.—Yes, you can, if you think it worth while, sue the owners of the five houseboats which have moored themselves close to your front-garden, and to whose proximity you fancy the two cases of typhus and one of cholera in your family are to be attributed. You ask what the maximum costs would be. Costs are things which have no maximum. Multiply your yearly income by the number of boats, and you will be pretty near the amount.

HISTORICAL STUDENT.—1. THOMAS CROMWELL was called the "Lord Protector" because he protected the Lord Chancellor (WOLSEY) from the King's vengeance. 2. No, the

expression "short commons" has nothing to do with the Long Parliament.

POLITICIAN.—1. You are under a misapprehension in supposing that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has undertaken to delimit the Afghan frontier. He has been appointed a Fishery Commissioner, with full power to investigate the condition of the Margate whelk-trade. 2. North Sea "Smacksmen" are not so called in consequence of their recent treatment by the Ostend fish-wives.

VOTARY OF SCIENCE.—The Antarctic regions were so named to distinguish them from the Arctic regions. A rather illiterate sea-captain discovered them, and at once exclaimed, "Why, these *Aint Arctic!*" They have retained this quaint title ever since.—No, the British Association does not require its members to have, as you suppose, "a profound knowledge of Chemistry, Physiology, Dynamics, and all other branches of Modern Science." Payment of a guinea entrance-fee is all that is needed.

NERVOUS INVALID.—It is unfortunate that the last Southbourne Park train should "blow off steam and whistle continuously for half an hour under your windows," at 1'30 A.M. Still, this does not quite excuse your smashing all the furniture and throwing the fire-irons into the street in one of the paroxysms you speak of. When you have a lucid interval write to the Company. No, don't "put a bullet through the engine-driver's head," as you suggest. Try a *mandamus* first,—also try some soothing syrup.

ANXIOUS ENGINEER.—You ask "if there is any danger attending the experiment of mixing equal parts of nitro-glycerine, gun-cotton, and sulphuric acid in an iron tank in your back-garden?" We have never tried it, so cannot say. The best *modus operandi* would be to invite your landlord, mother-in-law, and nearest tax-collector to come and see the fun. Go off yourself to the seaside, and get one of them to do the mixing. You would be sure to be interested in the result.

THE LOST RECORD.

(A *Chant* by an *ex-Champion*.)

AIR—"The Lost Chord."

RUNNING one day on the "Cinder,"
I led all the field with ease;
I felt I was going strongly,
I romped in quite "as you please."
I knew not what I was doing,
I was "fit as a fiddle" then,
And I made a "Record" that morning
I never shall make again.

It flooded the sporting papers,
I got the pedestrian palm.
They called me Champion of Champions;
The praise in my ears was balm.
But another "Ped."—confound him!—
"Cut" my record, in our next strife,
By exactly one-tenth of a second.
I should like to have his life!

I was Champion of Champions no longer,
Gone, gone was my pride, my peace.
Oh, the cheers for my hated supplanter!
I thought they would never cease.
I have struggled, but struggled vainly,
By practice and training fine,
To regain once more that "Record,"
Which for a brief month was mine.
It may be the man who licked me
Will be licked by yet better men,
But the "Record" I lost that morning
I never shall win again.

AN "ORANGE FREE STATE" THAT SHOULD HAVE ITS LIBERTY CURTAILED.—Peel on the pavement.



THE HOUSE "UP" AT LAST!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, September 13.—The House is "up," or nearly so, and if not altogether, more shame for it. We are, as will be seen from thumb-nail sketch annexed. I'm not only up, but have been off for a clear week. Come back just to hear HARCOURT'S Speech. Liked to go finally before, but ARNOLD MORLEY wouldn't let me. "Get a pair," said he, when I again broached subject, "and go as soon as you like."

All very well to say, "Get a pair," but where do they grow? In moody thought, and growing despair, met HARRINGTON'S dog. Here was chance! "Roy" rather nondescript politician. Says he's a Liberal, but barks in favour of Government, and, though admits they're not always right (opposed them, for example, on CADOGAN'S Amendment to Land Bill, and on Proclaiming of National League), yet steadily votes for them. Is, in short, a Liberal-Unionist. We're asked not to pair with Liberal-Unionists. But exceptions to every rule; will make one here. "Roy" delighted. Says he's sick of politics, and would like a roll on pasture-land.

Nearly everyone else off, pair or no pair. Irish Members, with exception of PARNELL, have nowhere else to go, so make up their minds not only to stop themselves, but to be the cause of stopping in others. PARNELL long ago gone off shooting. The O'GORMAN MAHON shook his hand all the way across Palace Yard, and assured him he might go without a sense of uneasiness.

"I'll keep mee oi on things when [ye'er gone, dear Bhoy," he said, giving his Chief resounding whack on back that nearly knocked him down. "We learnt a thing or two when gettin' the Bill o' Roights through, and I've seen a thrifle since."

A dreary place the House, yet struggling through fag-ends of work. Not a cheery Session from any point of view. No new reputations made; some old ones shaken, some shattered.

SOME NOTES AT STARMOUTH.



Jews after Breakfast.—Now to lay down the lines for my Drama. . . . Eleven—and the only lines I have laid down, as yet, are "Act I., Scene I!" I must stimulate my imagination by the sight of salt water.

On the Sands.—Dense crowd. Deafening noise. Penny bagpipes, comb and paper, Italian girls with accordion, trumpet from sailing-boat. "Ere y'are for a jolly sail out, Sir!"—which happens to be just the precise thing I am not here for. Nor (I should have thought) do I look the kind of person likely to buy that "strong and em-using toy, one penny, the little Chinese Bandalore"—but these fellows have no eye for character. Several shoeblacks very anxious to

black my boots, which, as I tell them, would be "painting the lily." Don't think they understand me. Stop thoughtlessly to look at a cage containing a tree-frog and two Japanese rats. Proprietor approaches with plate: "This little Jubilee Menagerie open free to the Public," he says—"we ope the Public will respond by a similar liberality." Well, well, if I must—but it really was not worth a penny.

Join a crowd: a conjuror—good, I am fond of conjuring. Conjuror now going to introduce his "celebrated and favourite Shell-trick." Crowd very obligingly make way for me—capital place in front row. Conjuror takes a large Nautilus shell. I have never seen this trick—it looks a good one. . . . It appears this is his way of making a collection—he comes to me first. He is sure, he says (he is an impudent dog), that I shall feel hurt if he passes me over. No change. He begs me not to get flurried—sooner than deprive me of the pleasure of patronising him, he will give me change—he does. This is the end of the performance. Singular how depressed I feel by this petty incident. Blazers in great force on the sands. Teasing half-offended nursemaids, playing penny "nap" on newspapers, or lying in pits scooped out of sand, with their heads on the laps of their fair ones, or pursuing the fair ones, and putting sand down their backs.

Most flourishing institution on the Beach is certainly Phrenology. No less than three little platforms, each with a Consulting Chair, a table, on which stands a meek bust, and a canvas awning overhead, and row of garden-seats (free) in front. Have long wished to gain insight into this Science. Think there certainly is something in it. As a Blazer near me remarks, "Why, you'd say Cocoa-nuts looked all alike, till you come to see there's differences—and it's the same with 'eds." Cockney tone about this. To find his proper station, I should have to go, I fancy, to Charing Cross, Cannon Street, or Waterloo.

Find a Lady-Professor on first platform giving a "delineation" of a live subject—a turnip-headed little boy of three, who sits with his tongue out, under the impression he is at the Doctor's. "His self-will is strong," she is announcing in Sibylline accents to his proud parents, "and I should say you would find him very strong-willed.



Canon's Treat.

I should check it by curbing his will. Conjugalitly large, and therefore we may say that he will be fond of his wife and of his home. Self-esteem only moderate. It will be useless to bring up this little boy to any trade or business of a mechanical kind, unless he develops an after-taste for it, which I do not say he may not—far from it. But he has a brain which will fit him for great success in some artistic profession. Give him colours and a brush, and you will see he will immediately commence to paint—likewise draw. Or he has an organ with which he can be a great Composer, if you care to develop him that way. Or he would write books or poetry—that would come very easy to him, he would have no difficulty in doing it at all. I think that is all with this subject."



Charing—Cross.

Pass on to Professor PODDER. Venerable gentleman with dark grey beard, and a certain ponderous playfulness. He has got a subject too—a pretty little impish girl of eight, who is struggling to suppress a fit of the giggles. "This is a thoughtful little one we've here," he says, patting her hair in a fatherly way. "She thinks. Turns over things in her mind. Reflects. Compares. Memory for dates moderate. She will be fond of her home, fond of her parents. She will be capable of passing in an examination—if she takes pains. She finds no difficulty in doing anything that comes easy to her." (Here the patient giggles.) There is one thing I should like to see—a little more

Water-loo.

Veneration. Where Veneration should be I find a distinct depression. This young lady has a keen sense of the ridiculous. Easily detects what is ridiculous." (Here the subject breaks into a scream of laughter by way of corroboration.) "I have done, young lady. Now, we have a nice large audience—I hope some other subject will oblige us by stepping up. We like to see one coming up briskly after another, you know. We don't like to be idle."

His eye seems glancing in my direction. Off to hear Professor SKITTLES. He is a bony, lantern-jawed young man, in velvet jacket, with a puggaree round his hat. As I come up, he is delineating a lady of portentous plainness, who sits and sniggers with a dreadful bashfulness. "This young lady has a large and powerful brain," he says—"plenty of Wit and Humour, Thoughtfulness and Consideration for Others, Caution, and Memory for Events that impress her strongly. Her Social Brain is large; she is fond of Society, and likes to see others enjoying themselves. Thinks more of others' happiness than her own. We should like to see a little more 'ope."

This Professor, I find, enjoys the highest reputation; he measures more, for one thing, and has an Assistant, who enters all the measurements in a ledger, which naturally inspires confidence. The Lady delineator, I also hear, does not think it necessary to measure so much, and is of opinion that Professor SKITTLES "studies too hard."

New subject; quite a typical 'ARRY, round back, hook-bottle shoulders, has shambled up, and taken the chair. No forehead nor chin worth mentioning; but, as he removes his hat (which he puts on the bust), a tall crest of yellow hair starts up like a trick wig. Professor measures him solemnly as he sits with a crooked grin. "The measurement of this brain is rather below the average," says the lecturer, forbearingly. "Here we have a brain measuring only eighteen and three-quarter inches. A very tall and narrow head. You would find that this gentleman arrives at his ideas without conscious reflection, or exercise of thought." ('ARRY looks gratified.) "He takes a strong and deep interest in religious subjects." (Derisive "hor-hor!" from 'ARRY.) "Language strong. He will find no difficulty in putting what he wishes to say into language with considerable fluency, though perhaps not with much variety. Great Firmness and Benevolence. The Moral Brain is large, and your moral standard"—("My what?" interrupts 'ARRY, with a suspicious cock of his eye)—"Your moral standard is high."

"Right!" says 'ARRY, mollified, and séance terminates.) These delineators certainly put things very agreeably. One might get some useful hints, too. If Professor SKITTLES could tell me whether I am most poetic, or witty, or dramatic, I should know exactly what to aim at in my Nautical Drama. I have never been able to decide which I love the best—TENNYSON, MILTON, or CAMPBELL. And, after what he found to say about 'ARRY—but it is all so very public, I don't think I could bring myself to do it—I will go on. . . . I hardly know exactly how I came here—but here I am on the platform, sitting in the Professor's chair. He is measuring me with a sliding scale, the brass end of which feels cold against my forehead. Curious sensation, as if I was upside down at a Bootmaker's. Sun in my eyes. Tittering from girls on benches in front. A party of Blazers has just come up—I fear in a frivolous spirit. Begin to wish now I had had this done privately.



Cam-belle.

sitting in the Professor's chair. He is measuring me with a sliding scale, the brass end of which feels cold against my forehead. Curious sensation, as if I was upside down at a Bootmaker's. Sun in my eyes. Tittering from girls on benches in front. A party of Blazers has just come up—I fear in a frivolous spirit. Begin to wish now I had had this done privately.

THE LAND OF THE 'ARRY'UNS.—'Am'stead 'Eath.

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RECORD OF THE SESSION—422.



AKERS-DOUGLAS.
Colonel WALDRON.
Baron HENRY DE WORMS. } Dead Heat.

SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

Royat Improved.—I have said Royat ought to be rebuilt. The Grand Hotel is of a sort of Doll's House order of architecture, splendid front, no depth to speak of, and built on so steep an ascent that it is hoisted up at the back like a lady's skirt by a dress-improver. *Beau site* all the same, and magnificent view.

Last year the Hotel Continental formed part of a group of hotels—which seemed to have been the result of some violent volcanic eruption, when the mountain threw up several hotels, and left them there anyhow—is at present separated from the Splendide and its other former companions by an impromptu wall, and from all its front windows it commands varied, beautiful, and, on the Clermont-Ferrand side, extensive views. It has a pleasant garden, a most enjoyable terrace, and it only wants to be in the hands of a firmly fixed and intelligent management to make it quite the best hotel in Royat. "Personally recommended," that is, as managed under the direction of M. HALL this year.

The service at the *Etablissement de Bains* is about as good as it can be. There are, however, no *bains de luxe*. A few of these would attract those "whom" as the appeals to the charitable used to have it, "Providence has blessed with affluence."

"La Compagnie Brocard," which manages Royat's bathing arrangements and undertakes a portion of the mild yet (to my mind as a serious bather) sufficient amusements, is not, unfortunately for the public, in accord with M. SAMIE, the spirited Proprietor of an opposition Casino, where there is a small theatre, in its way a perfect gem. Here all the "Stars" of any magnitude make their appearance on visiting Royat. As a "Baigneur de Royat" puts it, in a local journal, the Compagnie Brocard cannot consider their stuffy little room ("le petit étouffoir") where theatrical performances are given as a real theatre. It is a pity that M. SAMIE and La Compagnie Brocard cannot, like the "birds in their little nests," agree. But as to Theatres and spectacles, my rule at Royat, or at any other Water-cure place, would be this:—

"Any baigneur found out of his hotel or lodgings after 10¹⁵, p.m., shall be arrested, conducted back to his hotel, his number taken, and for the second offence he shall be fined. The fine to go to such objects as the Direction shall determine."

In short there should be introduced here the English University system of Proctors and bull-dogs.

Another Rule.—No theatrical entertainment should last more than two hours with *entr'actes* of seven minutes each. The ventilation of the *salle de spectacle* should be assured.

If a company wanted to play a piece in four Acts, they must stop here two days; and, if they couldn't do that, then they must begin their performance in the afternoon, have one *entr'acte* of an hour and a half to allow for dinner, and recommence at eight o'clock. I would discourage all evening indoor entertainments. Music, coffee, *petits chevaux*, M. GUIGNOL's show, *ombres chinoises*, everything in fact that can be done *al fresco*—(and why not good plays *al fresco*? After the Labouchèrian *Midsummer Night's Dream*, at Twickenham, which I am told was perfection)—*cafés chantants*, and so forth, including the "consummation devoutly to be wished," and all the lights out by 9³⁰. Lights in bedrooms to be extinguished same hour. This rule would mean, Early to bed, and early to rise, and the "baigneurs" would receive double the benefit they derive from

these places, as now constituted. Life in the open air should be the rule; plenty of exercise, riding and walking, and regular hours for everything for three weeks. The *baigneurs* to choose their own hours, and be kept to them strictly.

But I have personally no sympathy with the *baigneurs* who find such a water-cure place as Royat dull. What do they want? If they cannot get on without a sort of continuation of the London Season, let them stay away altogether. Don't let them come and make night hideous with balls, suppers, dances, and won't-go-home-till-morning parties.

The above are my suggestions for the improvement of Royat; and now I go on to La Bourboule, and Mont Dore. By the way, the waters at these places are all supplied, as I am credibly informed, from the same source; but the waters flowing towards La Bourboule and Mont Dore traverse certain *couches* on their way, and come out arsenical. It is strong drinking at La Bourboule and Mont Dore.

One Joanne Guide introduces you to another Joanne Guide, or a history, you can't help yourself. The Joanne Guides are so united a family, that as soon as any member of it establishes itself on a friendly footing with you, your hand is always in your pocket while you are travelling on that *Guide Joanne's* account. An insidious tribe: and they make themselves absolutely essential to the traveller's existence and comfort.

Each *Guide Joanne* tells you about his own country all that is requisite for you to know, and just so much more as inspires you with a thirst for further information. Say for example you see an old Château. Let us say *Le Château de Jean*. You want to know everything about it. Good. You inquire of the Guide Joanne which professes to show you all over France, and which does it, mind you, in what would be an exhaustive style if it was not written with such an evident eye to the bookselling business. For example suppose you are looking for information about the well-known ancient Château de Jean, here is a specimen of what Joanne would say on the subject:—

"*Sur la rive g. (V. ci-dessous B.) restes d'un château, style ogival, (mon. hist.) bâti par le célèbre Jean Bienconnu-aux-enfants (V. mon. hist. x^e et xii^e s.), beau portail, jolis détails d'architecture (mon. hist.) et en particulier l'appartement dit de la Donzelle toute désespérée (pour le visiter, s'adresser au gardien, pourboire), qui a conservé une grande partie de sa décoration originale et de sa peinture (mon. hist. xi^e). Le donjon renfermait une oubliette profonde nommée DU RAT DÉVORANT, qui autrefois servait de grenier au malt (V. mon. hist.). Ascension des Obélisques sur la terrasse (splendide panorama) et belles promenades autour de la petite chapelle dite DU PRÊTRE CHAUVÉ. (V. VI. L'itinéraire du Pays-de-Bonnes, Guide Diamant.)"*

AN END OF THE SUMMER.

JUPITER PLUVIUS,
Sluicer, full-spout,
Downpour diluvius,
Pumped on the Drought.
Checked, aloud crying,
The voice of the Swain;
The rootcrops be dying,
From long lack of rain!

PLUVIUS poured away,
While the wind blew;
TOXANS, he roared away,
Hullaballoo,
Kicking up, dweller
In quarters on high,
He, Cloud Compeller;
The Czar of the sky.

Clouds, in convulsion,
Or calm, he keeps under;
Rules, by compulsion:
The reason of thunder.

So did he lately
Compel them to rise,
Piled up in stately
Array on the skies.

Castles aerial,
Splendid when falls,
Sheen on etherial
Vapoury halls,
Battlements, bartizans,
Phantoms of towers,
Fenced round with partisans;
Cloud-cauliflowers.

Mountainous forms
In the realms of felicity,
By Jove, to move storms,
Fraught with force—electricity,
They serve to betoken [city,
What mortals may tell;
The weather is broken:
Summer farewell!

Light from Wind.

THE *Times* says that experiments are being made at Cap de la Hève, near the mouth of the Seine, on the production of electricity for lighthouse purposes by means of the force obtained by windmills. Light from wind! Could the notion be applied at St. Stephen's? The Session just over has been mainly wind, so exceptionally "ill wind" that it has blown no good to anybody, and most certainly has thrown no "light" on anything. By all means let M. DE L'ANGLAIS BEAUMANOIR be empowered to experiment on the windbags of the House of Commons when they next meet.

QUITE ENGLISH.

(New Version, as Sung by the Comte de Paris.)

HERE I come in complete Constitutional coat
 (That's English, you know; quite English, you know):
 The type of true Monarchy based on the Vote.
 (That's English, you know; quite English, you know.)
 To have a legitimate King on the throne,
 To make all the Country's best interests his own,
 Great, grand, patriotic, but *not* overgrown
 (That's English, you know; quite English, you know).

Chorus.

Oh, the things that you see and the things that you hear
 Are English, you know; quite English, you know.

My mind, like my last Manifesto, 'tis clear,
 Is English, quite English, you know!

Just now a great calm meets the national eyes
 (That's English, you know; quite English, you know):
 But imminent perils it cannot disguise
 (That's English, you know; quite English, you know).

We have deserved well of Conservative France;
 A Monarchy only her bliss can enhance;
 And now of its nature I'll give you a glance
 (That's English, you know; quite English, you know).

Chorus.

The things will much please which you're
going to hear
(They're English, you know; quite Eng-
lish, you know).
Legality banished must soon reappear
(That's English, quite English you
know).

What one Congress does can't another
undo?

(That's English, you know; quite English,
you know.)

The *Eternal* Republic has gone all askew
(Not English, you know; not English
you know).

'Twill presently get quite incurably queer,
And then will the Monarchy promptly
appear.

I fancy myself that the moment is near.
(That's English, you know; quite Eng-
lish, you know.)

Chorus.

Mark the things which you see and the
things which you hear
(That's English, you know; quite Eng-
lish you know).

There's nothing that's solid or stable, I fear
(That's English, quite English, you
know).

Direct, universal, free suffrage, my friends,
(That's English, you know; quite Eng-
lish, you know.)

Will vote—well for Me, and all trouble
then ends

(That's English, you know; quite Eng-
lish, you know).

The King, with the Chamber's concurrence,
will rule.

The Deputies then can no more play the
fool,—

CLEMENCEAU, BOULANGER, and men of that
school

(That's English, you know; quite Eng-
lish, you know).

Chorus.

Heed the things which you see and the
things you now hear

(That's English, you know; quite English,
you know).

Economy, Order, and Justice *sans* fear!
(They're English; quite English, you
know!)

The Soldier and Citizen then will agree,
(That's English, you know; quite En-
glish, you know.)

The Press and the Priesthood alike will be
free

(That's English, you know; quite En-
glish, you know).

Then will France to her ancient pre-eminence
rise;

The German will watch her with reverent
eyes;

All the Powers rush forward to be her allies
(That's French, you know; *very* French,
you know).

Chorus.

These things you shall see which you now
only hear

(That's certain you know; quite certain,
you know):

If only you'll let my new System appear.
(That's English; quite English, you
know.)

Constitutional principles, these, my good
friend!

(They're English, you know; quite En-
glish, you know.)

They Conservative needs and Equality blend,
(That's English, you know; quite En-
glish, you know).



THE STATE OF THE GAME.

Lady Customer. "HOW MUCH ARE GROUSE TO-DAY, MR. JIBLETS?"

Poultier. "TWELVE SHILLINGS A BRACE, MA'AM. SHALL I SEND THEM——"

Lady Customer. "NO, YOU NEED NOT SEND THEM. MY HUSBAND'S OUT GROUSE-SHOOTING, AND HE'LL CALL FOR THEM AS HE COMES HOME!!"

Do at my new Royal rig-out take a glance!
In this to the front I shall proudly advance,
As the true King of all, and first Servant of
France,
(But English, you know; quite English,
you know).

Chorus.

The things which I say it is time you should
hear

(They're English, you know; quite Eng-
lish, you know).

The principles these to make France without
peer

(Though they're English; quite English,
you know)!

Aphorism.

(By a Snubbed Poet.)

"A THING of Beauty is a joy for ever;"
Except a pretty girl, who thinks she's clever.

NOMENCLATURE.—Somebody calls the
"Thunderer's" daily fulmination against
Mr. GLADSTONE an *ignis fatuus*, or foolish
fire of Party journalism. Would not "Whip
poor Will" be a more suitable title?

MEM. FROM DERBYSHIRE.—The real
"Lovers' Leap"—Marriage.

ALL IN PLAY.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE seen *The Barrister* at the Comedy, and want to see him again, because he is a most amusing gentleman and figures in a case full of good things. There are two authors—as there should be

—a Leader and his Junior. Mr. GEORGE MANVILLE FENN (a very excellent novelist) is the "silk," and he has for his junior Mr. DARNLEY. This latter gentleman be it understood, represents only the best kind of "stuff" for the play is good throughout. It is in three Acts, and there is not a dull moment from commencement to finish. I do not feel equal to describing the plot, which is bustling and clever, nor to criticising

Winning a Verdict.

jotting down the jests which are funny and novel, the acting, which is all that it should be. My time was fully employed on the first night, in laughing, an occupation shared by the entire audience. The play was never in danger. There was not a weak spot. No, not even the space covered by Mr. DARNLEY's moustache. It may be said that an earnest Barrister should be clean shaven, but the remark would only emanate from those who are bachelors. The married advocate has not only to consider his Judge and Jury, but also his wife, and nine times out of ten she combines in her own person the judicial functions with the power of the executive. Where all are good it seems invidious to particularise, but had I to call witnesses for the defence, I think I should choose Miss SUSIE



A Witness for the Defence.

VAUGHAN, and Messrs. MERVIN, CAFFEY and PRINCE MILLER. Another great merit of *The Barrister* is that he is closely associated with the word "brief." He makes his appearance every evening at nine and has retired for the night before eleven. I fancy, that unlike many other "gentlemen of the long robe," he will have plenty of work to do during the Long Vacation and after.

Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, who has become lessee of the Haymarket, has commenced his management by producing a one-act romantic play, called *The Ballad Monger*, a version (capitally adapted by the two WALTERS—POLLOCK and BESANT) of M. THEODORE DE BANVILLE's *Gringoire*. I remember the same piece was "done into English" some twenty years ago at a *Gaiety matinée*, when the translator, Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON, appeared himself as the principal character, with the probably unlooked-for result of shelving the drama, so far as London was concerned, from that distant date until last Thursday evening. However, the *motif* of the play is pretty well known. *Gringoire*, a revolutionary "Poet of the People," with the connivance of *Louis the Eleventh* of France, is induced to recite an anti-Royalist song in His Majesty's presence, and is then promised his forfeited life by the same amiable sovereign if he can woo, and win, a maiden who

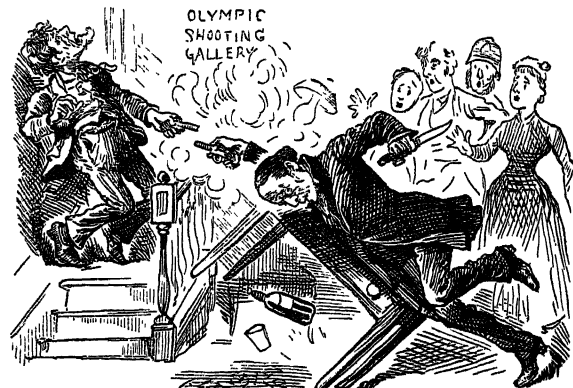
has never set eyes on him before, within a quarter of an hour. In the scene at the Haymarket a table is discovered spread with a meal (I could not quite make out from the text whether it was intended to represent breakfast, dinner, supper, or tea), including some wine, a few grapes, and a freshly-cooked goose redolent of savoury perfumes. Mr. BEERBOHM TREE is the poet, and were his method of performance only equal to his power of imagination, he would be very good indeed. Unhappily his excellent ideas are not carried fully into



Beerbohm Tree-son.

action, and consequently, after seeing him for forty minutes, or thereabouts, sniffing at a property goose, staggering about the stage with a wine-cup, and declaiming poetry of unequal merit to Miss MARION TERRY, one feels that the piece could only have "a happy ending" were *Gringoire* to be carried away for immediate execution. It is a little unfortunate, too, that the maiden to be wooed and won should be the charming actress I have just mentioned. Miss MARION TERRY, in a "piece of absurdity" called *Engaged*, made a great hit some years ago by appearing as a young lady with a chronic appetite for food, that she was for ever seeking to satisfy. Since then I have always looked upon her as one craving for her meals. Consequently when I found her within easy reach of a goose and in an atmosphere of herbs of a savoury character, it seemed unnatural to me that she should deliberately turn her back upon all these good things to listen to Mr. TREE's poetical (but lengthily) expressed views upon liberty. I could but wonder why her choice had not fallen upon the goose on the table. Mr. BROOKFIELD as *Louis the Eleventh*, incidentally suggests that that wily monarch was guilty of a crime with which he has not hitherto been credited—a proneness to give imitations of Mr. IRVING in the character of *Mephistopheles*. For the rest, the piece itself is most interesting, is capitally staged, and in the subordinate characters, fairly acted. In the *Red Lamp*, which followed the *Ballad Monger*, Mrs. TREE appeared as *Princess Claudia*, the part originally played, and excellently played, by Lady MONCKTON. Although probably accustomed to rôles of a lighter kind, she was fairly equal to the occasion. As for her husband, as *Demetrius*, he was simply admirable and inimitable.

At the Olympic Mr. WILLARD has made his mark as the *Pointsman*. Since this clever actor first attracted attention by his wonderfully striking assumption of a "gentleman-burglar," in one of the earlier successes of Mr. WILSON BARRETT at the Princess's, he has never had so good a chance of showing what he can do in the polished-soundlessly fine. He is the most accomplished murderer on the



A Shooting Party in September.

modern stage, and really, if one were forced to die a violent death, Mr. WILLARD seems to be the individual one would naturally select to perform the necessary, but unpleasant, operation. It does not in

the least matter to an Olympic audience how he comes to be the proprietor of a low Thames-side tavern when he seems better qualified to lead a *cotillon* in quite a fashionable West-End Square. All that is required of him by the Pit and Gallery, ay, and the Private Boxes and Stalls—is to do his little assassinations and kindred villainies in an educated and refined manner that can be appreciated by those who have benefited either from the good offices of the School Board or the careful tuition of the leading Universities. Mr. WILLARD is so good that no one pays particular attention to the efforts to please of his fellow-actors and actresses. The scenery of the *Pointsman* is sufficiently ingenious to satisfy the cravings for sensation of a typical British audience. The Railway collision worked as a sort of transformation scene, —the interior of a signal-box changes into the site of a fatal accident—creates much enthusiasm, but the winsome if vindictive WILLARD still remains the centre of attraction. In the last Act a good deal of gunpowder is burned advantageously to the simplification of the issue. It is scarcely necessary to say that, when the Curtain falls, what remains of Virtue is triumphant, and all that is left of Vice is on the road to justly merited punishment. The *Pointsman* is likely to remain on the line of the Olympic bills for many a week to come. I should not be surprised to find him still there at Christmas.

Exhausted with the labour of looking in at all the principal London Theatres,

I have the honour to remain, my dear Mr. Punch,
ONE WHO HAS GONE TO PIECES.

A BARR DRINK.

HOORAY for the *Thistle*! Scotch yacht without peer;
May she win in her race with the smart *Volunteer*.
Punch hopes, Captain BARR, that no "slip" may turn up
'Twixt your lip and the yearned-for American Cup.
On both sides the Border we wish you success,
And we trust of the race you'll not make a BARR mess.
Your health in a cocktail, although you're afar,
And we can't call you—yet—an American BARR!

A REGULAR CELL.

SIR,—I am writing in the name of all the righteously indignant sons of Erin, to protest against the base shameless and infamous treatment accorded to that glorious champion and apostle of National freedom, the hero, WILLIAM O'BRIEN, by the despicable set of traitors, who, under cover of the title of "Her Majesty's Government," are trampling, at Westminster, the liberties of my beloved country in the mud and preparing to fling her sons by thousands into the depths of the foul and filthy dungeons already marked out for their reception. It is reported that this, the first victim of their malignant spleen and hatred, is to be subjected to the gross indignity of receiving the ordinary treatment of a common criminal, and be subjected to the usual regulations of gaol discipline. Now, Sir, in the name of all that is enlightened and progressive, I ask, if, at the close of the nineteenth century, such outrage is to be committed? Surely in answer to my appeal the generous people of England will rise in their might and with one voice compel the myrmidons appointed to carry out the malignant and iniquitous behests of the Castle to provide the noble spirit that they had intended to torture with chains and darkness with a comfortable and roomy four-post bedstead, cheerful apartments, a champagne dinner with not less than seven courses, daily carriage exercise, the use of a piano and billiard-table if required, and an introduction to the best society of the neighbourhood, including the Bishop, the Mayor and other notables. Thus, and thus only, should Irish martyrs be allowed to suffer for Ireland's wrongs, and in this way alone will the Irish people in their thousands consent even to the momentary incarceration of the heralds of that mighty struggle with a tyrannic despotism that they are heroically maintaining, backed by the hearty and enthusiastic support of an onlooking and applauding Universe, against the blind and blustering bullying of a blood-thirsty Government. If I write with moderation and temperately it is because I feel confidently that the trivial relaxations I propose must, if not at once conceded by, be forthwith instantly wrung from the thieves and scoundrels who at the present moment are



INDEPENDENCE.

"I'M AFRAID YOU'VE FALLEN DOWN AND HURT YOURSELF, MY LITTLE MAN!"
"WELL, AND IF I 'AVE, IT AIN'T NONE O' YOUR BUSINESS!"

responsible for the Executive of my patient and law-abiding country. Relying on the generous impulse of all those who would not wish to see the patriot deprived of his home comforts, I beg, Sir, with much self-restraint, to subscribe myself,
Your calm and dispassionate Correspondent,
EMANCIPATOR HIBERNICUS.

SIR,—What's all this fuss about pushing this fellow O'BRIEN into a cell, nine feet by six? By all means push him in, or into one six feet by six, for anything I care. If he can't breathe the fresh air he wants inside, what of that? Serve him right. He has been egging on the dupes and fools who have listened to him to commit acts that, if the Executive were a trifle stronger, would soon crowd every gaol in the country to the roof, and now he has got a taste of the same medicine himself. I hope he likes it. As to his talking of "suffering in his health," who, I should like to know, supposes he goes to prison to improve it. Again, I say, "Serve him right!" and if he is let out some eighteen months hence well broken down, perhaps the experience will teach him to hold his tongue in future, and not go posturing on a platform with his political clap-trap, for the purpose of interfering with the vested interests and inalienable rights of
Yours, rabidly,
AN IRISH TOBY LANDLORD.

SIR,—That political prisoners should not be regarded precisely in the same light as common criminals, public opinion, by a very generally accepted consent, readily admits. Yet Mr. W. O'BRIEN can hardly expect to find residence in a Government gaol in all respects as comfortable as that supplied to him in his own chambers. Still he may probably reasonably expect no harsh, certainly no vindictive treatment, at the hands of the Authorities, but merely that constraint and subjection to ordinary discipline which his detention necessarily involves. As, after the issue of the warrant for his arrest, he was allowed virtually to choose his own time for its service, ride on an open car with a Mayor, preceded by a brass band, playing a solemn march, take up his residence at an hotel, and subsequently address a crowd from the balcony, the Executive cannot be said to have been very hard on him, at least in their preliminary treatment, and probably they will follow it up somewhat in the same lines, and, without making his incarceration a farce, allow it to be softened with such relaxations that, while not incompatible with the surrender of his liberty, may yet be found consistent with a due regard to the requirements of his health, and the circumstances which have led to his rather injudiciously placing it in jeopardy. Such, at least, Sir, is the view of the situation taken by
Your devoted and constant Correspondent,
COMMON SENSE.



SEA-SIDE WEATHER STUDIES. "THE SEVENTH WAVE."

WHAT WAS IT?

I HAD been reading a lot of "Letters to the Times." That may account for any little confusion in the details of the subsequent events.

My interlocutor was tall and thin, and looming up lanky against a dusky sky, reminded me equally of an attenuated M.P., a phantom telegraph-pole, and PETER SCHLEMM, the Shadowless Man.

"TYNDALL is quite right," murmured he.

"Glad to hear it," said I, earnestly. "I had been thinking lately that the distinguished *savant* was going decidedly wrong."

"Ah! he understands me!" sighed the Spectre.

It was more than I did; and I said so.

"Who and what are you, anyhow?" I inquired.

The lines of Long-thin-and-hungry seemed to shift and reshape.

"Ah!" came his voice, the same yet not the same, "elevation does not always give coolness, and one may be torrid and tempestuous even among the Alps."

Somehow this statement, though a truism, did not seem to fit on to previous remarks.

"I was once said to be 'Up in a balloon,'" continued Proteus (now looking rather like the Ancient Mariner, "long and lean and brown," "but letters written to the Times even from the utmost height lately attained by the French Aëronauts—to say nothing of the top of the tallest Lightning Conductor—would, I fear, be hot and ill-balanced. Look at Mr. H. O. ARNOLD-FOSTER!"

"Perhaps—in a sense—we are Lightning Conductors, you know," pursued my companion.

"As how?" I asked vaguely.

"Well we attract, and carry off harmlessly—it doesn't hurt us you see—the accumulated political electricity, which otherwise might rend and rive the State about which these Angry Amateurs are so passionately anxious."

I felt more mystified than ever.

"TYNDALL, GRIMTHORPE, and SYMONS, F.R.S., are entirely right," continued old Length-without-breadth; "A Lightning Conductor which does not conduct lightning, like a Leader who cannot lead, or a Follower who will not follow, is worse than a nullity, it is a nuisance and a danger."

"Quite so," I rejoined, grasping eagerly at something which seemed definite and comparatively relevant.

"Lightning Conductors are, in their way, as essential as Law and Order. But as TYNDALL says, in one case, and as I should say in the latter, all depends upon quality, efficiency, accurate adaptation to ends. Would you say, Oh! never mind about their quality or fitness, the first duty of the Executive is to maintain its Lightning Conductors?"

I replied that it really had not occurred to me to make any such statement, but I dared say I should.

"The Times said of the 'Report of the Lightning Rod Conference,' 'The book is one of the highest practical value, and all who are responsible for the preservation of public buildings should endeavour to render themselves familiar with the contents.' How true! That's my find old temperate 'Thunderer.'"

"Who are you who are so down upon TYNDALL?" I asked.

"I down on the learned Professor?" retorted my companion, shifting, dislimning, and elongating singularly. "On the contrary, I am grateful to him for being 'down upon' the incompetent architects and careless surveyors who would make of me a pitiful sham. Only" (here another phantasmagorical shift) "when he angrily declares a certain prominent political personage, who shall be nameless, to be 'a pitiful sham,' why, then I think, like so many other and unscientific 'writers to the papers,' he needs the Conductor of cool Common Sense to divert, carry off, and disperse his too furious fulminations."

"Then you are only a Lightning Conductor, after all?" I queried, with some sense of being disappointed, not to say "sold."

"Only," retorted my spectral and shifting visitant, again shifting spectrally. "Why, I'm thinking of writing, for the *Nineteenth Century*, an article on 'Political Lightning Conductors,' which, I rather flatter myself, will comprehend everything, convince everybody, and conciliate even Professor TYNDALL. If you like I will read, from the advance-sheets, a few passages which—"

But here I roused myself to determined resistance, and—awoke.

On the Wing.

IN getting fair hold of the Coburg, Prince FERDINAND, Bulgaria palpably thought she'd a "bird in hand," But the Prince and the Bulgars, when put to the push, Will probably wish the "bird" back in the bush.



‘OVERLOOKED!’

FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH (to H.R.H.). “REALLY, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, IN THE PRESENT STATE OF OUR DEFENCES, IS SIR EDWARD HAMLEY QUITE THE SORT OF MAN TO BE *SHELVED*?”

[Sir EDWARD HAMLEY served in the Eastern Campaign of 1854-55, including the affairs of Bulganac and McKenzie's Farm, the Battles of the Alma (horse shot), Balaklava, and Inkerman (horse killed), the Siege and Fall of Sebastopol, and repulse of the Sortie on the 26th October, 1854 (mentioned in Despatches, Medal with four clasps, Brevets of Major and Lt.-Colonel, Knight of the Legion of Honor, Sardinian and Turkish Medals, and 2nd Class of the Medjidie and O.B.). Sir EDWARD HAMLEY is the Author of *The Operations of War*, a work that may confidently be characterised as one of the most valuable modern Military books extant.—“There exists nothing to compare with it in the English language for enlightened, scientific, and sober teaching in the general art of war”—vide the *Times* of 1st November, 1869. Served in the Egyptian War of 1882, in command of the 2nd Division, and was present at the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, where he led the Division (received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, twice mentioned in Despatches, K.C.B., Medal with clasp, 2nd Class of the Osmanieh, and Khedive's Star).—*Hart's Army List*, July 1, 1887.]

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR
YOUNG RECITERS.

THE young Reciter is seldom happy in his delivery of blank verse. To which the unsympathetic may retort, that he does not deserve to be. *Mr. Punch*, however, recommends his pupils to treat such sneers with the contempt they merit, and to study the little dramatic exercise which has just been thrown off by a Blank Verse Bard who is kept on the premises. It can be announced on programmes as



VENGEANCE FOREGONE!

(*You should have an ordinary wooden elbow-chair and a print wrapper within easy reach. Come on crouching, with an air of tigerish anticipation.*)

'Tis he! Can I mistake the clustered curls Upon his hated hyacinthine head? Have they not wiled from me the fickle heart Of perfured BANDOLINA! There, he stands Before my window, where a winsome form, Rotating slow with measured self-display, Has caught his errant eye. Now, demi-siren, [*Hands extended in passionate invocation.*] Make languorous those lustrous crystal orbs! Wreath, waxen arms, and lure him in, to me! So—once again!—he falters—he is Mine!

[*Savage exultation, with eyebrows.*] Let me be calm. [*Self-restraint, indicated by violent heaving of shirt-front.*] Good morning, Sir, to you.

I pray you—(*with a forced sickly smile*)—step within, and seat yourself.

I will attend you in a moment. (*Hold open imaginary door; then resume soliloquy in fierce undertone.*) . . . Trapped!

He knows me not. (*With dark suspicion, which is easily conveyed by half closing eyes and pressing knuckle of bent forefinger against lower lip.*) Unless I be deceived,

No hazard freak of hooded Fortune's urn, [*A nasty line for the "h"-less.*] But BANDOLINA's dainty insolence Decried this visit. . . Ha! my victim calls!

I come anon, Sir (*fawningly, with a side-glance of withering hate at your chair*). Patience, peevish worm!

Are you in such a hurry, then, to writhe? [*Fierce aside.*]

(*Here you draw the chair forward, and, placing yourself behind it, speak the following lines with easy fluency, accompanied by such pantomime as may suggest itself to you.*)

I crave your pardon for my tardiness.—Allow me to dispose these lendings—thus:

[*Here you shake out the wrapper.*] This band above the elbows—tighter—so. I do assure you, Sir, this is no gag—

'Tis but a poor contrivance of mine own To guard the mouth against th' encroaching sud.

Refreshing, Sir, indeed, this change of wea-

But one more knot. . . and now (*here you stride to a position in front of the chair, which you survey with folded arms, and a mocking smile*)—my feigning's done! Writhe as you will, I have you at my mercy. BALDWIN McASSIR, have we met at last?

[*In a terrible voice.*] You know me not?—then quail, for I am he By you bereft of BANDOLINA's love!

Fear not that I would stoop to seek your life—My vengeance shall be sated on your hair, And that is doomed to perish past recall! Cast up your eyes to yonder whirling wheel:

[*Point to ceiling with air of command.*] Then on this brush—'tis set with bristling wires

(Some frivoller termed it my *Cheveux de* Which, with revolving teeth, shall shortly Those curls by BANDOLINA oft caressed, [*rake*]

[*With a cold sneer.*] You like the prospect? I have fluids here— "Elixirs to evolve the latent hair," [*mood*]

With others, christened (in some franker "Depilatory Agents,"—scarce less potent:

Upon your helpless head I'll pour them all! [*Arm raised—savage and threatening aspect.*]

Nay, smile not thus defiance through your gag—

I swear to lay that haughty crest so low, That never shall it soar in pride again!

Enough of words—to action! . . . Still that smile—

So bitter, yet so calm—it maddens me, I'll stay my hand no longer!—(*violent plunge with right arm—after which you recoil and seem to gaze aghast at some object you are holding*)—juggling fiend!

Was this the secret of your dauntless port? And could my practised eye be so deceived? [*In a tone of lofty and dignified resignation.*]

Yet, seeing I am thus forestalled by Fate, I do renounce my purpose—since I must: Take back your wig, McASSIR, go in peace.

[*Bitter scorn.*] Stay—while, in token that my heart is I coax it into comeliness anew. [*changed,*

Permit me to unloose you—you are free, And owe me but a trifle—eighteenpence,

[*Mournfully.*] Pay at the counter as you pass without. (*Here you are supposed to watch your rival's exit with a gloomy scowl.*)

Thus ends my vengeance as some idle dream, Yet no 'tis but deferred, with interest!

(*You conclude with a bitter apostrophe to your intended victim.*)

Back to your BANDOLINA, plumaged daw! Be bald, but resolute, in your disguise,

Till haply on her honeymoon she learns [hair. How you have drawn her with that single And I may be avenged! Till then, adieu! (*Stalk gloomily off, and allow somebody else to remove the chair.*)]

ON THE STUMP, IN TWO SENSES.—So the Parliamentary Session and the Cricket Season are over at last, and contemporaneously. The latter has been productive of long scores and high averages, the former of little but long speeches and low language. And now two teams of British Cricketers are outward bound by the *Iberia*, for a holiday campaign in Australia. Nobody knows exactly how many teams of slogging politicians are also going for their holiday campaign—"on the stump," all over the Kingdom. *Mr. Punch* wishes the two lots of willow-wielders, led respectively by *Mr. VERNON* and *ARTHUR SHREWSBURY*, a far merrier time and much better "scores" than he fears will fall to the lot of the peripatetic Parliamentarians.

THE HOME RULE CURE.—*Mrs. M.* understands that the only remedy possible for Irish complaints is Antimony.

GREAT NEWS FOR THE IMPECUNIOUS.

I HAVE just received intelligence of so astounding a character and fraught with such glorious results to the great majority of mankind, that, although I may be said to have partly promised to keep the wondrous secret to myself until after I had turned the information to my own enormous advantage, I do not hesitate to reveal to a delighted universe, information which, if true, will so revolutionise the whole constitution of society, that every individual member of the almost innumerable class of the indebted, will feel at once enfranchised from the demon that now pursues him with his insatiable demand for more, and his poor oppressed soul will, as of old, sing with joy. What then is this glorious discovery that is thus wondrously to relieve the gentlemen of society from the base bondage of debt? I am naturally forbidden to reveal all its minute details, but a general outline I feel justified in laying before the world.

My informant, then, who will be one of the very first to take advantage of the discovery directly it has reached a practical stage, assures me that in an island somewhere in the Pacific Ocean, named I rather think Ungyway, a discovery has been made of a Gold Mine of so extraordinary a character that the precious metal lies in it in huge seams like those of a copper or lead mine.

Now comes the financial part of this great discovery. My friend has calculated that the money, owing by the various respectable classes of society to whom I have already alluded, and the great National Debt, could all be paid off for, say, a sum of 2000 millions. This somewhat considerable amount could be raised from the Ungyway Gold Mine at a cost of two millions of money only, and leave a large profit. The quantity of gold to be so raised would be a mere trifle of 20,000 tons, which, at the fixed price of £3 17s. 10d. per ounce, at which price the Bank of England is compelled to purchase any quantity offered to it, would be amply sufficient for all the glorious purposes to which I have referred. The members of the class above alluded to, would be permitted to purchase the quantity required by them to free them from their cruel liabilities, at the cost price of the gold, so that a debt of £1,000 could be extinguished by, say, an expenditure of twenty shillings! and the crushing National Debt by an immediate payment of about £750,000! Away fly at once the iniquitous Income-Tax, and the duties on tea and coffee, and wine and beer, and figs, and almonds and raisins!

No wonder that both France and Germany have been sending out expeditions to discover this Fortunate Island, but all in vain; and long before these lines meet the gaze of my astonished readers, the flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze will be fluttering bravely on the topmost towers of Ungyway. I need scarcely add that we shall in future pay for all our imports in gold, and send away our superabundant pauper population, native and foreign, each with about one hundred golden sovereigns in his capacious pockets, the cost price of which being about two shillings.

Of course the one thing to do before the great scheme is finally settled by Messrs. ROTHSCHILD and BARING, will be to get largely into debt at the present price of gold, and pay it off at the price of the future, and so, as ROBINSON says, spoil the Israelites; and so great is his faith in the success of the scheme, that he actually offers to join me in the transaction, and to obtain the money on our joint security. I am to give him my final answer on Saturday.

JOSEPH GREENHORN.

THE BOY AND THE BEAR.

A Ballad of Bulgaria.

Was the gratitude, and confidence, and love, and—well subjection, Of the boy whom he had taken 'neath his paws—I mean protection.

But alas for human nature, which is radically bad!

[Bulgar lad, (And conservatively sinful) this same little When he found himself in safety from that Stamboul Bubblyjock,

Took and acted in a manner that humanity must shock.

For says he, "Oh, thank you, Bruin dear,—and now I'll go and play,

And I'll just select the game myself, and work it my own way.

You were quite disinterested, for you said so your own self,

And I'm sure you don't want power, and of course you can't seek pelf.

At your little friend's expense, Bear. No, I thank you very much,

You have made a free boy of me—and I mean to act as such."

So he ups and makes selection, this ungratefullest of boys,

Of his soldiers, and his swords and guns, and crowns, and other toys;

And when Bruin put his paw down in expostulation vain, [it up again.

The Bulgar boy suggested he should—take

You may easily imagine gentle Bruin's sore disgust, [and his trust.

At this sad reciprocation of his fondness Says he, "This little rascal is just rushing on his ruin, [arms of Bruin."

For his only place of safety is the guardian And sundry other animals, and birds, and things, agreed with him,

And cried, "The boy is mad, Bear; we must preach to him, and plead with him.

Ay, even if 'tis needful, though against our natures mild,

We must—well, we mustn't spare the rod, and spoil the—Bulgar—child."

There were several Eagles thought this way; the Lion didn't quite,

But he had a sort of feeling that this fight was not *his* fight;

And the Bubblyjock at Stamboul was found acting with the Bear,

From rather mingled motives, which that fowl did not declare.

Well, the Bulgar boy persisting still in making his own game, [to blame,

The Bear assumes a sternness it is difficult From the Bruin point of view, at least, for strength must be put forth

Now and then, e'en by a (so-called) Divine Figure from the North.

And so Bruin rears his carcase, and his sanctimonious "mug,"

Takes a menacing expression, "Come," he cries, "into my hug,

And be happy, naughty Bulgar boy; what *can* you have to fear?"

And the rest of the Menagerie of Europe say, "Hear! hear!"

But like another "little boy," of whom you may have heard, [absurd,

With a cabalistic action as discourteous as (The Bulgar boy maintains it means no more than prudent doubt)

He "puts his thumb unto his nose, and spreads his fingers out."

Now whether Bear will bear it, after all his love and care,

Or whether that small Bulgar boy will cave in to the Bear,

And how those Birds, the Eagles and the Bubblyjock, will turn,

Are questions none can answer now; but he who lives will learn.

It was the little Bulgar boy, and oh! it was the Bear,

Whose affectionate relations were remarkable as rare;

For the Bulgar boy of Bruin was the glory and the joy,

And if anyone loved Bruin, 'twas that little Bulgar boy.

It was very very touching, for your Bear, however good,

Has seldom any liking for your boy—except as food;

And your boy—or man—from feelings that humanity *may* blame,

Has commonly no yearning for your Bear—unless as game.

But this Bear—on his own showing—was a Bear of simple worth,

He was not a western "Grizzly," but a Bruin from the North,

Which we know is "true and tender," or at least so poets swear,

And these Northern traits—who doubts it?—are conspicuous in the Bear.

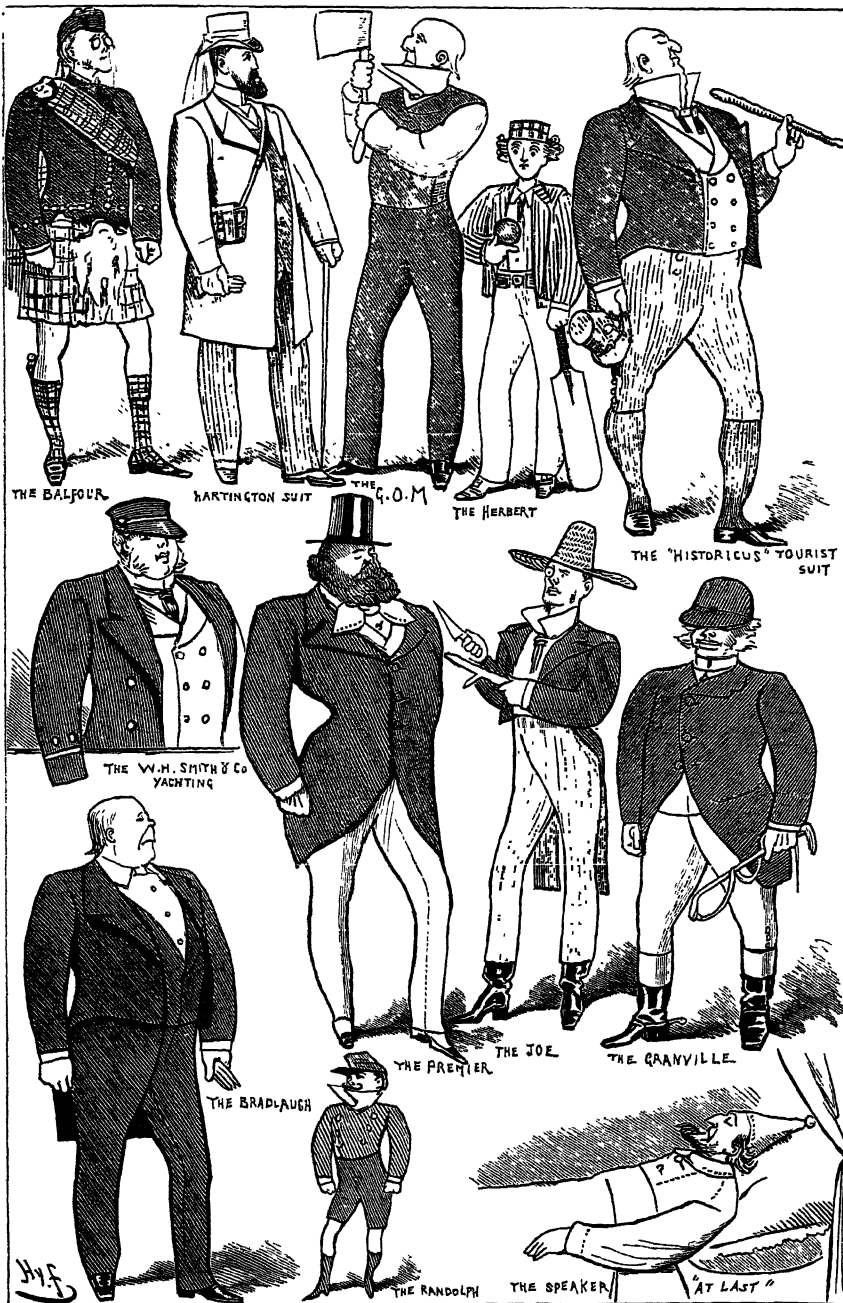
Had he not that boy befriended in the kindest sort of style, [of guile,

In a fashion full of valour, as 'twas destitute When a Bubblyjock gigantic from the Bosphorus who hailed,

Had assaulted that small Bulgar boy, and—thanks to Bruin—failed?

And all that Bear expected [in return for what he'd done,

(And who of such a sentiment will venture to make fun?)



COSTUMES FOR THE RECESS.

(NOT SO) BAD HOMBURG.

TRAVEL NOTES, FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Homburg, Monday.—GEORGE TREVELYAN once told me that his eminent Uncle, having gone all abroad to Dieppe, wrote to his sister, describing voyage from Dover by five groans. Our journey from Dover to Calais might be described by five smiles. Sea not absolutely calm; but dancing waves, curling in sunlight, nothing to *Victoria*—not our Gracious Sovereign, but Queen of L. C. & D.'s fleet. Made passage smoothly and swiftly in little over hour. Railway journey hither, by Bruesels and Coblenz, pretty fair for *le Continong*, but not a patch on the L. C. D. Express from Victoria Station to Dover. They manage some things better abroad; certainly not express trains or express boats.

Arrived here to find it raining in torrents. Everybody said it hadn't rained for two months before. Glad to hear this, but didn't keep us dry. Rain only just commenced; all the shops and doorways thronged with people, in full summer costume; not an umbrella among twenty; forgotten what rain was like; now forcibly reminded of its peculiarities. With intermission of one full day, and occasional hours, been raining ever since. If it must rain, Homburg as good a place to be in as most public haunts; lies within narrow compass; soil rapidly absorbent; if it rains in torrents at ten o'clock, and sun

afterwards comes out, roadways dry by noon. Then there is the Kurhaus always open; palatial building, not to be outdone in size and beauty by Casino at Monte Carlo; but sound of roulette table is silent. The "game is made" for ever; *on ne va plus*. Sometimes, on wet afternoons, there is found in the lofty, and otherwise cool room, one or two elderly gentlemen, who play doleful game of *écarté*, poor shivering ghosts of departed gamblers. Gambling played out, but there remain the magnificent halls. The Ball-room still used, the music on the Terrace still listened to, the banqueting-hall still crowded, and the gardens still glowing with roses, and shaded by lindens. Only disappointed gamblers who call the place Bad Homburgs; even with the rain, it is not so bad after all.

By the way, talking of nature of soil, a dog I met here drawing milk-cart, told me curious story. Homburg resorted to by invalids of both sexes and all conditions; take the waters inside and out; but my friend told me of another cure not less remarkable. Soil of Homburg composed of Fuller's-earth, warranted to absorb superfluous grease from cloth substances. Obese Englishman hearing this on arrival, asked why this quality should be confined to application to cloth? if Fuller's-earth took superfluous fat from piece of cloth, why not from body of stout Englishman? Decided to solve question; dug hole in back-garden; lay in it for twenty minutes with loose soil shovelled over him up to chin; repeated bath on alternate days for three weeks; end of first week hole too roomy; end of second week had to be further filled in; end of third week his clothes no use to him; had to lie in bed for three days whilst re-fitted. Went home quite a slim person.

Prince of WALES still here when I arrived. Been the lifes and souls of the party for nearly three weeks. "You here, TOBY?" says he, when we met on first morning; "is House up, then?" "Not yet, Sir; but I've been all night. Doctor ordered me to be here at seven in morning; this an immaterial extension to us who have been sitting up at Westminster every night of week till three or four in morning. So had all-night sitting, and here I am punctually at seven o'clock."

Don't see how I'm going to keep it up though, through three weeks; must find some other way of getting up at half-past six. Can't imagine how H.R.H. does it; but here he is every morning at seven o'clock, taking his glasses of water with the rest of the "patients," and going the regulation walk in the intervals. For an invalid, looks uncommonly robust; does his final four miles well within the hour.

Saturday.—Rain again, but really so occupied with cure that haven't time to notice it, and certainly can't let it interfere with Doctor's orders. No more all-night sittings now. End of third went off to sleep at noon after bath. Didn't wake till six next morning, just in time to dress and down to Elizabeth Well with the rest. Found this much better arrangement. So now go to bed about nine in the afternoon; get up at 6:30 in dead of night. Arrived at Well, take glass of water, then march up and down for fifteen minutes by Homburg clock. Another glass and another fifteen minutes; a third glass, and hour's walk; after which allowed to totter home, and breakfast. Amount of things you are not to eat and drink amazing; some of them never tasted in my life; now strongly tempted. But hotels under sceptre of Doctor DEETZ. He watches unseen over *table d'hôte*, and prevents most nice things from coming to dinner.

After breakfast (bread, tea, or coffee, no butter, much less mild breakfast bacon), bath on alternate days, between eleven and noon. Something like a bath; on first investigation, seems bottomless; but plummet reaches conclusion at last. Here sit up to the chin for

twenty minutes, shivering at thought of what would happen supposing bath sprang a leak. Luncheon at one, strictly supervised; between three and five, more tumblers of water at another Well, with more vigorous walks round and round, as if you were looking for the Post Office, couldn't find it, and began to feel certain you would miss the next despatch. Dinner at six, with the shadow of the good Doctor DEETZ pervading the place, and ordering off all the toothsome dishes. Afterwards a stroll in the Kurhaus, where the band is playing, and men, maids, and matrons, not all quite so young as they were, chatter and flirt.

Such is our life in Homburg, enlivened, about a fortnight ago, by great scandal, which wild horses shall not drag from me. But ask any lady fresh from Homburg. Will, at first, say, "No, she really can't; too painful," and so on. But *après, le déluge* of confidence.

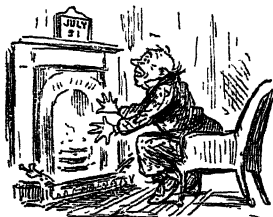
SOME NOTES AT STARMOUTH.

IN Professor SKITTLES' chair—with the sun in my eyes. He has not begun to read my character yet; he is still measuring—with tape this time, I must say he takes great pains. Blazer contingent has moved up closer; they pretend to recognise me as "Cousin BILL." Take no notice of them—try to fix my thoughts far away—on ETHEL DERING. How pretty she looked that night! Wonder, if I had plucked up my courage and spoken, whether she might not have—However, I didn't, and she couldn't. How full is life of these missed opportunities! ("You're leaving out his nose, Guv'nor!" from a Blazer, and giggles from idiotic girls in front.) I feel very forlorn and friendless up here. Professor has finished measuring, and is preparing to "delineate" me.

Cross my legs, and compose myself to listen seriously. ("Cheer up, Sir; he'll tell you when he's going to 'urt you!" yelps a beast in the background.)

"Here we 'ave a gentleman," says the Professor, passing his hand along the top of my head, "in some respects rather a contrast to our last subject." (*I should hope so, indeed!*) "This gentleman's 'ed is the second largest we have had under examination to-day." ("Ear-ear!" from the Blazers, and a meaningless suggestion that I should "make a good 'atter!")

"His Mental Brain is scarcely so large as we might expect; in fact, if the development of the lower brain were in proportion, we should find the gentleman—well, I was going to say, an idiot. Fortunately the brain, though not tall, is wide. He has Firmness, Energy, and what we call Driving Power, very large. This is a very curious gentleman—" (*Oughter be stuffed!*) puts in a ruffian, and everybody laughs—even the Professor—confound him!—smiles indulgently.) "He likes to go everywhere, and see everything. He can sit down to a good dinner, and enjoy it." (*Shouldn't have thought that a rare characteristic—but it delights the audience.*) "His Self-Esteem is large." (*There he is quite wrong—I haven't nearly enough!*) "Acquisitiveness also large; this gentleman believes in getting the full value for his money." (*Don't believe I shall get it here, at all events!*) "He is very cheerful and social." ("Don't he look it, too!" from a Blazer, and, of course, roars of laughter.) "In fact, if he were a little less social, it would be better." (*This to me—who have come down here for absolute seclusion. This Professor is a fool!*) "He will be fond of his children and of his wife." ("And can't she comb his 'air for him!" from the usual quarter. I am a bachelor, and this sort of thing is getting scandalous.) Professor says, "I must appeal to this gentleman's friends"—(*this gentleman's "friends!"*)—"to keep a little more quiet while we are delineating. There is very small Eventuality—we should like to see a little more Eventuality—he must try to cultivate his Eventuality." (*Indeed? Perhaps he will kindly tell me how I am to set about it!*) "Approbateness large; so we shall see him very anxious to gain the good opinion of others." (*When I don't care a straw what people say of me! Phenology is bosh—absolute bosh!*) "Destructiveness small; this is not a gentleman who will do very much damage." (*Sighs of mock relief from Blazers.*) "Nor is he, we should find, particularly combative." . . . ("You 'aven't seen 'im of a Saturday night," interrupts some vulgar brute.) Paha!—I won't listen; regard the audience with calm reproach. What a face that is on the second bench! what a pair of brown eyes!—kind of eyes Juliet must have had. ETHEL'S



July yet.

are light grey—what a serious, simple expression! She is not giggling, like all those fools—I could almost fancy she feels for me. How superior she seems to all the rest. ETHEL DERING herself could not look more exquisitely out of place. In fact, I am not sure that ETHEL would keep her countenance so well as this girl, who is bending forward with parted lips, and that sweet, interested light in her eyes. . . . I am getting sentimental. Was Romeo ever "delineated"? Professor is summing me up—I may as well listen.

"This is a gentleman of excellent business ability, and I should say he would be perfectly capable of managing a tolerably large business concern." ("Then how was it he got the sack from the 'am-and-beef shop?" inquired one of the pests.) "He is pushing and energetic, and he would get on well—even in a 'olesale business." (*He is growing absolutely fulsome!*) "If in business for himself, we shall not find him in a hurry to shut up his shop exactly at the hour of closing, if he thinks he could make more by keeping open a little longer." (*Considering that I am in Government employ, with a decided leaning to literary pursuits, which has not, as yet, met with much support—this is rather too much, but it would be snobbish, perhaps, to say anything.*) "I may add," concludes the Professor, with the air of a man who is conceding somewhat, "that this gentleman would be qualified to succeed, would do very well, as an artistic decorator. Are there any questions you would like to ask?"

Not after that—no, none; I haven't the heart to ask him if he thinks I could write even a creditable Nautical Drama! Besides, my faith in Phenology is shaken. Let me get away—out of sight and hearing of these infernal Blazers.

Rise and leave with ironical dignity. Professor calls me back—thinks I forgot to pay my shilling. Annoying, because it had escaped me. "You didn't tell us he had a bump for bilking!" jeers a fiend—"bilking," I believe, is 'Arryan for going away without paying. Ironical dignity a failure. "Will I pay half-a-crown extra, and have a written report of my character?" I will not.

Blazers seem sorry to part with me. Afternoon.—Too much depressed to work at Drama. Sands again. Crowd—Conjuror. I shall see this time. "I want a soft gentleman's hat," he says, suddenly. "Do you mind?" He takes mine—the crowd roars. "Will I assist him in this trick?" I did not mean to catch his eye—but I don't like to be disobedient.

I am in the centre with the Conjuror. "May he do what he pleases with my hat?" "By all means," I say, graciously. Then he'll keep it, he says. Childish joke that! "You're quite sure there's no hole in it?" he asks. I am not, I tell him, in the habit of wearing a hat with a hole in it. "Ain't you really? how do you get your head in?" he retorts, sharply. Very old—but Starmouth people easily amused.

"Do I ever toss for drinks?" No, I do not. Then he will show me how to do so, and win every time. He tosses up a penny on the little table, and covers it with my hat. "Which do I think it is?" I say heads—to please him. Again. "Now, Sir, heads or tails?" I happen to have seen it fall head uppermost—but no doubt he has manipulated it some way—if I say tails, he will look rather foolish.

Tails, then. Will I lift my hat? I do—a guinea-pig! Renewed roars. I ought to be above feeling annoyed at this tomfoolery—but these conjuring fellows go too far.

Evening.—On Pier. Military Band. Bazaar: ladies and children touting for it. Wonder whether my "Firmness" is as large as Professor SKITTLES declared. — Because I certainly never intended to buy a box of cracker-bonbons, or a basket of ripe tomatoes—and yet here I am, carrying them about! And when I took a ticket for a raffle, I hardly counted upon winning this particularly gaudy sofa-cushion. Clergyman wants to sell me a very small plumcake, only three shillings. . . . I find I can be firm after all.

The girl with the brown eyes is on the pier, too, with a stout respectable old female—probably her maid. I think they recognise me as the victim of Phenology; they glance at me with interest. Ah me! I wish—I wish, but what is the use of wishing? In the Bazaar again. Young lady proposes to tell me my fortune for a penny, with a revolving card. I am in a superstitious mood—I want encouraging. She spins the card; the dial indicates, as she informs me, with unnecessary glee, "You spend your time in trifles."—Is a Nautical Drama a "trifle," I should like to know? I can't be quite the thing, for this incident affects me almost to tears. I have had a depressing day. Bed in low spirits.



"Parting is such sweet sorrow."
Shakspeare.



"Here's for thy panes."
Shakspeare.



Row me O!

THE WAIL OF MESSRS. BURT AND FENWICK.

THE Northumberland Miners' U-ni-on
Have bidden their BURT bego-o-one.
It seems, by the ballot, we soon shall be all out,
And there'll be an end to our fun.



Chorus.—We've got no work to do-o-o-o!
We have no work to do-o-o!
We are poor Members, poor Working-Men
Members,
Who've got no work to do!

Oh, Morpeth and Wansbeck, o-o-oh!
This same is a pretty go-o-o!
The feelings why hurt of your FENWICK and
BURT?

We wouldn't have served you so!

Chorus.—We've got no work, &c.

The Working-Men's Members of la-a-ate
Were getting a power in the Sta-a-ate,
But now they're rejected, or coldly ejected,
Which same is a sorrowful fate.

Chorus.—We've got no work, &c.

JOE ARCH he had to go-o-o-o,
Then LEICESTER, the other Jo-o-o-oh!
And now we two'll have to forfeit our
"screw."

Which is jolly hard lines, you know.

Chorus.—We've got no work, &c.

It's hardly fair play to gi-i-ive,
To a Labour-Representati-i-ve,
For without your cash, O Miners most rash,
How, how shall we manage to live?

Chorus.—We've got no work, &c.

It is no doubt exceedingly tru-u-ue;
We've found little work to do-o-o,
In the House. For that same 'tis not we
who're to blame,
But the long Irish hullabaloo.

Chorus.—We've got no work, &c.

We know these are very hard ti-i-imes,
To scrape up the dollars and di-i-imes;
But when we, dear Miners, are robbed of the
shiners,

We're punished for other folks' crimes.

Chorus.—We've got no work, &c.

Of course if you give us the sa-a-ack,
Our Gladstone bags we must pa-a-ack,
But perhaps for this hurry some day you'll
be sorry,
And wish BURT and FENWICK both back.

Chorus.—We've got no work to do-o-o-o!
We're balloted out of our sore-e-ew;

Poor Working Men's Members, this worst
of Septembers,
In sorrow we sigh and boho-o-o!

THE 'EAT OF DISCUSSION.

(A Fancy founded on Facts.)

He left the court with his colleagues at
twenty minutes to one o'clock. He said
nothing, but listened intently while the
question of the Inquest was canvassed.
Was it to be a verdict of Manslaughter or
Murder, or only Accidental Death? He
listened so intently that he was quite sur-
prised when the clock struck two.

Yes two o'clock—time for his lunch!

He rose from his seat, and went to the door.
He spoke to one on the other side, he talked
of cuts from the joints, and chops and steaks.

He was answered with laughter!

Then he returned to his chair, rather put
out at this ill-timed pleasantry, and listened
once more to the arguments of his colleagues.
They had got beyond the verdict now, and
were discussing the "riders." The first,
elaborately blaming the Magistrates, had
been framed and passed, and the second
dealing with the bye-laws of the Town
Council was under consideration. Before it
was finally settled the clock struck three!

Yes, three! and since twenty-minutes to
one he had been locked in lunchless! He
went to the door and beat it with his fists!

"Might he have a cut off the joint?"

"No!"

Again he was silent, and again his col-
leagues continued their discussion. They
spoke in lower tones now, because they too
were feeling the want of food. Four struck,
and then five.

He staggered once more to the door, and in
piteous tones made a last request,
Might he have a sandwich?

No!!!!

It was too much! He ground his teeth in
rage! Five hours had elapsed, and then the
last and eighth rider, suggesting that after
its final completion a theatre should be
thrown open for public inspection for a week
before a licence was granted, was passed.
The work of the Jury was over.

It was indeed a painful scene. The eleven
men who had taken part in the discussion
were entirely exhausted. Some were slum-
bering from weakness, others were wearily
"talking on their fingers." Hunger had
made these last absolutely dumb. Reams of
papers were scattered about covered with
writing. Here and there was a quill-pen
partly consumed. Even the blotting-pads
testified to the presence of hungry men—
some of the leaves showed the traces of a
stealthy nibble. In the heat of argument
hours before, a jurymen, anxious to impress
an opinion upon a sceptic colleague, had
offered to "eat his hat." He now gazed at
the head-gear with greedy eyes, as if anxious
to carry out his proposition.

The Foreman, in a whisper, asked if any-
one had any further suggestions to make.

Then the rage of the starving one gave
him fictitious strength. He stood up, and
shrieked out, "I express my opinion that the
non-supply of refreshments to the Jury for
several hours is a blot on the legal system of
the country!"

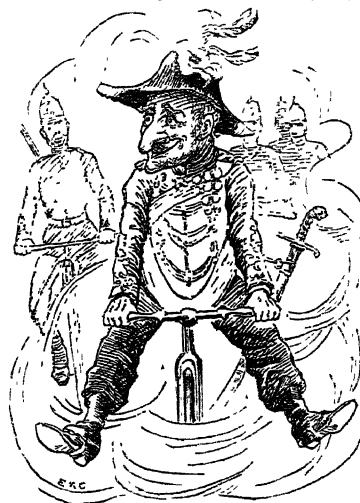
In a moment the Foreman and his col-
leagues sprang to their feet, and, making a
supreme effort, shouted out, "Agreed!
agreed! agreed!"

And what further did these poor famished
men, these heroes of the long, foodless day,
these martyrs to a cruel system—a wretched
system—these victims to an abuse that
should be swept away like chaff before the
wind—ay, what further did they do after
their trumpet-tongued cry of indignant denun-
ciation?

Why (it is to be sincerely hoped) that they
went home and had their dinner!

THE BICYCLISTS OF ENGLAND.

"Mr. STURMEY, in the preface to the new
edition of his *Handbook of Bicycling*, sketches
the progress of this enormously popular amuse-
ment since the appearance of his last edition,
rather more than five years ago."—*Daily Paper*.



Ye Bicyclists of England

Who stride your wheels with ease,
How little do you think upon

What Mr. STURMEY sees.
The wheelmen's standard rises high

With every year that goes.
Wheels sweep, fast and cheap,

Whereof STURMEY's trumpet blows—
Our cycles range more swift and strong,
And STURMEY's trumpet blows.

The Cycles of our fathers

Were "bone-shakers," and few,
But the cinder-path's broad field of fame
Shows what their sons can do.

When WYNDHAM rose, and STANTON fell,
The pace was cramped and slow;

Their creep to our sweep
Rouses STURMEY's scorn, you know—
Our Cycles now run fleet and strong,
And STURMEY's trumpets blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark—

Tariffs her trade to keep,
Her "wheels" are found on every path;
Coventry's not asleep.

Our Woods and Howells wheel like fun,
JACK KEEN can make 'em go.

Foes we floor from each shore,
Whereof STURMEY's trumpets blow—
Our Cyclists lick the world by long,
And STURMEY's trumpets blow.

The "Meteor" wheels of England

Shall yet terrific turn;
'Tis true that France gave us a start—
Now she has much to learn.

To you, our brave wheel-warriors,
Our song and glass shall flow;

To the fame of your name
Mr. STURMEY's trumpets blow—

Cycles or Cyclists, ours are best,
So why should we not blow?

HEAVY LIGHTNING. — Lord GRIMTHORPE,
a *propos* of Lightning Conductors, with his
customary courtesy, writes to the *Times* of his
opponent's (also a Correspondent to the lead-
ing journal) desire "to display his own smart-
ness," and speaks of that opponent's opinions
as "mere nonsense, due to his ignorance." He
concludes, "If he wants the last word, he
is welcome to it." Lord GRIMTHORPE's last
word (if really the last) is preferable.

AMERICAN CHINA.



"The Mandarin had an only daughter, named LI-CHI, who fell in love with CHANG, a young man who lived in the island-home represented at the top of the pattern, and who had been her father's secretary. The father overheard them one day making vows of love under the orange-tree, and sternly forbade the unequal match; but the lovers contrived to elope, lay concealed for awhile in the gardener's cottage, and thence made their escape in a boat to the island-home of the young lover. The enraged Mandarin pursued them with a whip, and would have beaten them to death, had not the gods rewarded their fidelity by changing them both into turtle-doves. The picture is called the Willow-Pattern, not only because it is a tale of disastrous love, but because the elopement occurred 'when the willow begins to shed its leaves.'"—*Legend of the Willow-Pattern.*

SCENE—*that of the tradition. Season, willow-fall. Hour, sundown.*

Li-Chi (sings)—

The poor soul sat sighing by a rum-looking tree,
Sing, once a green willow;
But now all its leaves smell of base & s. d.;
Sing willow, willow, willow!

The old stream runs by her, not with the old tones,
Sing willow, willow, willow!
But, churned by coarse paddles, it plashes and groans;
Sing willow, willow, willow!

Chang. Ah, yellow and irradiant sunflower of my soul's secret shrine, sing not thus dolefully, I entreat thee. What avails the permission to escape awhile our old ornithological metamorphosis, and revisit once again the glimpses of the Mandarin's country seat, the pavilion, the peach and the orange-tree, the elegant wooden fence, the bridge, the boat, and, above all, the willow, only to sing songs whose spirit-cleaving cadences sting thy CHANG more than ever did the angry Mandarin's whip-lash?

Li-Chi (mournfully). What, indeed? But O, sublimated saffron-bag of my spirit's idolatry, who can help weeping at sight of this? Chang (reading). "National and International Amalgamated Bank!" O, mighty but much-too-free-with-the-whip-hand-of-parental-authority Mandarin of the Middle Kingdom, what would you have thought of this transformation?

Li-Chi. Papa was impetuous. Our—our elopement angered him. But Telegraph-poles, Telephone Exchanges, River Steamers, Banks and Blazing Posters!!—Alas!!!

Chang (hotly). By the isolated button of Celestial supereminence, it is too bad! What can LI HUNG CHANG, that dragon-claw of the throne, that amber-souled prop of imperial perpendicularity be about, I wonder?

Li-Chi (meditatively). We—e—all,—perhaps he knows, after all.

Chang. What meaneth the tintinnabulant tea-blossom of my trivial and ephemeral personality?

Li-Chi (archly). The "Heathen Chinese," as the wanton Western scribe insolently calls him, is indeed "peculiar," as perchance even Count EUGENE STANISLOW KOSTKA DE MITKIEWICZ and Mr. JAY-GOULD, HOOD, MACKAY the multi-millionnaire, and BARKER Brothers the Bankers, New York Syndicates and Philadelphian Silver Rings, may yet discover as clearly and completely as did *Bill Nye* and *Truthful James* of the ribald ballad.

Chang (admiringly). Verily even the orbicular contractility of dexter-optical semi-closure becometh those almond eyes, oh! flesh-enshrined opium-ecstasy of my most transcendental inwardness.

Li-Chi (smartly). I should think it did, indeed! A wink is as good as a nod to a blind lover. "Melican Man" is very 'cute and enterprising; but whether he'll find it quite so easy as he fancies to "run" the Celestial Kingdom, or "exploit" the Flowery Land, remains as the never-sufficiently-to-be-commended-and-left-carefully-unread KUNG-FOO-TZE would say, "to be duskiy adumbrated in the spirit-speculum of the yet To-be."

Chang. Quite so. Still, O million-berried mulberry-tree of my mean and inconsiderable soul-garden, to have our own secular love-legend and its many-centuried Scene thus sordidly transmogrified, cannot, O, shining one of my spirit's crepuscular gloom, O, beneficent betel-nut of my supersensual palate!

Li-Chi. Well, CHANG, after all, novelty hath its charm—after a cycle or two, you know. Marquis TSUNG talks about "the awakening of China." As if there was ever a Celestial who, for all his childlikeness and blandness, was not very wide-awake indeed! Why, LI-CHI, if ever we had our time over again, do you think that transmutation into a pair of turtle-doves,—bird-beatitudes, my CHANG, are so limited!—would form the acme of our mutual aspirations?

Chang. Well, per—haps not, LI-CHI.

Better fifty years of Europe
Than a Cycle of Cathay,—

—as turtle-doves, you know. Still, that chuckling and cavoring American fowl, that two-headed and vulturine Russo-Polish Eagle, do not quite fit into the Mongolian Arcadia of the Willow-pattern plate; now do they? We have fallen, lily of my life, upon sordid, and subversive, and sceptical times, when millions of taels move our Mandarins to Modernism, when Silver Rings and Syndicates, can set up a Party of Progress in the Realm of the Immutible, and when doubts have been thrown by shallow scribes upon the existence of the Great Wall of China itself!

Li-Chi (shuddering). Dreadful, dear! Let's turn back into turtle-doves at once, and ooo ourselves into truly Celestial obliviousness of this colossal Yankee coup, which threatens—perchance prematurely—to fix for all time this preposterously Western and barbaric picture as the Willow Pattern of the Future!

[*They do so.*]



SAGACITY.

Countryman. "F'r POUNDS TOO MUCH FOR HIM? HE'S A WON'ERFUL GOOD SPORTIN' DAUG, SIR! WHY HE COME TO A DEAD PINT IN THE STREET, SIR, CLOSE AGIN A OL' GEN'LAMAN, THE OTHER DAY—'FUST O' SEPTEMBER IT WAS, SIR!—AN' THE GEN'LAMAN TOLD ME ARTERWARDS AS HIS NAME WERE 'PARTRIDGE'!"

Customer. "YOU DON'T SAY SO!"

[*Bargain struck!*]

"PAYING THEIR SHOT."

A PARTY of excursionists from the Tyne thought it a pleasant way of spending a Bank-holiday to go wantonly shooting swarms of sea-birds on the Farne Islands. When remonstrated with by the more humane man in charge, they considered it still greater "sport" to threaten to push an oar down his throat, and make a target of him. These sportive souls indeed managed amongst them to "hit his felt hat and graze his left thumb" with shot. But when 239 of them were summoned under the Wild Birds Act, and had to pay fines and expenses to the tune of some £70, they probably modified their notion of the nature and claim of "Sport," and found that "paying the shot" in that sense was the least pleasant part of shooting. Some of them were probably left without "a shot in the locker." A few more such wholesome lessons, and the "Cad with a Gun," the "Brute with a Double-Barrel," may no longer be found depopulating Nature's feathered preserves and disgracing the name of honest Sport.

SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

At last I have seen him!—the travelling Englishman, the English Milord of the French Farce—"Oah, c'est moa!" of the *Journal Comique*.

But if the farce Milord is grotesque, the English "Mees" is equally ridiculous. I met, the other day, a lady of Albion, who was strutting about with an enormous "handled" *pince-nez* raised to her eyes, while she expressed her opinion "that those foreigners really do dress so absurdly!"

*Diary of a Day.*—

At all these Stations Thermales the pleasantest hours of the day are sacrificed to the interests of the band, the casinos, the cercle, and the evening amusements. *Les Baigneurs sérieux* ought not to require any amusement after 9'30, and by ten they should be in bed. Their hours for walking and other exercise should be very early



Mees "O'Shocking!"

"L'Anglais pour rire." in the morning, or late in the evening before dinner. The remainder of the day should be given up to baths, to drinking waters, *déjeuner à la fourchette*, and rest.

By the way, at the top of the daily *menu* at the Continental Hotel the *déjeuner à la fourchette* at 11 A.M. is styled "LUNCH." PULLER resents this as strongly as he does a waiter's answering him, "Yeess, Sare," when he has given an order in his best French. Now this meal at 11 A.M. is not an English lunch, but is the French *déjeuner à la fourchette*. Is it becoming the common practice in hotels on the Continent? If so, the English will soon remember that they don't come abroad for lunch—they can "lunch" well enough at home—but they do come abroad for *déjeuner à la fourchette*, and, if they do not get it, they will stay away.

"It's confoundingly insulting!" exclaims PULLER, indignantly. "Do they think we don't know what a *déjeuner à la fourchette* means? But, dash it, you know," he goes on, in the tone of a man whom a very little more of this sort of treatment would disgust with life generally, "they're making everybody abroad so English." Then he repeats, "So English, you know," in imitation of some American burlesque actor, and this has the effect of restoring his good humour. He thinks the quotation so apt and so humorous, that he expands in chuckles, and goes out of the *salle-à-manger* doing a step, and repeating, "So English, you know!" The French, Spanish, and the visitors of various nationalities, shake their heads, shrug their shoulders, and evidently hope he is harmless. The waiters smile, and this reassures the guests.



The Cravate au Moulin.

The special merit of the Royat Drinking Waters and Baths consists in the large amount of iron contained in them. Over the gates of the Park at Royat, where the *Etablissement* and *Buvettes* are situated, should be inscribed, for the benefit of English visitors, "Washing and Ironing done here."

The Uncertain Bather.—My acquaintance MORDEL is another variety of the genus *baigneur*. He is dissatisfied only with himself. He is perpetually having a row with himself. The Hotel is good enough, he says; the Doctor is all that can be desired. The baths and waters are managed very well; but the question is, he says to himself, "Was I right in coming here at all? Ought I not to have gone to Aix? or to Vichy? or to Homburg? or to Mont Dore, or to La Bourboule?" "Well, but"—I say to him, with a view to reconciling him to himself—"are the waters doing you good?" He reluctantly admits that they are not doing him any harm—as yet. In this state of uncertainty he remains during the whole course of

treatment, and, to the last, he is of opinion that he ought to have gone to some other place, no matter where.

It is a real pleasure to see SMITH, of the Colosseum Club, meet BROWN, also a member of the same sociable institution. He greets BROWN heartily,—never was so glad to see anybody. Yet they are anything but inseparables in London; and it certainly was not owing to SMITH's good offices that BROWN was elected to the Colosseum. BROWN has just arrived at Royat, and is not so effusive at the sight of SMITH, as SMITH, who has been here ten days, is on beholding BROWN. "THOMPSON's here, so's JONES," SMITH tells BROWN, beamingly. "Are they?" returns BROWN, who recognises the names as those of eminent Colosseum men. "And now," exclaims SMITH, heartily, "in the evening we can have a rubber!" This was why SMITH was so overjoyed at meeting BROWN; not because he was an old friend, not even because he was a member of the same social set, but because *he would make a fourth!* "You'll want a rubber," adds SMITH, cajoling. "If he does," interposes PULLER, in excellent spirits this morning, "he'll have to go to Aix-les-Bains. They don't do the *massage* here. Aix is the place for Rubbers." The joke falls among us like a bombshell, and the group disperses, each wondering how long PULLER is going to remain at Royat. His movements may govern our own!

Uneventful! General BOULANGER has called here to-day. No, not on me, but on a noble English poet, who is staying at the Continental. From the portrait in the *Salon* I should have expected a fine fellow of six feet high, rather Saxon and swaggery. Had he resembled his portrait I should not have believed in him. Now I do. There is hope for BOULANGER. He is a short man. NAPOLEON was a short man. "*Il grandira!*"

Encore des Pensées.—"There is a time to talk, and a time to be silent." The first occasion is, when I have something to say, and an audience to say it to; the other is, when I don't feel well, and hate everybody equally. PULLER, when high-spirited, cannot understand this. Undergoing these Royat Waters, PULLER and myself are on a see-saw. When he is up, I am down, and *vice versa*. After trying to breakfast together, and to be mutually accommodating, which is done in the most disagreeable manner possible, we separate, on account of incompatibility of temper. Temporarily our relations are strained. This only applies to the morning. I want to be quiet in the morning, and detest early liveliness. JANE and myself, in future, breakfast together at our own time, and at our own table, in a corner. (And this is also within the first seven days of the *traitement*.)



The dear Old Things who won't have a Door or Window open in our small *Salle-à-manger*.

By the way, what a chance of *réclame* I lost on the occasion of BOULANGER's visit. It never occurred to me till too late. I ought to have been at the front door, awaiting his departure. At the moment of his leaving, I should have left too. Then the report could have been spread about that I had "gone out with" General BOULANGER. How astonished M. FERRY would have been. "Quite a Fairy tale for him," says PULLER, who wishes to exhibit his acquaintance with the proper French pronunciation of M. FERRY's name.

The Twenty-Second Morning.—I shall give myself three days' leave of absence, and revisit La Bourboule and Le Mont Dore. These two places are higher up in the mountains of Auvergne.

La Bourboule Revisited.—Very beautiful the line of country between Royat and La Bourboule. But the latter is an out-of-the-way place as compared with Royat, which has the great advantage of being within a quarter of an hour's ride, or walk, of such a real good town as Clermont-Ferrand, whereas La Bourboule and Mont Dore are an hour-and-a-half's drive each of them from their own station, Laqueuille, which is nothing more than a mere country railway station, with a simple buffet, and four hours from Clermont-Ferrand, which I suppose is the market town, and certainly the only place of any importance to which one can go, "there and back again," in a long day.

Of course the descendants of BALBUS, who "*murum edificavit*" in

our old Latin Grammar—(Are BALBUS and CAIUS still at it in the Grammars of the present day?)—could not leave La Bourboule alone, and villas have been springing up in every direction. Shops, too. Already one side of a Boulevard has been commenced, represented by half-a-dozen superior shops, one of which, it is needless to say, is a sweet-stuff emporium, and another a Tabac. Then they've a Hotel de Ville at La Bourboule. In our time there was only a solitary Gendarme, in full cocked-hat and sword, who, as an official, was a failure, but, as a playmate of the children, and a friend of the *bonnes*, was a decided success. He looked well, and inspired the stranger on his arrival. But the feeling of awe soon wore off. Perhaps he, also, was a *baigneur*. Invalid Gendarmes might be usefully employed in this manner, their imposing appearance at various watering-places would inspire confidence, while they might be benefiting their physique. Policemen could be also effectively used in this way. "Recruiting Sergents-de-ville" they might be called, engaged in recruiting their own health.

A storm of rain and wind swept us out of La Bourboule—we subsequently heard that there was snow at Mont Dore—and drove us post-haste back to Royat warmth—comparative warmth, that is, for they were having two or three cold, rainy, and gusty days at Royat, too, preceding the day fixed for the Eclipse. But such weather is bearable at Royat, if you have once experienced it at La Bourboule. The valley of Royat is fairly high up, and well sheltered; but as to the situation of La Bourboule and Mont Dore, one may say, reversing the quotation, "And in the highest heights a higher still!" "Only not, by any means still," says PULLER, who knows the country, and whom no inducement will lead away from Royat.

I have mapped out a short tour by way of return from Royat, which is at the disposition of anyone who is preparing to make himself a *baigneur* and a *titulaire* next season.

My *itinéraire* is this: London to Paris, taking care to travel by the *Empress* from Dover to Calais. Inquire beforehand at the L. C. and D. Station. Victoria. Go by the A.M. Dine in Paris at 8'30. In a forthcoming little work I contemplate benefiting the travelling public generally with a few useful details, of which these are only hints. Paris next morning, to Clermont-Ferrand, for Royat. At Royat, I should naturally recommend the Hotel I know best. This is the Continental. It may change hands next year; if it changes hands, it changes heads at the same time, and my advice may or may not be useful.

Stay at Royat for cure; visit—as excursions easily done in a day, when you're in fettle—La Bourboule and Mont Dore. For all information, ask the most civil of men, and the most obliging, the agent, who has an office in a line with the few shops situated on the upper terrace of the Parc. He will tell you everything—and be delighted to do it.

By the way, when once you've settled your tour, take my advice, and visit Messrs. COOK, of Ludgate Circus. Provide yourself with all your tickets beforehand. It will save you a heap of trouble afterwards. Too many Cooks can't spoil your journey, as you will take them on the "play or pay" system, and it binds you to nothing, except, in case of not using them, a slight discount; whereas, on the other hand, it helps the person who is at all "infirm of purpose" to make up his mind, and keeps him to his original plan, which any experienced traveller will agree with me in saying, is, nine times out of ten, the wisest and best course to pursue. Of this more anon in my forthcoming *parvum opus* on this and cognate subjects.

Royat (if you are a *baigneur*, recommended here by your Doctor) is an easy place to get to, and to get away from. My friend SKURRIE, who, immediately he has arrived at any place, passes all his time there in consulting guide-books, maps, *Bradshaws*, Cook's tourist books, and local *indicateurs*, with a view to see how he can best get away, comes to me with a paper full of closely-written details, and says, "Here's my plan:—Royat, Lyon (why do we put an 's' on to it, and make it 'Lyons'?) it would be as sensible for the French to call Liverpool 'Liverpools,' or Manchester 'Manchesters.' And why can't the French call London 'London,' instead of 'Londres'?)—then Aix-les-Bains (for a *massage*, and an excursion or two) . . . then Geneva. This is, if you've got time to spare. If not, in a week you can make a really refreshing tour by pushing on from Lyon to Geneva, to Bâle, to Heidelberg, to Mainz, down the Rhine to Cologne, then Antwerp, Flushing, Queenborough. This will complete your week, and you will return to England with a store of variety to last you a year."

VALUABLE MEM. FOR A CERTAIN ARCHITECT IN HIS NEXT BUILDING OPERATION.—"To construct a much-more-*Exiter* Theatre than the one recently destroyed by fire."

OUR ADVERTISERS.

THEATRICAL AND RE-ASSURING.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE.—The sole Lessee and Manager begs to inform his patrons, the public, that he has left no stone unturned to render it by a long way

THE SAFEST THEATRE IN THE TWO HEMISPHERES.

The mere perusal of the advertisements appearing in the daily press, furnishing the intending audience with a complete handbook of escape in the event of any sudden catastrophe, must, he feels, afford them

REAL PLEASURE, which, owing to the precautionary measures he has taken for their protection, they may genuinely experience when securing their places for a performance in the unique fireproof auditorium.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE EXITS.—A hop, skip and a jump will take any member of the audience from any part of the house directly into the street outside in five seconds.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE has all its doors taken off their hinges the moment the performance commences.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE possesses concrete Stalls.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE, has its private boxes constructed with perforated shower-bath ceilings that drench the occupants without ceasing the entire evening.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE.—An "Apprehensive Playgoer" writes:—"We were in one continual downpour from the rising of the Curtain to its fall; and though we are all still suffering from rheumatism, our party was enabled, with the aid of umbrellas and waterproofs, to enjoy the evening's entertainment with a sense of security that was as novel as it was refreshing."

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE.—The Management provides everyone paying at the doors with a Fire-Escape, that can be left outside, and a Life Assurance Policy, available for the duration of the evening's entertainment.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE has, in every gangway, a steam fire-engine served by a fully-equipped complement of members of the London Fire Brigade, who inspire the audience with confidence by, from time to time, playing on portions of them with a five-inch hose.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE.—People recommended a cold *douche* by their medical adviser, cannot do better than secure a front seat in the upper boxes.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE is provided with cast-iron scenery, and has, as its Stage Manager, a retired Fire-King.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE is surrounded by a network of balconies, affording access, by iron staircases, to the roofs of all the adjacent houses in the neighbourhood.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE has in effect no walls, and is practically all "Exit."

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE can be virtually emptied before a checktaker could say "Jack Robinson!"

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE.—A "NERVOUS FIRST-NIGHTER" writes:—"Being seized the other evening in the middle of the front row of the stalls with a purely private and personal, but uncontrollable panic, I rushed from my place, and made with all the haste I could command for the street. Though, in my hurry I found it necessary to have a couple of vigorous fights of several rounds each with two box-keepers in succession, which resulted in my being eventually removed from the house, struggling with three policemen, six refreshment-stall-keepers, and nine firemen, it only took me twenty-seven minutes and a half from the time I started from my place inside till I found myself deposited in the midst of a jeering crowd on the steps of the principal entrance."

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE will set up chronic lumbago in the Dress Circle.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE is the dampest Public Lounge in Europe.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE may be visited freely by pleasure-seekers, in whom, as Members of Burial Clubs, their families take a lively interest.

REAL PLEASURE, to be experienced nightly by those who pay a visit to

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE, affording the only recognised Incombustible Entertainment on record.



SEA-SIDE WEATHER STUDIES. STORMY.

THREE PIC-NIC PARTIES SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED BY THE RAIN.

WANTED, A THESEUS;

Or, The Betting Centaurs of the Race Course and the Cinder-Path.

HALF-man, half-horse! A fitting blend indeed
To type the monster of a modern breed,
The mongrel thing, half Houyhnhnm to the
But fouler than the Swiftian Yahoo, [view,
Who makes the race-course rascaldom's resort,
And shames the manliest scenes of British Sport.

Sport? The Cad-Centaur hath as little sense
Of the fine joy to which he makes pretence,
The English glorying in a fair-fought fight,
A well-run race, a show of speed or sleight,
As of the love that males of British breed
Moves in the presence of a gallant steed.
No Sportsman's fervour his; he never thrills
To the contagious sentiment that fills
The solid Saxon when, with thundering stride,
Ormonde and *Mintie* struggle side by side;
When *Cam* and *Isis* prow to prow contend;
When *GEORGE* and *CUMMING* strain from end
to end
Of the long cinder-path in panting speed;
When wheelmen swift alternate lag and lead;
When white-plumed yachts spread emulative
wings
To the salt wind that through the cordage
sings;
When *Notts* and *Surrey* fight for pride of
place,
Or the ring cheers the "many-centuried"
GRACE.
Bound by his betting-book, the cynic churl—
With coarse-gemmed hands and greasy frontal
curl,

When fortune smiles, or frowzy when she
frowns
As wolfish waifs that haunt the slums of
towns—
Is brute all through and ever; blatant, base,
"Rough" in his speech, and rascal in his face;
A radiant rowdy now when some base stroke
Of juggling skill has flushed him; now
"stone-broke,"
Black-hearted, beetle-browed, true gaol-
bird type,
Reeling and reeking, ever ruffian-ripe
For any coward act of ruthless greed
That craft may scheme, or violence may speed.

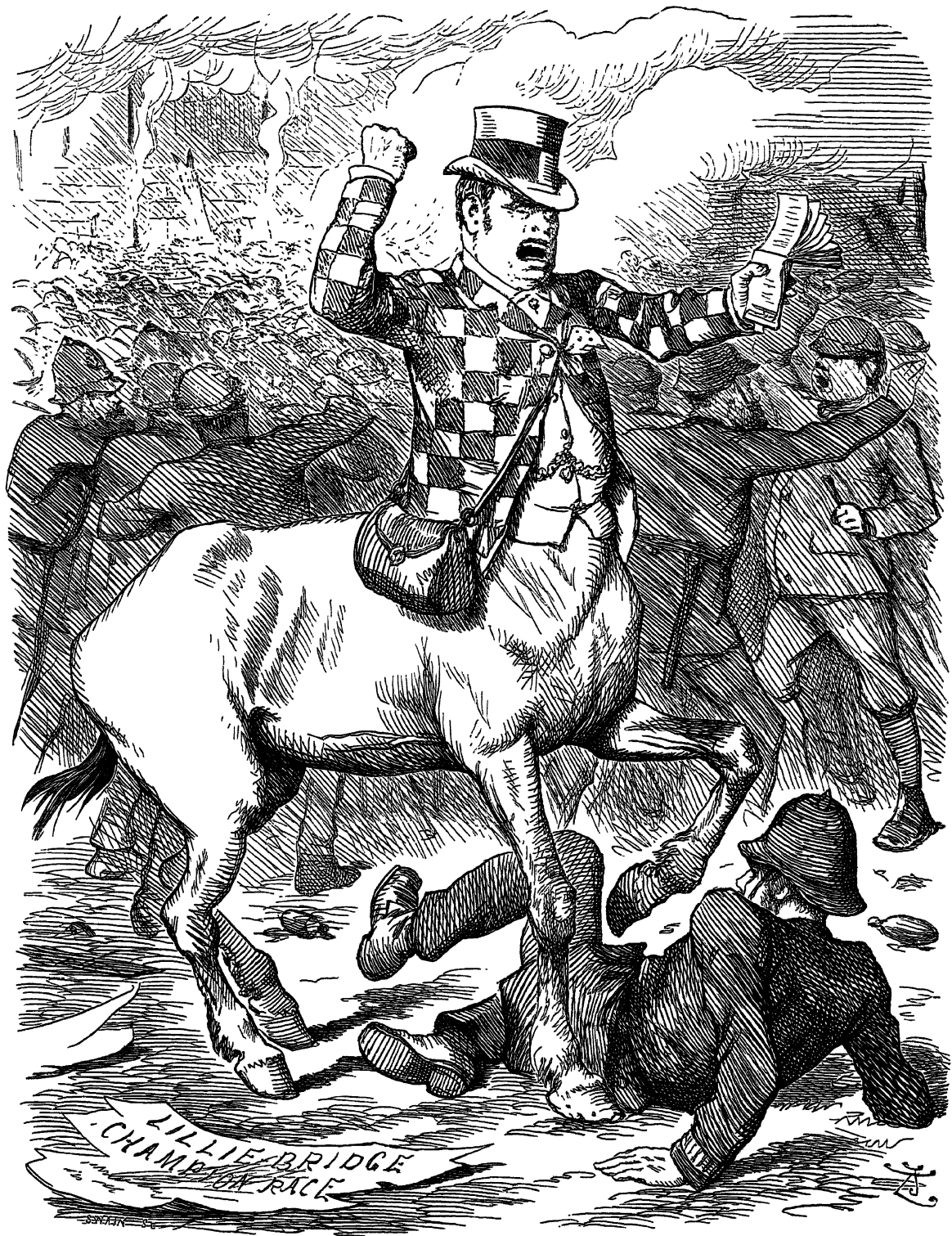
Curse of the race-course and the cinder-
path!
Roughdom no dirtier, darker danger hath,—
Roughdom, that gulf of guilt with peril rife,
That lurks beneath our glittering civic life,
Like fires beneath the smiling southern wave,
Which, given volcanic vent, make earth a
grave
And sea a sepulchre. Too bold it grows
In the neglect of its appointed foes,
The modern Fenris-wolf whose ravaging maw
Needs muzzling with the Gleipner-chain of
Law.
EURYTUS at the banquet gorged with glee;
"Most savage of the savage Centaurs," he,
As *OVIN* sings. PIRITHOUS, lulled to trust,
Forgot the secret strength the lurking lust,
Until wine-freed and fury-fired they broke,
From sleek civility's too slender yoke;
Then tables upset, and feast disturbed,
Destructiveness unleashed, and wrath un-
curbed,
"The appearance of a captured city," lent
To the late scene of concord and content;

Then disappointed craft and thwarted greed,
Broke law's frail barriers like a trampled reed,
And the tumultuous storm of wild desire,
Found vent in rioting force and ravaging fire.

Is there no moral in the classic tale?
Let vigilance but sleep and vigour fail,
Authority of prescience be bereft,
And, like HIPPODAMIA, Law is left
To battling, fierce brute forces, prone to blood,
Civilisation's coarser Centaur-brood.
Of old the heroes conquered. At the stroke
Of angered THESEUS' club of knotted oak,
The Centaurs feared and fled toward the sea,
Pursued by the triumphant Lapithæ,
Law's Lapithæ lay prone in our late fray.
Do we not need a THESEUS then to-day?

NOT A "DEUS EX MACHINÂ."

SOME philosophers are very anxious to
demonstrate that man is a mere Automaton.
A man, however, can at any rate be regulated,
and, at need, "run in," which it seems that
the Automatic Cigarette and Sweetmeat
Machines now so much in vogue cannot.
Naughty little boys are convicted of beguiling
them of Butter Scotch by means of discs of
card and base metal, instead of coins of the
realm. On the other hand the Automata are
charged with absorbing the coppers of honest
would-be purchasers without rendering up
the proper portion of Toffee or Tobacco.
Machines which are at once dishonest them-
selves and the cause of dishonesty in others
can hardly be looked upon as an improvement
upon living vendors, who if they have little
conscience to appeal to, have at least persons
to be punished.



WANTED, A THESEUS;
OR, THE BETTING CENTAUR.

HYGIENIC.

No; that sickly-looking child that you notice entering the Board School is not, as you imagine, "pining for the fresh air of the country." He is recovering from an acute attack of scarlet fever, and is described by his fond parent as "peeling wonderful."

"Why does the medical man who attends the case,"—you ask—"not give instant notice to the Local Sanitary Authority, the Parish Doctor, the School Board Officials, and the nearest Fever Hospital?" Because self-preservation (or preserving a case for oneself) is the first law of nature, and also because in London neither the registration nor the isolation of infectious disease is considered at all essential.

Of course it is to be regretted that some of the fever patients who were taken the other day first to the West London Hospital in Hammersmith, then to the London Fever Hospital, and afterwards to Stockwell, and who finally—as those institutions were quite full—spent the night in a draughty corridor of the Homerton work-house, should have collapsed owing to exhaustion; but then what an admirable thing it is that there should be so many places for the reception—or rejection—of patients, and that they should be scattered all over the Metropolis!

It is really rather irritating that the laundress, whose services we have had to dispense with owing to five of her children being down with typhus, should call us "selfish" and "finicking," and threaten to summon us to the Police Court for interfering with her business.

Yes, a trip by steamer on the Thames can be confidently recommended to delicate persons in search of health. Wrap the whole face in cotton-wool, which has previously been soaked in some powerful disinfectant. Get the man at the wheel to sprinkle your clothing every ten minutes with the anti-cholera mixture. When passing "Barking Out-fall," be particularly careful to go below, and keep your head completely buried in a basin containing a mixture of smelling salts in solution and Eau de Cologne. Beyond a sore throat for a week or two, you will probably—thanks to these precautions—experience no evil results.

SUBJECT FOR A GRAND HISTORICAL CARTOON.



THE SULTAN IMPLORING MR. PUNCH NOT "TO TAKE HIM OFF."
(See Daily Papers.)

ALL IN PLAY.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I THINK, however pleased you may look in your stall while listening to the charming music of Mr. CELLIER in *The Sultan of Mocha*, you will agree with me that that gifted gentleman has been



most unfortunate in the selection of his librettos. *Dorothy* was certainly feeble, but the revived opera at the Strand is feeble still. I admit that the work is well staged, equally as to scenery, dresses, and *mise-en-scène*, but the plot and the dialogue are unworthy of serious criticism. When the curtain rose upon a capital "set" of the Thames near Greenwich Hospital, when there were a lively chorus and a pretty dance, I imagined I was "in" for what other occupants of the stalls would have called "a real good thing." But the characters had only to talk to cause a sense of depression to envelope me that nearly moved me to tears. Ponderous allusions to such recent "topics" as Lord CHARLES BERESFORD's signal from the Royal Yacht at the

Naval Review, the ENDACOTT matter and Turkish impecuniosity now and again attracted my attention, and I felt that I would give worlds to slumber as does the hero in the Third Act who appropriately sings himself to sleep. But Mr. CELLIER's music made a success of *Dorothy*, and it is not impossible that "the movement may be continued" in the *Sultan of Mocha*. Of those who take part in the performance I may single out Mr. CHARLES DANBY as fairly amusing. I do not remember to have seen him before, and it is to be trusted that the applause of a London audience will not cause him to favour a policy of exaggeration. So far he is good—not too good (as Mr. BROUGH was wont to amusingly observe), but just good enough. The voice of Miss VIOLET CAMERON is as strong as ever, but at times I traced a tremolo that might wisely be abandoned. Mr. C. H. KENNEY has good intentions, and no doubt some day will be seen and heard to greater advantage. I was not surprised to learn from the playbill that as the *Sultan* Mr. ERNEST BIRCH was making "his first appearance." Of the remainder of the cast, Mr. BRACY sang well and acted fairly as "a heart of oak," and

the sailors, villagers, and slaves were sufficiently comely to satisfy the requirements of a Strand audience met together to enjoy an *opéra bouffe*.

A new *lever de rideau* added to the programme of the Globe has called attention to the merry moments of *The Doctor*. From the first this piece went wonderfully well—now it goes better than ever. The house is nightly full of patients, who seem willingly to give themselves over to what I may call "the laughter cure and joke treatment."

Dandy Dick has moved from the Court to King William Street, Strand. Mr. CLAYTON, capital as the Dean, and Mrs. JOHN WOOD inimitable, exquisite, everything-superlative as the lady horse-owner. Mr. BISHOP now plays Mr. ARTHUR CECIL's part in a manner that reduces our regret at the absence of his predecessor to a minimum.

A wonderful piece called *Racing*, by the "Great MACDERMOTT," is being performed at Islington. It is composed of a mixture of Comedy and Tragedy. Both ingredients are equally funny.

Removing my *gibus*, and laying down my programmes and opera-glasses, I again sign myself

ONE WHO HAS GONE TO PIECES.

GARDEN TALK.

As arranged for the neighbourhood of the Round Pond under existing circumstances.

CAN this be Kensington Gardens, or is it Tophet? This perfume is scarcely suggestive of flowers.

How nicely this little girl is burying the dead cat.

What a game at hide and seek those boys in white sailor suits are having in that reeking garbage.

It is strange, but the morning breeze is laden with *Bacteria*.

Why, that is the fifth dust-cart that has emptied its contents here this afternoon.

How merrily the dustmen are spreading the refuse over the surface of the grass.

The haggard Park-keeper seems to be growing paler and paler every day.

I wonder why that entire family of children have broken out into green spots.

Who would have thought that the baby that had been brought here for a little fresh air would have turned blue in the perambulator!

Who is really responsible for the conversion of an open pleasure-ground into a deadly centre for the dissemination of fever?

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.

"The King of the BELGIANS is understood to be acting as his own Ambassador in the matter of the North Sea Fishery disputes. His visit to this country is stated to have for its object the prevention of future conflicts between British and Belgian fishermen in the North Sea."—*Times*.



Mr. Punch. Ah! happy to see you, *mon Chef!* Here's a mess!

You'll soon put it all straight, Sir; you couldn't do less.
Your people you'll find are entirely to blame
For the kettle o'erboiling, the steam and the flame.
What is there in fish that in every quarter
So leads—in non-natural sense—to hot water?
And why should a Billingsgate dame, or a trawler,
Or Belgian or British, so oft be a brawler?
A Saint once held forth, Sir, the fishes to teach.
What a sermon to us, Sir, the fishes might preach!
The sea's lavish harvest was certainly sent
Man's palate to please, and his hunger content;

Not, not, my dear *Chef*, as mere strife-stirring spoil
His kitchen to slop, and his cooks to embroil.

Verb. sap.—you are sapient, I know, like your Sire—
And—you'll take this strange "kettle of fish" off the fire!

"MIGHTY POLITE."—Last week Mr. HARRINGTON, Barrister-at-Law (in Ireland), was called to account by Mr. EATON, and threatened with removal from the Court over which that Magistrate presided, for conduct unworthy of a Counsel. Had "the learned gentleman" had the advantage of the influence of another Eton earlier in his career, his manners would doubtless have been less deficient in polish.

A PLANK OF THE WRONG PLATFORM.—The Plank-bed.

(NOT AT ALL) BAD HOMBURG.

TRAVEL NOTES, FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Thursday.—Homburg emptying and re-filling; but former process decidedly winning race. Change in class of company moreover striking. Natural order of things here reversed. The butterfly disappears and the grub succeeds. Now have come to us young men and maidens from the country. Elderly burgesses, wives and families from Frankfort, Coblenz and more distant Cologne. Prices specially designed for English falling away. Principal hotels humbly proffer pension at ten marks a day, and proprietors are accused of rapacity by their fellow-countrymen.

At *table d'hôte* last night at Hotel Russie, overheard one of those "things one would rather not have said," feigned by the fancy of English Artist of world-wide renown. Gentleman of distinguished appearance, opens conversation with lady on his left:

He. "Homburg still seems very full."

She. "Yes, but they're a horrid lot now arriving compared with those who have just left; doncha think so?"

He. "Really, Madam, I cannot say, as I reached here only this afternoon." Pause in conversation.

Friday.—There are compensations for everything. Weather has not permanently recovered earthquake-breaking-up on day of our arrival. Still sun occasionally comes out, making it worth while to be on foot at seven o'clock in the night, when the sky is an unclouded arc of blue, and the sun sparkles on dewy grass. Pleasant then at noon, or afternoon, to stroll about under the lindens in the Park, still full of leaves, or to lounge in Tennis grounds watching the play. Oftener it is cold and rainy, and here's where philosophic mind finds its recompense. Homburg perhaps most open-windowed town north of Alps. On sunny days not a window in any house closed. Every home has its piano, more or less in tune. Every piano has its relays of players. Pianist at No. 14A, Untere Promenade, cannot help hearing pianiste next door, and plays loud to hold the field. Next door hears practitioner on other side, and plays louder still; so it goes on all up and down the street. Here and there the uproar is pierced by the shrill voice of a singer. It is the same in the next street, and in the street after, till all Homburg becomes a Pandemonium of piano-pounding. Now I sit in my room, with windows closed, listening with gratitude to the pelting rain and the sighing of the wind through the dripping trees. All other windows are necessarily closed, and above wind and rain is audible undertone of universal piano-playing, like the sound of a barrel-organ in far-off back-street. Perhaps not quite worth while coming all the way to Homburg for; but I like to make best of things.

Monday.—His Serene and Blind Highness still here, dutifully taking waters, and pluckily striding forth to complete regulation-turns. No one would guess at his affliction, except upon close observation. A photographic portrait of him on view in one of the Studios here, in which he looks forth open-eyed as keenest-sighted of his subjects; a kindly, genial, brave-hearted gentleman. All unconscious, he is made the occasion for a little satire on Royalty which would have delighted THACKERAY. To him ladies, entering into passing conversation, curtsy; gentlemen doff their hats; and *Jeames de la Pluche* stands bare-headed as he hands him glass of water from spring. It is horrible to think that JAMES might, with impunity—there being no on-lookers—shake his fist playfully in his Royal Master's face. Hope he never takes base advantage of his opportunities. But there is a look in JAMES's eye, as he hands the glass of water, which melikes not.

Tuesday.—Between one and two in afternoon of revolving days, great centre of life in Homburg is Madame BRAHE's little shop in Louisen-strasse; little only on first glance: contains unsuspected recesses in rear, whither surplus population flows. A model place for light luncheon such as Dr. DEERZ ordains; also for English visitors convenient exchange and mart for latest gossip and display of newest dresses. Whilst season in full tide, Madame BRAHE's painfully reminiscent of Bourse at Paris. Evil communications have wrought proverbial effect; Germans feared throughout Europe by reason of their conversational shouting; but English ladies, and some gentlemen, met for luncheon *chez* Madame BRAHE, might give them odds and beat them. Three or four



A STRAIGHT TIP.

"A—A—BOY! HAVE YOU SEEN ANY BIRDS ABOUT HERE THIS MORNING?"

"Ees, ZUR! I SEED A LOT OF 'EM ABOUT 'ARF AN HOUR BACK, A SITTING ON THE TELEGRAPH WOIRES!"

girls, decently spoken at home one hopes, seated at small table here, carry on conversation at top of voice; many small tables, and as many friendly parties; one group not to be shouted down by a neighbour. British ladies never acknowledge defeat; competition kept up all round, till, dazed and deafened, the stray traveller gulps down luncheon and rushes into street.

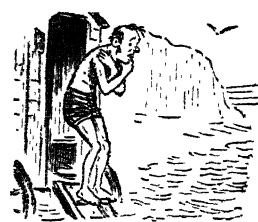
Wednesday.—Homburg really not Bad at all, but best part of it lies outside. To the north are delightful walks through illimitable beech woods and pathless pine forests. Messrs. BLANC, who created the place, knew very well ruling passion of gamster. The green tables, the sound of the roulette ball, the pattern on the cards, and the brilliantly-lighted Casino, only ostensibly attractions for him. What his heart desires is opportunity for communing with Nature. The solemn silence of the beech wood, the fragrance of the pines, the modest beauty of the wild flowers that gem the edges of the wood, are what he really hankers for. So Messrs. BLANC took surrounding country in hand; planted splendid pine woods with delightful footpaths, with benches wooing the pensive and wearied traveller.

Walked to-day by devious shady ways to Friedrichsdorf, a few miles out; a quaint old-world village of charmingly-tiled houses, straggling down a villanously paved street. Only one street in Friedrichsdorf, but more in it than meets the eye. Houses have way of playing hide-and-seek; you look up passage that seems entry to back of premises, when, lo! there lurks a complete house, with tiny casement-windows, and graciously-sloped red-tiled roof. JESSIE COLLINGS ought to know Friedrichsdorf, and Right Hon. RITCHIE would find in it encouragement for Amended Allotments Bill. It is, like many other villages hereabout, home of colony of small land-proprietors. All the rich and smiling country that lies around is theirs. Passed them working in the fields, men and women, comfortably dressed, sturdy, and apparently happy as day is long. Every man has at least his three acres, many more; the cow is also there, but is chiefly in shaft of cart or plough. As we picked way down awesome street, Friedrichsdorf, save for few children and old men, seemed deserted village; all able-bodied inhabitants at work in field. By-and-by, when sun goes down, they come trooping home, tramping down stony street, a jocund throng.

Thursday.—Rain departed; for days in succession Homburg been at its best; almost seems like early spring, save that we still have roses; sun shining in cloudless sky, trees still rich in foliage; grass thick and green, with here and there abundant crocuses. Still emptying process going on with increasing rapidity. "Lawn tennis," writes anonymous author of *Miss Bayle's Romance*, "has become the outdoor dissipation at Homburg, and Dutch Top the indoor one." Only stray couples are left to frequent the courts on the tennis-ground, and the rattle of the Dutch Top is happily silenced. Still the band plays thrice a day. Springs go on like The Brook, and the few who are left begin to think that, after all, Homburg more enjoyable without the crowd than with it.

SOME NOTES AT STARMOUTH.

My Nautical Drama is not making much progress. Must go more amongst men and things. That is the only way to gain ideas. World full of *dramatis persone*, who will provide their own dialogue, if you can only find them a good part. Interview old sailor; capital character—the very man to be “discovered drinking,” (which must have frequently occurred to him) as curtain rises. Talk to him half-



Chill-sea.

an-hour, but without hearing a single really telling line. Half-a-crown wasted! Pleasure-boat just “putting off,”—which is naturally a dilatory operation—Skipper says they are only waiting for me. I hesitate; does Art demand this sacrifice? Hitherto my voyages have been chiefly confined to journeyings in a penny steamer from Chelsea to Lambeth. But can I reasonably expect to become familiar with marine matters without some actual experience? If M. ZOLA could go and live for weeks

down a coal-mine, surely I may trust myself in a pleasure-boat for one short half-hour? It is only sixpence.

I subdue my diffidence, and embark—that is, I fall over the stern, and stumble to the only vacant seat—a thwart in the middle. Should have preferred a place nearer the gunwale. . . . We are off; boat pretty full, twenty-four passengers, to crew of two boatmen and a cornet-player. People enjoying what they call “a blow on the jetty,” wave handkerchiefs to us as we pass. Curious, this blind impulse to wave greetings to perfect strangers—does it spring from vague enthusiasm for humanity? Chatty old gentleman next to me will talk: he tells me confidentially that it is a singular thing, but it does so happen that he has never been on the sea without an accident of some sort occurring,—never! There is no superstitious nonsense about him, it seems, so he thought he would “chance it” once more. Very creditable—but more considerate if he would chance it in a canoe. The Cornet-player quite a cockney Arion (though nobody thinks, somehow, of pitching him overboard). He performs appropriate airs during trip. *A Life on the Ocean Wave*, as we start; *Only a Pansy Blossom*, (though I don’t see the precise connection of this) as we tack; and the *Harbour Lights*, when we turn. Somehow, this rather vulgarises the Ocean—for me. Sea fortunately smooth: nobody at all unwell. I feel nothing—except perhaps a growing conviction that a very young infant opposite should not be permitted to eat a jam-puff in public. Boatmen use no nautical expressions. Passengers lively at first, though, by time we turn, the expression on our features, like that of young lady who wore the wreath of roses, seems “more thoughtful than before.” We are close in now—the musician is sending round his hat. Resent this privately, it is *not* seamanlike! In beaching, yacht swings round with her broadside to breakers, causing sudden wave to drench the Jonah gentleman and myself before we can disembark. He seems rather gratified than otherwise by so apposite an illustration of his ill-luck. The brown-eyed girl on sands watches me alight—on all fours, dripping. Sea-trip a mistake, I feel damped rather than fired.

On the Beach again.—Cheap photographers, galvanic machines, chiropodist, tea-stalls, grim old ladies eating shrimps, as if they were cherries, out of paper bags. Open-air music-hall, where comic songs are shouted from platform by dreary men in flaxen wigs to harmonium—this always crowded. Enjoyment at Starmouth hearty perhaps—but hardly refined. Constantly haunted by song from open-air platform about “The Gurls,” with refrain describing how “they squeeze, And they tease. And they say, ‘Oh, what joy!’” (or perhaps it should be—“sigh, ‘Oh, what jy!’”) Either way, it has hit the popular taste here. I may be prudish—but, even if a couple are engaged, it seems to me that a nicer sense of propriety would deter them from dozing in a sand-pit, *coram publico*, with their arms around one another’s neck. Nobody thinks anything of this at Starmouth, however.

What a matter of circumstance are our prejudices! I should once have thought that nothing would induce me to drive about on a *char-à-banc*—like one of the band in a circus procession. Yet I have just returned from a drive in one—and enjoyed it!

She—my brown-eyed divinity of the Phrenology lecture—was on one of the seats, which redeemed a drive otherwise prosaic. We went to ruined castle; scenery unpicturesque (she showed, I thought, delicate perception of this by reading *Family Herald* all the way). Starmouth children ran by side of carriage, turning head-over-heels, and gasping comic songs for coppers. Had last glimpse of them standing gratefully in a row on their heads.

We did not alight to see castle, as coachman said there was

nothing to see. On way home, conductor made collection on his own account. (The hat is not much worn at Starmouth.) Yet I was happy—I have made *her* acquaintance! Charming as she is beautiful—so simple and *naïve* in the few remarks she made. She is called LOUISE, and the person I took to be her maid is, it appears, her aunt—a most shrewd and sensible old lady, full of quiet good sense. We became friendly at once.

A Week later.—No time for notes lately—too absorbed in study of LOUISE’s character—most complex and fascinating. Am I drifting



“A Blow on the Jetty.”

into love? Why not—who could help it? The rank she occupies is not, perhaps, a lofty one; but at least there is nothing unfeminine in the duty of providing old ladies and children with light refreshment from behind the counter of an Oxford Street confectioner. And her tastes are refined; she is a gentlewoman by nature and instinct. The lady-phrenologist has delineated her (privately), and declared that LOUISE “could learn science easily, and play the piano, if she turns her

attention that way.” As a matter of fact, she has not, because neither science nor the piano is in demand at a confectioner’s; but still she undoubtedly possesses a superior intellect; no ordinary girl would enter into the Nautical Drama, for instance, as she does.

We have been to see *Caste* at the theatre. LOUISE very grave and critical; she only laughed once, and that was when *Eccles* blew rather loudly down his pipe to clear it. So many girls have an inconvenient sense of humour—quite unsexing, I have always thought.

Her aunt is not precisely patrician in her manner, which would be totally out of place in a Fancy Wool Repository—but, after all, I shall not have to go through any experiences like poor *D’Aboy’s*. And I am sure my uncle’s heart will warm to LOUISE at once. Why hesitate, then? I will not.

I have taken the plunge—LOUISE has consented. She tells me that she was won by my appearance in the Professor’s chair, and still more by the character he gave me. How our choicest blessings masquerade! Drama, for the moment, in the background—but only apparently so. Literature has no stimulus like love, and I am constantly talking the play over with LOUISE. She has made one suggestion that convinces me she has a keen sense of dramatic effect—a hornpipe in one of the Acts. I am to read her the first Scene, as soon as it is put into shape.

Her brother “ALF” is expected down to-night. LOUISE is certain we shall “take to one another,” he has “such spirits,” and is “quite a cure.” Always thought a “cure” was a kind of jumping clown—but ALF is a clerk in a leading establishment, somewhere in Marylebone—a steady, industrious young fellow, no doubt. However, I shall meet him to-morrow.

I have met ALF. Although I love LOUISE with the first real passion of a lifetime, I cannot disguise from myself that her brother is an unmitigated Blazer. I would almost rather that he did not take to me—but he does. In half an hour he is addressing me as “Old gooseberry-pudden.” If he is going to do this often, I shall have to hint that I do not like it.

I have been strolling with him on the sands, where he has already found several of his acquaintance. He will introduce me to all of them. Hearty, high-spirited fellows, full of rough but genuine British humour. From the manner in which they all inquire “How my bumps are getting on,” I infer they were amongst Professor SKITTLES’ audience the other day. But they mean to be friendly enough—I must not let them see how they annoy me. . . . It is absurd to be stiff at Starmouth.

THE TYMPANUM.

(A Remonstrance at a Railway Station.)

The tympanum! The tympanum! Oh! who will save the aural drum By softening to some gentler squeak

The whistle’s shrill staccato shriek? Oh! Engine-driver, did you know How your blast smites one like a blow,

An inward shock, a racking strain, A knife-like thrust of poignant pain,

Whilst groping through the tun- You would not with that fiendish jerk

Let out that sudden blast of steam Whose screaming almost makes us scream.

Thy whistle weird perchance may A sad and sore necessity, [be

But cannot Law and sense combine To—well, in short, to draw the Across the open let it shrill [line?—

From moor to moor, from hill to hill, [gloom,

But in the tunnel’s crypt-like The Station’s cramped reverberant A gentler, graduated blast! [room, Do let it loose, whilst dashing past, So shall it spare us many a pang; That dread explosive bursting “bang”

Which nearly splits [the aural drum, [num! The poor long-suffering tympanum!



Lamb-bath.



OUR AMERICAN COUSIN AGAIN TO THE FRONT.

THE BATTLE OF THE WAY.

A Lay of Lake-land.

"Now, Lake-men, claim your right of way, and see the business done,
Come with your crowbar, spade, and pick;—and sure the battle's
won,
For bolts and bars show SPEDDING's race that you don't care a fig,
And prove that right's no match for might when rallied round
Latrigg."

So shouted ROUTH-FITZPATRICK, and Lake-men with a cheer,
To Fawe Park Gates from Keswick's peaceful slopes were drawing
near,
When high upon the topmost wall as if to break the spell,
There uprose the Solicitor of Mrs. SPENCER BELL.

He spoke and as his voice he raised his arms he waved around,
"Beware," he cried, "what you're about, for this is private ground.
With sundry pains and penalties you'll surely be repaid.
Who dare to-day set hand to move this lawful barricade!"

But ROUTH-FITZPATRICK heeded not his protest, nor replied;
So Mrs. BELL's Solicitor, he promptly stood aside,
And watched the next proceedings with a disapproving frown,
For up went crow-bar, pick, and axe, and gate and bar went down.

Yes, 'neath the sturdy Lake-men's blows the barriers gave way,
And lo! in rushed the joyous thronging crowd without delay;
And some on foot, and some in drags, and some in waggons stowed,
Held on their way triumphantly down the disputed road.

So onward towards Silver Hill advanced the active host,
And cleared each wire fence away, and levelled every post;
And when with crowbar, pick, and axe, they'd made their purpose
plain,
To Nichol Ending they returned in triumph once again.

Then Secretary JENKINSON uprose and spoke a word,
And said how by the sights that day his manly breast was stirred,
And how that, if on Saturday as they had now begun
They held their own, they might regard the fight already won.

And then a telegram from Mr. PLIMSOLL he read out,
The which the Lake-men greeted with a hearty answering shout;
And Mrs. BELL's Solicitor retired from the field,
But with an ugly look that seemed to say, "We'll never yield!"

And so commenced the fray that day, and though we know, of course,
As everybody tells us, there's no remedy in force,
Still, if the Lake-men's pick and axe this matter sets at rest,
We must admit how ill to cure at Keswick they know best.

But which side wins or loses in the still impending fight,
Whether force of public freedom, or trick of legal right,
The eager world on-looking may have watched a deadlier fray,
But none more keen in contest than the Battle of the Way!

PARNELLITE PROVERB (*applied to the Bateful Balfour*).—Give him an inch (of law) and he'll take a (National) League.

THE MORNING'S REFLECTIONS.

SCENE—Breakfast-table of an *Illustrious Statesman of stalwart proportions and "Gladstonian" politics. Illustrious Statesman discovered, admiringly perusing three closely-printed columns of leading Morning Paper.*

I. S. (soliloquising). Hah! Really reads very well, very well indeed. Points neatly put, hits smartly delivered! They shan't call me the "Champion Slugger" for nothing. American pugilist, named SULLIVAN, original bearer of that honorific title, I believe. Should like to see SULLIVAN. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous—curious. Not kind, always, or JOSEPH and WILLIAM—but no matter.

Hm—m—m! Hm—m—m—m! Excellent! Sparklers calculated to illuminate Lewes, startle Sussex, electrify the country, Slugging and sparkling my specialities. One or two decent speakers about; "our distinguished leader" can—distinguish, at great length and with considerable verbosity—I mean eloquence. RANDOLPH can rattle, and MORLEY can pound, and ROSEBERY twitter pleasantly. But they can't coruscate and crush. The power of the bolt, which at once shines and smashes, is Jovian—not Rhodian, as DIZZY once nastily suggested. "My thunder," and I'm proud of it.

By the way, wonder what the *other* "Thunderer" thinks of it. Touches a tender chord, the chord of memory. Lost chord now, indeed. But no matter, let's see. [*Turns paper.*]

Hm—m—m! Hm—m—m—m! Hah! Too bad! "His bludgeon, or—considering his present connection—may we say his shillelagh?" Tut-tut! The Cloud-Compeller as a bludgeon-man, the Titan-queller flourishing a blackthorn like a tenth-rate Theseus, a Hibernian Hercules! Absurd! No sense of keeping whatever. "Swashbuckler," too! Nasty, and, not even new!

As to "beating the big drum in Sussex"—why, how often have I done it—to their delight—in their own pages! "Travesty of contemporary history"—this to their own omniscient HISTORICUS!

Shows the "Champion Slugger" has struck home, though. Your hard-hitter—your fellow who smites, as the appreciative rustic (Sussex man, I wonder?) put it, "blooming hard, blooming high, and blooming often," generally scores—even in the cricket-field. I am the BONNOR of debate, the THORNTON of the platform. And doesn't the "Ring" like it?

Knocked holes in the "Jubilee Session," I fancy, "Ignorant people who mistake the flush of fever for the bloom of health, the torpor of apoplexy for the tranquillity of sleep," think that blazing BALFOUR and stertorous SMITH are never "a penny the worse" for my repeated poundings. Pooh! "Salted with fire"—my fire—they—not being of the indomitable race of DIZZY—will not "undecaying live" much longer. I prophesy—but no, prophecy, *private* prophecy at least, is not profitable. Don't suppose a Delphic priest, or even a Derby tipster ever wasted time in prophesying to himself!

Still—still, if Champion "slugging" combined with coruscation *does* lead to Leadership—as why should it not?—I fancy I know some one who will have what the sporting patterers call, I think, "a look in" one of these days. Parochial shrewdness is all very well, so is philosophical precision combined with Puritan fervour. But the "swashing blow" strikes home, and if the Unionist bucklers are beaten down thereby, let who likes cry "swashbuckler!" As to "shillelaghs"—why is not "blackthorns to the front!" the order of the hour? [*Left smiling.*]

IN TROUBLED WATERS.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is being praised in some quarters for saying that we should leave Irish affairs, and "attend to our own business." The inference seems to be that "Irish affairs" are not "our business." Is not Ireland as much a part of the United Kingdom as England, Scotland, or Wales? We shall be glad of a line from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN—when he gets to his Fisheries.

GOLD AND STEEL; OR, SOMETHING LIKE A "SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER."



The Nizam of Hyderabad (to Britannia). "HERE, MADAM, IS AN EARNEST OF MY GOOD-WILL—AND MY SWORD IS READY WHEN WANTED."

Mr. Punch, as Britannia's Chief Spokesman and First Plenipotentiary, replies to the Nizam of Hyderabad, First of India's Mahomedan Princes:—

THANKS, great descendant of GHAAZEE-OD-DEEN!
A gracious gift! It well may move the spleen
Of England's enemies—and yours. The Bear
Will stir, and growl in his chill Northern lair
To see the Indian Tiger arm-in-arm [charm
With England's Lion, linked by the strong

Of mutual confidence and common aim.
A generous friendship, Prince, is our best
game.
Not loyalty alone approves your gift,
But wise self-interest, and sagacious thrift.
Sage SALAR JUNG would cordially approve
The liberal impulse, the far-sighted move.

Punchius, my Prince, is far too great to
gush,
And fulsome flattery wakens manhood's
blush.
England's true honour England's hand must
hold;
Steel for defence, and for equipment gold

'Tis hers to furnish ; when that hand shall fail,
 Auxiliar sword or purse will nought avail
 To prop her sway, or 'stablish shaken power,
 Not though she had the more than Danaë dower
 Of all "the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind."
 Fear must not shake and softness must not blind
 The man, the people, who would lead and light
 Progress's Army in the World's great fight.
 Each nation finds, when Fate its courage tests,
 Its last, best frontier is its soldiers' breasts.
 War's sinews, though, wise captains won't contemn,
 Loyalty, liberal aid,—who laughs at them
 Is churl and goose at once. All England's ranks
 Will hail your generous gift with cordial thanks,
 NIZAM-ool-Moolk ! Our DUFFERIN has wit,
 Trust him to make the wisest use of it ;
 Or failing that—which doubtless will not fail—
 Trust *Punch* to throw his *bâton* in the scale,
 Whose wood, in hands like his, as skilled as bold,
 Ofttimes outweighs the worth of steel and gold.
 NIZAM, that North-West Frontier, *Punch's* eye
 Shall watch henceforth with sharpest scrutiny.
 The lakhs not lacking, should swift wisdom lack,
 That *bâton* will descend with thundering thwack
 On dolts who dull delay shall cause or suffer ;—
 But there, our DUFFERIN is not a duffer.
 Red-tape itself would hardly be so mad
 As to misread the moral Hyderabad
 Reads to Calcutta in this princely proffer.
Punch—for his *QUEEN*—acknowledges the offer
 Of him who brings, a tribute free as leal,
 Gold for her peace, and for her war-time steel.

ROBERT AT LILLIE BRIDGE.

WELL, it does seem rayther rum, I confess, but it's nevertheless true, that hardly nothink of a singlar and xtraordinary charackter seems to appen in London that I don't seem to be present. In these dredful dull days, when there ain't not no great dinners a going on, no not hardly one Livery Company a dining in their Alls of dazzling light, and the LORD MARE hisself a injoying of his olliday at Pangburn, what is a pore Hed Waiter to do to wile away a idle hour or 2 ; so hearing as two of the seven Champions of England was about to run a race of ever so many hundred yards in just a few seconds, at Lilly Bridge, me and BROWN went there on that now sillybrated Monday, and saw sich a revolutionary riot as would have done justice to old Ireland itself. Determined to be in good time, we went early, and took up our places, and patiently waited. At about 5 o'clock pea. hem. the two galliant Champions walked on the ground, and took a good look at it. I didn't think werry much of their pussional aperance, and shouldn't a thort as they was Champions if I hadn't bin told, and one was a good deal older than the other one, which didn't seem quite fare to me. However, I didn't interfere, as it wasn't no bizziness of mine, and the two running Champions walked in to dress, or rather praps I should say, to undress for the race. Harf past 5 came, and no Champions, and 6 o'clock struck and no Champions, and we began to get jest a little fidgetty ; at a quarter-past 6 a wild roomer spread around that we was all a going to be sold !

There was about a hundred thowsand on us, more or less, a waiting patiently and quietly for a sight that thousands had cum hundreds of miles for to see, and we was told as how as the two galliant Champions had had a jolly row jest as they was a undressing, and then both on em dressed themselves again, and set off at their werry best speed, in quite different and rong directions, and never cum back ! At this howdacious swindle our true British pluck begun for to arise, and we all with one acord began to shout tout, "Give us back our Money !" As they didn't do it, we all made a rush to the Pay Places, jest to help ourselves to our several shillings, but the cowardly money-takers had bolted with our money !

Then we Great Britains, feeling as we had been hartfully swindled, rose up in our mighty wroth and wowed vengeance ! And wengeance we took ! Some of the leading sperits among us who had come hundreds of miles to see the Recorder beaten, tho why they wanted to beat him I couldn't at all understand, shouted out "We'll have sumthink for our money afore we gos back." and quite right too, if they'd ha' stopped at the beer and lemonade, and the sponge cakes, at which the first rush was made, but when it came to destruction and fire and rebellyon, me and BROWN withdrewed our countenances from the hole thing and remembered our duty to our *QUEEN* and Country, and seeing as the blue Gardiens of the People was rayther hard pressed by the raging and angry Mob, we got two of our friends, as was there, to jine us, and then them, and me, and BROWN, thinking as perhaps a reserve force might be wanted, and out of respect to the great Country that begot us, and bread us, and eddicated us, we



AN ANXIETY.

Aunt. "WHY, LAURIE, YOU SEEM TO BE GROWING EVERY DAY !"
Laurie (whose one idea is his Birthday next week). "YES, AUNTY ; I'M AFRAID I SHALL BE SIX BEFORE MY BIRTHDAY !"

stood a long ways off and formed ourselves into a reserve Corpse accordingly, and from there we surveyed all the wild and wicked proceedings in peace and quietness, and, strange to say, wasn't wanted after all !

Ah, if a few more of the few respectable-looking gents as was there had imitated our bold xample, things might have ended werry different to what they begun, but so it is, the mere mob is jest as easily led away to do rong as to do rite, it's only the few who has the moral curridge to judge for theirselves as can stand apart on the roof of a publichouse, and look down with pitty and contempt on what is quite beneath 'em.

As I stood a moralising from my exhalted persition, with a glass of werry nice hot rum and water to keep up my sperrits and keep out the cold, I couldn't help thinking wot a werry wunderfull chap is the British Publick when he hasn't noboddy to guide him. In this werry partickler case, becoz sumbody had bin and robbed 'em all of a shilling a peace, they sets to work, and not only gobbles up all poor Mrs. KING's refreshments, but breaks all her glasses and things, although she knowed more about it than the Emperor of CHINA, and that couldn't ha' been werry much, and smashes down all the palings and places, and then sets 'em on fire, altho' they belonged to a Gent who was out of Town miles and miles away.

Well, I must say that, having in my werry long xperience seen lots of crowds of all sorts and sizes, for a thorough blackguard set as doesn't seem to have one single good quality, or, if they has, they hides it so carefully that not no one can never find it, but who seems to delight in orful langwidge and senseless mischief, commend me to a sporting mob in the naybourhood of Lndon ; and the less they are allowed to congregate there, the better for all honest and decent people.

ROBERT.

VICARIOUS WHIPPING.—Why are Railway Chairmen and Directors like JAMES THE FIRST when he was a boy ? Because, according to received tradition, His Majesty, *in statu pupillari*, was provided with another boy, who, whenever JEMMY deserved the rod, had to be flogged, as a substitute, in the Royal youth's place ; and the Railway Authorities are allowed similar substitutes, namely, signalmen, engineers, and other subordinates, against whom, when fatal accidents happen by their superiors' fault, Coroners' Juries usually return verdicts of manslaughter.

DESCRIPTION OF AN ASSASSIN.—"A Man who takes life seriously." N.B.—I never like hearing a Medical Man so described in ordinary conversation.



"LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE."

SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

(*En Route for Home after the Royat Treatment.*)

At Geneva I meet an old friend, one of the heartiest men I've ever known and one of the best. He is delighted, really delighted, at our accidental meeting. I am for going on, but he will not hear of it.

"I know the place," says he, cheerily, with a wink and a nudge, "and I'll take you about."

What a wink it is! and what a nudge! So full of humorous appreciation of life and character. Such a knowing not-to-be-done-by-anyone sort of wink. And the nudge is intended to draw your attention to the wink and emphasise it. JOHN BIRLEY is the frankest, openest, freest-and-easiest of men, with a boundless capacity for enjoyment, the strongest sympathies with suffering, and of a reverential grateful spirit that thanks Heaven for all bounties, and accepts misfortunes and sorrows as kindly reminders from Providence that the misfortunes and sorrows of others have to be considered and relieved, and again he thanks Heaven for having put it into his power to relieve them. His chief enjoyment is in giving pleasure to others. The most selfish would gain some good from contact with JOHN BIRLEY; and the craftiest, to whom it might occur to make JOHN BIRLEY's acquaintance for the sake of what he could make out of him or by him, would soon discover his error, and would be informed that he stood detected, very clearly, plainly, and straightly, not by anything that JOHN BIRLEY would say, but he would have it intimated to him beyond possibility of mistake by JOHN BIRLEY's wink and a playful nudge from JOHN BIRLEY's elbow in his left or right side, for JOHN speaks with both elbows. The crafty rogue would there and then know—if he were not too fatally faulty for himself as are so many rogues, or too conceited to realise the humour of the situation,—that his little game, whatever it might have been with JOHN BIRLEY, was up, that his schemes were upset and that to "try it on," any further with JOHN BIRLEY would be utter waste of time and trouble. That is what JOHN BIRLEY's wink would convey to the rogue. But to the honest man, to the friend, the wink and nudge assure good comradeship and something rare in store for him. To the unfortunate and suffering there is another tone to the wink and nudge, and to these they are full of promise of hope and help, and act as a fine invigorating tonic.

Such is JOHN BIRLEY, whom I meet *en route* and who insists upon my stopping with him and showing me the place. He travels a great deal, he knows everybody and everybody knows him. No matter what the language of the country may be, no matter whether he is in France, Germany, Russia, Egypt, India, or Africa, among cultivated peers, outlandish peasants, or uncouth savages, JOHN BIRLEY invariably makes himself thoroughly understood, for any deficiency in his acquaintance with the language he ekes out with a wink and a nudge adapted to the occasion, and he is sure to obtain exactly what he wants, or an excellent substitute for it, if the thing itself is not to be had. And this has always been so. It so happens that he has retired from business and is now very rich, but long ago when he was working hard, and struggling too, his manner and method were just the same; he has never been discouraged, never been discontented, always energetic, always sanguine, and has elbowed his path for himself through the crowd, politely, pleasantly, apologising sympathetically for any toes he may have accidentally trod upon in his onward course, and working himself well into the front rank by the magic charm of his wink and nudge. He has pulled some others after him who have clung on to his coat-tails, and brought out of the ruck not a few of those on whose toes, as I have already said, he had pressed rather heavily in passing.

I know I cannot be in better hands, and he is going to show me about everywhere

within the very few days I can absolutely spare, now that my cure is finished, my Royat time over, and that I am on my way back to England, home, and beauty.

He maps out a few excursions. He has taken them all before, long ago. But, delighted to go over old ground, the greater part of his pleasure will be found in my enjoyment; for to revisit places associated with pleasant memories, or with nothing but the remembrance of their loveliness, their grandeur, or their solemnity, is to him, in some way like welcoming old friends. All JOHN BIRLEY's friends are old ones; he has no new ones,—he never had. Some men of the world discussing him, aver that it is a sort of proof to themselves of there being something good still left in them, that they can reckon themselves among JOHN BIRLEY's friends. They are of all shades and colours are his friends, and they will analyse each other's characters behind each other's backs in the presence of JOHN BIRLEY, and afterwards they will be more inclined towards each other, more sympathetic, and more charitably disposed, in consequence of each other's good points having been brought out into strong relief by JOHN BIRLEY's kindly light. So it is with seeing the beauties of nature or art in his company; and so it is that I consider myself to have alighted on my legs in having come across him in this, the lovely playground of Europe, the home of the Merry Swiss Boys and Girls.

There is the Lake to be done; there is Nyon, Thonon, Rolle, Lausanne, Ouchy, Evian-les-Bains, Vevey, and then there are the heights above, including the ascent to St. Gergues, and to wherever can be obtained the best views of Mont Blanc, the Dent du Midi, and the other well-known "objects of interest." Were PULLER here, he would say that "the best views of these mountains can be obtained at the photographers"—but he is not here, he is finishing his treatment at Royat. So it is all arranged, and we dine together, as a commencement.

"You don't mind a third party present?" says BIRLEY to me, apologetically, "as I have just found old Sir ALEC McQUINCEY, wandering about without a companion. Wretched to be alone, eh? and not well, eh? Suffering from liver—nasty that—gives jaundiced view of life. So must cheer the old boy up. He's off for a cure to Evian-les-Bains; so I said to him, 'Dine with us to-night, and we'll land you there to-morrow, eh?'—that's right, isn't it?"—and he gives me a cheery wink and nudge, taking me, as it were, into partnership with him in his scheme for entertaining Sir ALEC McQUINCEY, and for keeping up the latter's spirits, previous to seeing him off to-morrow to the place across the Lake where he is to undergo his treatment, which I trust may enable him to "live happily ever after," and enjoy any amount of City dinners ("He is a City magnate," says BIRLEY, with a nudge, "and that's not good for liver complaint, eh?") till the end of next Season.

Sir ALEC is a capital companion, hearty, cheery, and full of anecdotes. He has got an excellent listener in JOHN BIRLEY, whereat I am rather astonished as JOHN generally has a lot to say for himself, and a good story from one man invariably draws out another from J. B. But on this occasion he is so unusually silent that I am puzzled. It is true that Sir ALEC commences most of his anecdotes with an apology to BIRLEY in this shape, "I've told this to BIRLEY before, but," turning to me, "you haven't heard it, and it may interest you," whereupon BIRLEY nods approval, and I politely assure Sir ALEC that I am already deeply interested by anticipation, and in the words of the ancient drama, now obsolete, I feel inclined to add, "Proceed, sweet warbler, your story interests me much; proceed."

The sweet warbler, who, by the way, is a trifle hoarse and occasionally a little indistinct, tells several of these narratives—they are narratives—and I cut in with occasional observations more or less to the point, which are silently acknowledged by BIRLEY, but not by Sir ALEC, who seems bent upon getting on with his series, interspersed with anecdotes, to the exclusion of all other conversation. He begins with the fish, and his first story about somebody who rose from nothing and arrived at being something, lasts, with the assistance of several discursive but illustrative anecdotes, till we reach the merry Swiss cream and stewed fruit. With the coffee and cigars he opens volume two of his interesting and remarkable stories of great men—each biographical monologue being really interesting by itself, only taken together they ought to be spread over a considerable period, like the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, and still BIRLEY contentedly listens, gently inhaling his cigarette, and, when referred to, nodding corroboration. It occurs to me that as Sir ALEC has told all these before to JOHN BIRLEY, so the latter may have told most of his to Sir ALEC and to myself, and that that is why he is now so silent. At all events, he only rarely makes observations, and these of the curtest. I fancy he wants me to come out and amuse Sir ALEC, in return for Sir ALEC interesting me; and it occurs to me that I shall be ungrateful if I do not cut in with something new, just to save BIRLEY from hearing Sir ALEC's stories all over again, and Sir ALEC from hearing BIRLEY's, with which I presume, as they are such very old and intimate friends, he must be acquainted.

So I rouse myself, with a strong determination to shine or perish in the attempt. I make a sharp and apposite remark on some portions of the story which Sir ALEC is now recounting, whereat BIRLEY smiles, and Sir ALEC smiles too, but resumes his narrative at once, as if he were afraid of losing the thread in consequence of my interruption. I am conscious of having only glimmered; I have not yet shone. On he goes again; he is telling us of a wonderful silver tea-pot, how it was lost in a cart, how some one saw it outside the Old Bailey, how some one came up at that moment and a Judge said to an Alderman, "That's the tea-pot!" Now at this moment I remember that I have a story which neither of these two has ever heard of a Judge and an Alderman which will come in capitally here, and so as I am quite certain that if I keep it to myself and allow the opportune moment to pass, I shall forget it entirely, and so lose a magnificent chance of shining brilliantly in the presence of Sir ALEC (who if favourably impressed can be, I am aware, of the greatest possible service to me), I take advantage of Sir ALEC drawing strenuously at the last half-inch (he is a thrifty man evidently) of his expiring cigar, to say briskly, "By the way,—excuse my interrupting you—but that reminds me," and then I give my story of the Judge and the Alderman, which makes BIRLEY laugh, and brings a smile to Sir ALEC's lips, though it seems to me there is a puzzled expression on his countenance, as though he couldn't quite understand the point, and was appearing to be amused chiefly out of politeness to me as being a friend of JOHN BIRLEY'S.

However, Sir ALEC does smile, and then forthwith resumes his narrative. When he has finished, as he has mentioned the names of some persons with whom I am acquainted, I ask him if they are so and so, and he replies, "Yes," and adds something which elicits from me a sharp remark that gets a roar from BIRLEY, and produces on Sir ALEC's countenance another smile and the same sort of puzzled expression I had noticed before. I feel that I have shone, but that somehow I have not turned my light strongly enough on to Sir ALEC. I question him as to the identity of some other celebrated persons he has been mentioning, and he replies with something about them which doesn't seem to exactly correspond with my question; but once more—being in the happiest vein, and shining in a manner that positively astonishes myself, I let off another brilliant jest, which is received in precisely the same manner by my audience as were my previous conversational fireworks. I think to myself, "I am ingratiating myself with Sir ALEC. This will be a first-rate thing for me and for several members of my family, as a man in Sir ALEC's influential position," &c.

Sir ALEC now starts another subject, and as I foresee that if he sticks to it, I have something which will cap everything, I at once question him as to something he has just uttered. He replies, but, as before, I am bothered by his reply, which seems to me utterly inconsequent. So I repeat my question. And he smiles, nods and says, "Well—yes—" doubtfully. But my question required quite a different sort of answer. It had been, "How many times did you say Lord GRANGEMORE sneezed on that occasion?" To which it is evident that a doubtful "Well—um—yes," is not a satisfactory answer. So I repeat the question, whereupon he turns towards me confidentially and says, "No, I don't think so. It was her sister he married." I look at him inquiringly to see if this is his fun; but at that moment I catch a wink from BIRLEY who is putting up his hand to his ear and intimating in the clearest possible pantomime for my private and particular benefit, that our entertaining friend Sir ALEC McQUINCEY is uncommonly deaf!

Now I comprehend BIRLEY'S silence. Now I comprehend why

Sir ALEC goes on talking, and why he looks puzzled at any interruption, and why he could only smile when he got the cue, as it were, from his companion, and was made aware that there had been something said which required to be smiled at.

I relapse into silence. I accept an excellent cigar from Sir ALEC, and I let him talk for the rest of the evening uninterruptedly, until he looks at his watch, says that nine-thirty is late enough for him, that he has enjoyed his evening with us amazingly, and goes off to bed.

"Agreeable old chap," says BIRLEY, stretching out his legs, preparatory to taking a short stroll. "Seen a lot of life has old ALEC. He's a capital Chairman at a Board-meeting. Just deaf enough when he doesn't want to hear any arguments. I let him talk on."

"So I see," I say, and we walk out to bid good-night to Mont Blanc.

"The Mons looks like a warrior taking his rest—his last rest," says BIRLEY, gravely, giving me a subdued nudge. "NAPOLEON THE GREAT, and his cocked hat, carved out of white stone. Ah!" and, meditatively we linger, and then walk slowly back to the Hotel.

"We'll take old ALEC to his warm bath at Evian-les-Bains to-morrow," says BIRLEY. "Good night." Then he pauses on the stairs, as with a wink full of fun, and last playful nudge, he says, "I suppose you'll let him have all the talk to himself, eh? Won't you? Ha! ha! I shall."

My friend SKURRIE to whom his own Plan of Return, which I have accepted, is as the law of the Medes and Persians, says he will give me three days more for Geneva and BIRLEY, and that then we must emphatically start homewards as he insists on JANE and myself seeing Heidelberg *en route* and every half hour of our time from Wednesday to Monday is so carefully adjusted that to miss one train will upset all the plans he has taken such pains and trouble to arrange for us. I am closeted with him for two hours, when he explains it all to me, gives me, so to speak, the key of the puzzle, insists on my verifying the items by *Cook's Tourist Train-Book* (an invaluable work), and then reducing it to writing. After this I am headachey, and exhausted.

[P.S.—Revising this, long after the event, I say, "Beware of SKURRIE and his fixed plan of sight-seeing against time."]

GRASP YOUR THISTLE.

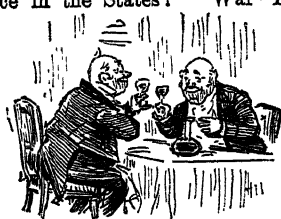
MR. PUNCH, SIR,—I would like to ask you, slick out, if you reckon it was all fair and square with that there *Thistle's* keel. For to hear



Light Puffs raised a Little Swell.

that interested parties in that race had gone down in a diving-bell the evening before and screwed themselves on to that yacht would not have surprised me. And, let me tell you had they done so, they would have considerably impeded her progress the following day. That Captain BARR was cute enough when he said, "he couldn't make out what had come to his ship." Take my word what had come to it was just that diving-bell, and I shouldn't mind calculating that the owner of the *Volunteer* was boss of the interested parties fixed up inside of it.

You ask "can such things take place in the States?" Wal—I guess they just can. Muchly so, when there's money on it. As to the diving-bell advantage, I speak feelingly, as I have assisted over a twenty-mile course in one myself. We were on that occasion found out at the finish. But it was all straight. The umpire, whom we had previously squared, and who was above reproach, gave it in our favour. It's knowing these things, coupled with the fact that I backed the *Thistle* for two hundred dollars, that makes me just throw out these friendly hints to you, Sir, from,



The Port Bow.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC.

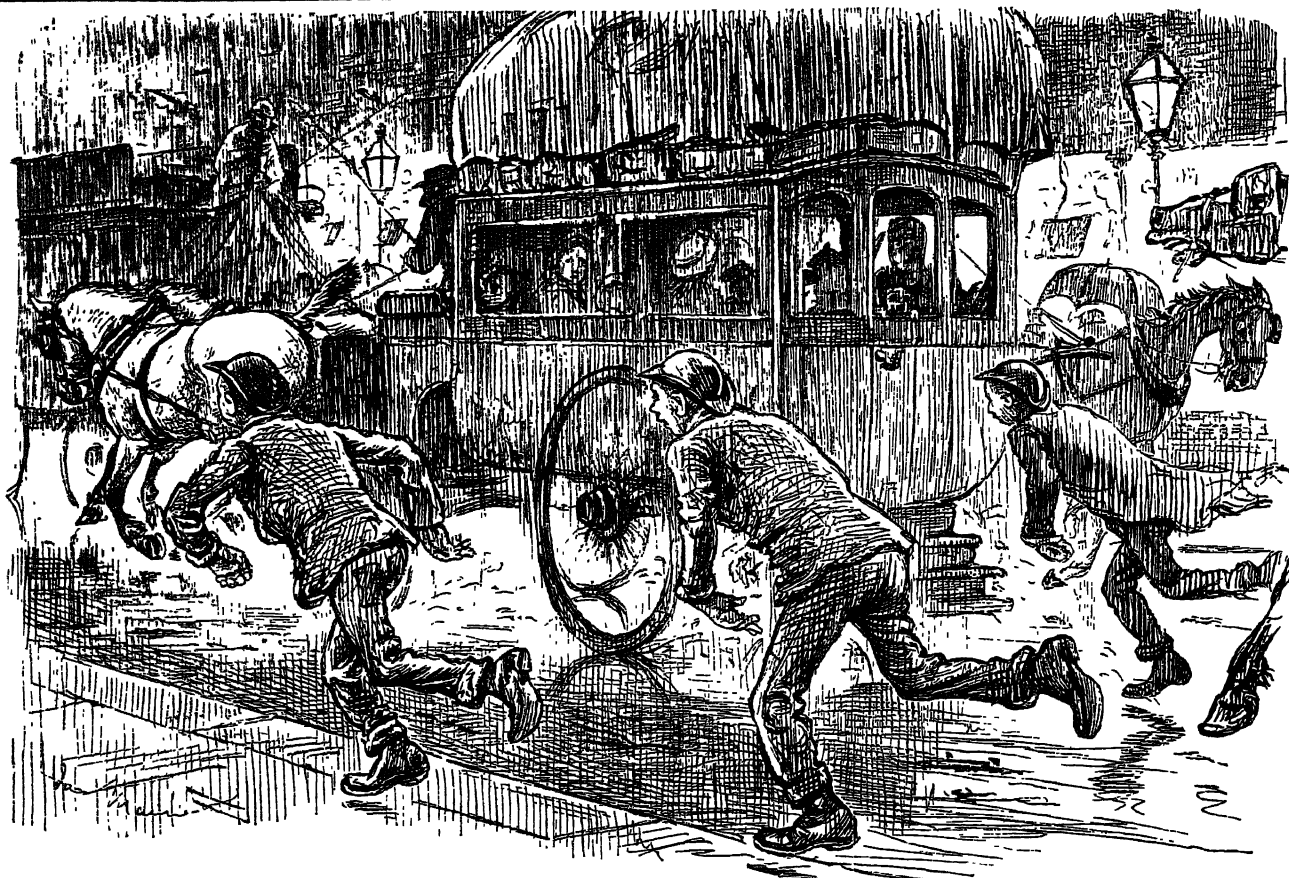
A Point of Law.

(By a Pun-propounding Gladstonophist.)

He's "popping up again," despite our praying;
Fools and fanatics flocking to his side.
Him to suppress I'm sure would not be slaying,
But "Justifiable G. O. M.-icide!"

BUTTER FOR AILESBUURY.—The Jockey Club's decision!

REPORTERS AT THE REPORTERS' CONGRESS.—Scarcely Short-handed!



“HOME! SWEET HOME!” (ALAS!)

THE LAST (SIGNAL) MAN.

VERITY IN A VISION.

(With Apologies to the Shade of Campbell.)

“The effect of material progress, and of the growth of mechanical invention, is to place the ives and interests of an increasing number of people in the keeping of a single man. Responsibility becomes concentrated to a dangerous and a truly alarming degree.”—*Times*.

*Of all dark shapes of human doom,
The lot of darkest dye
Is his whose soul must sole assume
RESPONSIBILITY!*

I saw a vision in my sleep,
The earth had swung with secular sweep
To the last gulf of Time.
I saw the last of human mould,
Alone, unfriended, unconsolated
As ADAM when the night first rolled
O'er Eden's early prime.

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan;
The wrecks of shattered thousands were
Around that lonely man.
Some had expired in pain,—its brands
On clammy face and clutching hands,—
In sudden palsy some.
Among them was no sound or tread
Even of Death among the dead,
Pain's very voice was dumb.

Still, statue-like, that lone one stood,
With fixed earth-seeking eye,
Silent as a flame-blasted wood
When winds have all swept by.
The last surviving unscathed One!
His face was grey, his race was run,
Cold as antarctic snow,

Unmoved by hopes, untouched by fears,
Left by the tide of human tears
That never more may flow.

He moaned, “No more shall man let stand
His power, his pride, his skill;
The arts that made fire, flood, and land
The vassals of his will.
Yet shall I mourn man's vanished sway,
The Systems that have had their day?
Out on the sordid arts,
The triumphs with which earth once rang,
The Progress which spared not one pang
To trampled human hearts!

“No; let oblivion's curtain fall
On me too, last of men.
I would not if I could recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its burden I would not bring back,
Responsibility's iron rack
No more shall make me writhe;
No lapse of vision, loss of word,
Shall make me feel a man abhorred,
Strew earth with slain as by War's sword
Or Death's relentless scythe.

“No more with weary wandering eyes
I'd watch, where, if I tire,
Hundreds in hideous agonies
May helplessly expire.
No man that breathes mere mortal breath
Alone should stand at odds with Death.
— Systems? O learning lost!
On nerve, sight, sinew—human all,
And apt to fall at urgent call—
The bitter burden had to fall;—
Behold at what a cost!

“On me it fell, ah! not on Him,
The Corporate Demon dark,

Whose greed of gain gave systems dim
Capricious action. Hark!
The click, the crash! Nay, never mine—
Thank Heaven!—again to watch the line
With chill and catch of breath.
The knowledge that at last I fly
Thy rack, Responsibility,
Takes all the sting from Death!

“‘Justice’ no more shall hale me up
To answer this wild waste
Of human life. That bitter cup
At least I shall not taste.
Go, Sun, and say,—if e'er thy face
Shine on another earthly race,—
On what an ill-paid clod
Man laid Responsibility—
Because its Justice ruled awry,
And Mammon was its god.”

Poor Old England!

THESE are hard times, and the oracles of the newspapers teem with thrifty suggestions. The last advice to the hard-pressed agriculturists is, to go in for cultivating mushrooms and blackberries. What a prospect for the country children! Fancy every mushroom-meadow tabooed to the early rural rambler, and all the blackberries strictly “preserved,” in the sense of partridges, not of plum-jam. And what a fate for the land of the oak, the apple-tree, the wheat and the bearded barley, to come down, like tramps and village-urchins, to fungi and bramble-fruits!

POLITICAL ECONOMY. — Lord ROSEBURY, when next in power, will insist on the Government being “short-handed.”

A black and white woodcut illustration of five men in Victorian-era clothing standing in a line. From left to right: a man in a top hat and long coat, a man in a bowler hat and dark suit, a man in a top hat and patterned coat, a man in a top hat and light-colored suit, and a man in a top hat and dark suit. The background features a sign that reads "RAILWAY STATION" and another that reads "DIRECTORS' ENTRANCE". The style is characteristic of 19th-century political cartoons, with fine lines and cross-hatching for shading. The men are standing on a sidewalk, and the background shows architectural details of a station entrance. The overall tone is satirical, likely commenting on the political or social status of the individuals depicted.

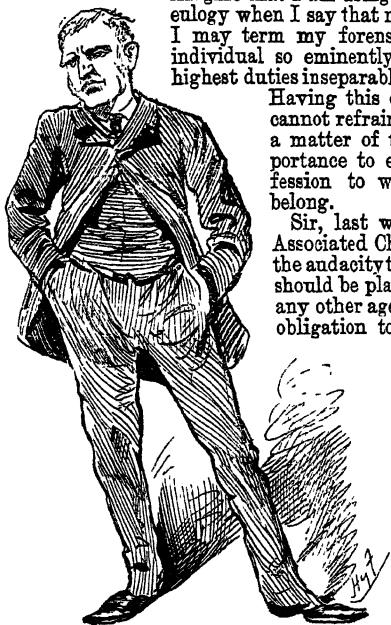
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CROSSING THE BAR.

MR. PUNCH—MY VERY DEAR SIR,

As on more than one occasion you have done me the honour of publishing some of my experiences, I feel that in you I am addressing a gentleman of keen intelligence, admirable judgment, and excellent sense. I am sure that you will not for a moment



A Q.C., M.P.—the Long of it.

imagine that I am using language of exaggerated eulogy when I say that never in the course of what I may term my forensic life have I found an individual so eminently qualified to assume the highest duties inseparable from the Judicial Bench.

Having this opinion of your merits, I cannot refrain from addressing you on a matter of the greatest possible importance to every member of the profession to which it is my pride to belong.

Sir, last week the Members of the Associated Chamber of Commerce had the audacity to affirm that every Counsel should be placed in the same position as any other agent in respect of his legal obligation to do the best he could for his employer. In other words, these gentlemen are anxious to prevent Barristers from accepting briefs unless they are sure of appearing in Court to conduct the cases to which they refer. Really nothing would be more monstrous! It is alleged, Sir, that we with a dozen cases in hand cannot do justice to them all! That we pick and choose, exerting ourselves in those which interest us most, and confer

most distinction upon us, and neglecting the rest! This is a very old cry, and a very unfair one. I have been for very many years a Member of the Bar, and can assure you that, in my own professional career (which is a typical one), I have never been guilty of the abuses credited to us. The Representatives of the

Associated Chambers of Commerce can know very little of the matter to which they are pleased to call attention by their superficial observations. I should like some of these Representatives to attend with me in the Royal Courts in Term Time, to mark us as we labour in the cause of our clients, and then to accompany me to the House of Commons, to watch us as we attend to our Parliamentary duties. Amongst our number, I would show him Mr. WADDY, unexhausted from impassioned appeals to the Jury, standing with Blue Book in hand, ready to use his mighty voice in defence of those liberties so dear to the heart of every Englishman. And when they were weary of admiring that gentleman, I would beg of them to regard Mr. FINLAY, with his wig off and his gown discarded, giving gratuitous service to the best interests of the British Public. Their portraits should be hung up in every Chamber of Commerce, to remind our detractors that we have souls above fees, voices beyond the regulation of retainers! Moreover, I feel, Sir, that those who would attempt to degrade our social status by making us the peers of the commercial community are as short-sighted as they are ungrateful. It is said that we throw over our cases—that we do not appear when the names of our clients are reached in the Cause List! Has it ever occurred to these Associated Chambers that as litigation is admittedly to be avoided, the less law we give the Public the better? But I will not descend to an argument that should be kept in reserve when something infinitely stronger will serve my purpose better. From my name you will see that I can speak with authority. In that name I solemnly declare that I have never picked and chosen



Another Q.C., M.P.—the Short of it.

my cases, but have ever taken in all of them equal interest, and done to all of them equal justice.

I deny that, by running after me, the Public has been guilty of an insane action. At least in the sense attached by Mr. NORWOOD to the accusation. Further, I have yet to learn that the Public ever has run after me. And if the Public has run after me, I absolutely and entirely contradict the absurd statement that it could get much better work done by others—at any rate for a third of the money!

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient Servant,

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS JUNE.

Pumphandle Court, Temple.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A *SECRET Inheritance* is the title of Mr. B. L. FARJEON's latest, and only not his best, Romance, because his others have all been as absorbingly interesting and as exciting as this. Yet because in this the author adheres strictly to the point, without any carpenter's scenes of humour, which are distracting and irritating, I am inclined to set this down as the best of all Mr. FARJEON's,—in fact,—the best-by-Far-jeon. He is, for many reasons, better than BOISGODEY.

In an admirably got up and well-arranged Jubilee volume about Pope LEO THE THIRTEENTH, by JOHN OLDCASTLE, we find an item of information which may be advantageously recommended to Emperors, Empresses, Monarchs of all they survey, Princes, Lord Mayors, and Aldermen. It is "the Pope's dinner." Listen, "A few minutes suffices for its consumption." "He does not spend a hundred francs a month for his table." Not one pound a week! Not three shillings a day on his food, wine included! He dines "at two o'clock: his mid-day meal lasts not longer than half-an-hour, and is very frugal, consisting of soup, one kind of meat, two dishes of vegetables, some fruit, and, by the doctor's orders, a glass of claret." His supper at 9.30 consists of "soup, an egg, and some salad." Is there a Radical living who could tax the Pope's bill of fare as exorbitant?

The *Red Spider*, by the Author of *Mehalah*, &c., is the *Un-read Spider* as far as I am concerned, for I could not manage to get through it, and I did try.

BOOK WORM.

THE NU DIKSHONARY.

DEER PUNCH,

Az I speak, so I rite, az neerly az possibl. I hope that wunce popular soshial and intellectual recreashon meeting the "Spelling Bee," (sic) will soon be revived, with a difference. It may be expected to cum up agen under the name of a Fonetik Spelling B, and the auspices of the American Spelling Reform Associashun. A competishun in spelling English wurdz according to thare sound may divert superfishl hearers; but no dout menny of those who hav cum to scoff wil remane to spel.

The adopshun of fonetik spelling must tend to elevate the Masses in respect of orthograpy to a level with the Classes, az it will enable the former to spel az they speak correctly, when they do speak so. But, for that matter the fonetik orthograpy, wunce adopted, wil naturally be followed by an adaptashun of all the preznt rules of Grammar to popular uzage. Perhaps the aspirate wil be expeld from the Alfabet, and there wil be an end to the supersilius aristocrat's derizhun of the Peeple for dropping their h's.

However, an Act of Parliament mite be necessary to effect the rekwisit reforms of the QUEEN's English if possibl.

If the Republic of Letters cood be persuaded to employ those of the Alfabet fonetically, a popular system of spelling wood soon prevale. At least all ordinary parts of speech mite by common consent be ritten as pronounced. But a certin difficulty wood perhaps be pre-zented by proper names. I am afrade my friends who spel their own MAJORIBANKS, PONSONBY, GROSVENOR, POINGDESTRE, DE CRESPIGNY, DALRYMPLE, and others whom I could mention, wood almost as soon be hanged as pen fonetik signatures. As for myself, however, I hav no such objeeshun. I happen to inherit a name of which the tradishonal orthograpy is COLQUHOUN. It is far too much of a mouthful to be pronounced az so spelt, and I, for my part, deferring all pride of pedigree to a great intellectual movement, do not hesitate to sine it, regardless of the double meaning it may convey to an American reader,

COON.

P.S.—BEN JONSON's signature is clearly fonetik. As for SHAKESPEARE, SHAKESPEARE, SHAKESPEAR, or SHAKSPERE, he seems not to have known how to spel his own name.



"ICHABOD!"

Scotch Wife (to her Gossip). "AH DINNA KEN WHAT'S COME OWER THE KIRK. AH CANNA BIDE TO SEE OOR MENESTER SPANKIN' ABOUT ON YON CYCLOPÆDY!"

THE MEDICAL NEW YEAR'S DAY.

[The London Medical Schools open in the first week of October.]

In the dim days of chilly October,
When leaves are grown ashen and brown,
Let us hope to be steady and sober,
The Medicals come up to town.
They will study all lore anatomic,
To ease future patients from pains;
And must vow that no "Champion Comic"
Shall win them from muscles and veins.

With dissecting *extensor* and *flexor*,
They'll find work enough for the knife;
While a *plexus* of nerves a perplexer
Will sometimes remain for all life.
While that life as an "organisation
In action," if critics speak truth,
Will remain the supremest attraction
For doctors in age or in youth.

In the summer their studies botanic
Will take them to flood and to field;
Well we know that the structures organic
Serene satisfaction will yield.
They will gauge both *corolla* and *calyx*,
Till examinations are o'er.
May they find, with the study of *salix*,
They need wear the willow no more.

Then *Materia Medica*'s charming,
They'll learn all about Oil of Rue,
And if *Tinct: Podophylli*'s alarming,
They'll turn to their Squills and Tolu.
In the *Hordeum Decortiatum*
They'll find an old friend when they're ill;
While the *Ferrum* that's dubbed *Tartaratum*
Is not quite the thing in a pill.

Then our chemistry comes, and each symbol
Will vary, it seems, every age,
And the man has a mind that is nimble,
Who conquers each intricate page.
There's AgNO_3 , as the Nitrate
Of silver as plain as can be,
And anon comes the Sulphate and Citrate
Of Iron, that's known as Fe.

Very steep is the pathway to knowledge,
As Medical Students will find;
And we'll hope that they'll work, when at
College,
Or what they denominate "grind."
And hereafter, amid the aroma
Of weeds, they'll think tenderly still
Of the dear days before the diploma
That gave them the "Licence to Kill!"

How Then?

MR. BRIGHT, backing up the Anti-Vaccination fanatics, says, "If honest parents object to have their children vaccinated, I would not compel them to submit." He would, in fact, substitute voluntary for compulsory vaccination. But what if voluntary vaccination for the few means involuntary small-pox for the many, Mr. BRIGHT?

IN NUCE.—MR. GLADSTONE, adversely criticising Dr. INGRAM'S *History of the Irish Union*, compares that gentleman to a buoy tossed about on the waves. Indeed, the ex-Premier's article may be thus compendiously summed up à la PAUL BEDFORD:—"I don't believe you, my Buoy!"

FOREST TALK.

Compiled for the Use of the Epping Deer-stalkers.

THIS wounded buck that is approaching us, painfully dragging its shattered hind-leg after it, must be the same creature we peppered, after such good sport, last Tuesday week.

Dear me, I did not know that our hunting-pack consisted of a mastiff, two poodles, three bull-dogs, a beagle, and a bloodhound.

Are these clumsy sportsmen, who blaze away without knowing what they are firing at, the "gentlemen" invited by the Verderer to assist him at the chase? Ha! I think, from the way he shakes his head as he makes off, that I must have hit that old buck nearly in the eye.

No, I am mistaken. I can clearly see now from the manner in which he is limping that I must have wounded the young deer badly in the ankle.

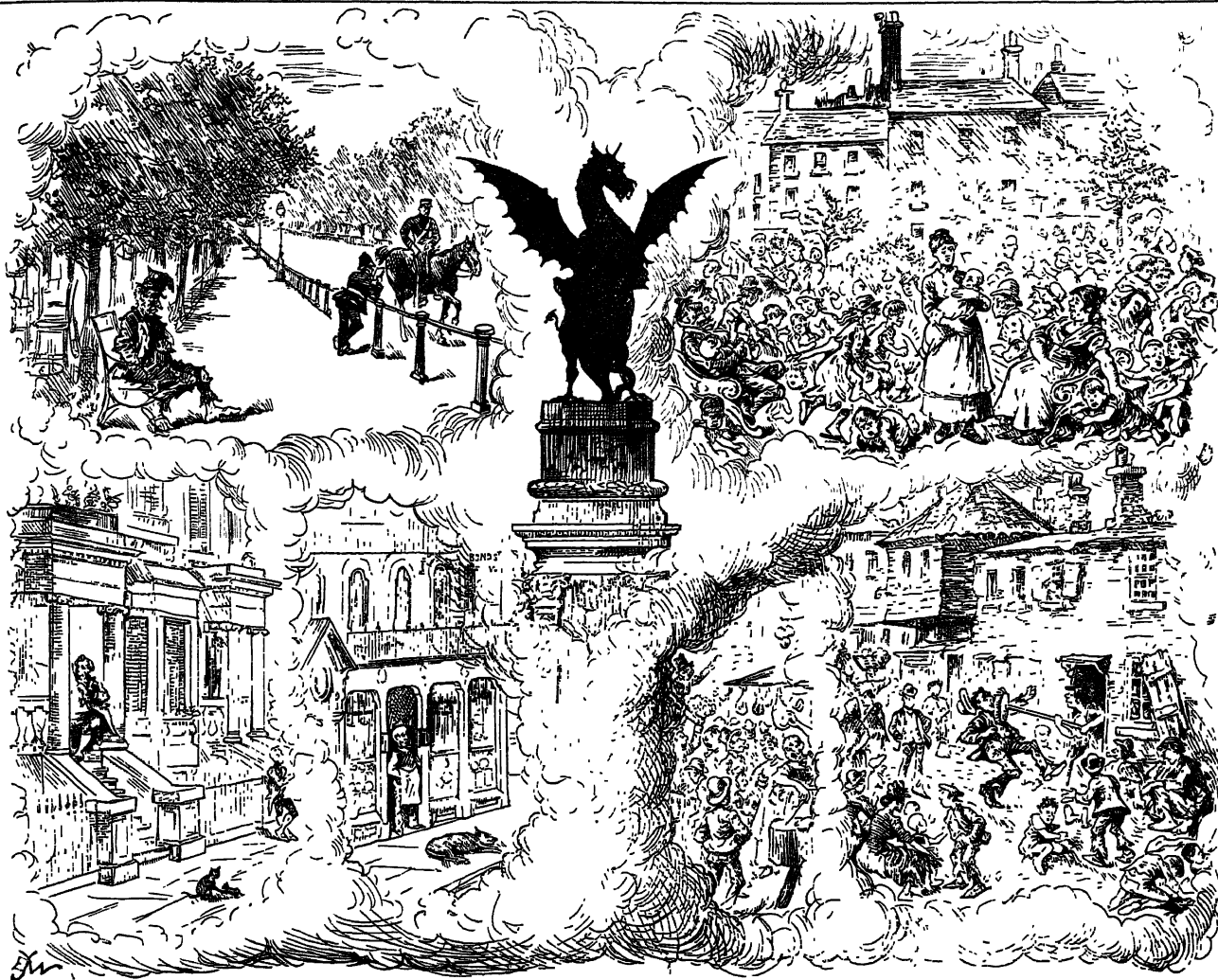
I wonder whether I shall find him lying down in a copse and dying some time next week.

My friends will certainly have to wait for their venison, for, strange to say, that is the seventeenth buck I have maimed this morning who has managed to drag himself off after being hit.

Fortunately the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are engaged in Town.

While this lasts, however, there cannot be a doubt but that the quality of the sport is excellent.

I wonder whether the Conservators are really fully aware of what a regular good time of it I'm having.



"LONDON QUITE EMPTY!"

SKETCHED IN OCTOBER—EAST BY WEST.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE COCKNEY CLERK.

"I KNOW of no cure but for the Englishman (1) to do his best to compete in the particulars where the German now excels; (2) to try to show that, taken all round, he is worth more than the German."

Mr. Gladstone on English Clerks and German Competition.

ALL very fine, O orator illustrious!

But I as soon would be a Mole, or Merman,
As a short-grubbing, horribly industrious,
Linguistic German.

A Clerk's a Clerk, that is a cove who scribbles
All day, and then goes in for cue, and "jigger,"
And not a mere machine who feeds by nibbles,
Slaves like a nigger.

Learn languages? And for two guid a week?
Cut barmaids, billiards, bitter beer and betting?
Yah! that may suit a Sausage, or a sneak!
Whistles need wetting.

That is if they are genuine English whistles,
And not dry, hoarse, yah-yah Teutonic throtties.
I'm not a donkey who can thrive on thistles.
No, that's "no bottles."

I've learned my native tongue,—and that's a teaser—
I've also learned a lot of slang and patter;
But German, French, Italian, Portuguese, Sir,
For "screw" no fatter?

Not me, my old exuberant Wood-chopper!
Level me to the straw-haired Carls and Hermanns?
No; there's another trick would do me proper,—
Kick out the Germans!

Old BISMARCK's "Blood and Iron's" a receipt meant
For Sour-Kraut gobblers, sandy and sardonic;
But for us Britons that Teutonic treatment
Is much too tonic.

The cheek of 'em just puts me in a rage,
Send 'em back home, ah! even pay their passage!
Or soon, by Jove, we'll have to call our age,
The German "Sauce"—age!

A STABLE COMPANION.

We read in the *Daily Telegraph* of Sept. 30th the following:—

NO SALARY.—A Widow Lady (39), well educated but not accomplished, will give her Services as Housekeeper in return for a comfortable HOME, and to be treated as one of the family, and the occasional use of a good hack, no need to have carried a lady before. Thoroughly understands the management of a gentleman's house, companionable, and ladylike appearance. Superior references.—Address, &c.

Is it the comfortable home which has "no need to have carried a lady before"? or the "family" of which the Advertiser desires to be one? We should imagine that this very masculine lady would be more likely to carry the family. Failing answers to her advertisement, she had better apply to a Circus for a post. "The occasional use of a good hack" would evidently be instead of salary. But she is much too modest. Why say she is "not accomplished" when she knows how to break in a horse? Any Rugby Football Club would give her "the occasional use of a good hack."

THEATRICAL INDEX WANTED.—"The Way Out."

SOME NOTES AT STARMOUTH.

I MUST say they take *rather* a matter of course view here of my engagement. No one would suppose from their manner that there was anything at all unusual in a match between a Government official and a confectioner's assistant! Louise's Aunt, indeed, (whether sincerely, or from motives of policy, I hardly know,) does not conceal her regret that a certain ROBERT PONKING had not "spoken out" while he had the opportunity.



A Cutter making for the Peer Head.

PONKING is a rising salesman in the trimming department of some upholstering business, and doing, I understand, extremely well. Still, I do flatter myself—but one can't say these things, unfortunately! An encounter—which, but for Louise's exquisite common sense, might have been awkward—has just taken place. We met PONKING on the Pier. It struck me that the Aunt's surprise was a little overdone, but he was evidently unprepared for me. LOUISE perfectly composed, however; introduced me as "her intended" (a trifle *bourgeois* this, perhaps, but it is difficult to know what to say—I felt it myself.) PONKING allowed her to see he was fearfully cut up, and I am afraid she is reproaching herself a little, poor girl!

We have met him again; he has reached the saturnine and Byronic stage; LOUISE remonstrated with him for smoking so many cigars, which she was sure were bad for him (*his* cigars are bad for everybody else at all events!) and he replied gloomily that there was no one to care *now* what he did, and oversmoking was as pleasant a way of leaving the world as most. I can see this is depressing LOUISE; she is not nearly so bright when alone with me as she used to be—she does not even take much interest in my Drama! I do my best to comfort her by declaring that PONKING is only "posing," and has not the remotest idea of dying for love; but that only seems to irritate her—she has such a tender little heart.

As we are constantly meeting him about, I appeal to him privately to brighten up a little. He is much affected, says I must make some allowance for his position, and implores me not to forbid him LOUISE's society altogether. He will make an effort to be gayer in the future, he promises me, the mask shall only be dropped in private. After all, he is ALF's friend, and an especial favourite of the Aunt's. If he does not recognise the propriety of going, I can't send him away—we must see something of him. I should be sorry for him myself—if only he were not such an underbred beast!

There is certainly a decided alteration in PONKING; he now affects the most rollicking high spirits—though why he should find it necessary to dissemble his grief by playing the fool all over the sands is more than I can understand. But he grinds piano-organs, and goes round with the tambourine; receives penny galvanic shocks, and howls until he collects a crowd; has "larks" with the love-birds which pick out fortunes, and chaffs all the Professors of Phrenology, choosing, as the head-quarters of his exploits, any place where LOUISE and I happen to be, to whom he returns, with roars of laughter, to tell us his "latest." Then he plays practical jokes on me, chalking things on my back, and putting sand down my neck. It is all very well for him to plead that he does these things "to hide an aching heart,"—but if he hides it in this way, he won't be able to find it again—that's all! I can see, too, it disgusts LOUISE, who bites her lips a good deal, although, she says, it is "quite a treat to see how Mr. PONKING is enjoying himself." I am afraid, for all that, that she thinks me a little too serious. Perhaps I am—I must prove to her that it is possible to rollick with refinement. But, somehow, I can never make her laugh as PONKING does.

I very seldom have a quiet hour with her now; her brother has persuaded her that she ought "to see more of what's going on," and "do as others do." Her wishes, are, of course, paramount with me—although I cannot see the enjoyment of going to the open-air Music-Hall *quite* so often, nor did I come here to play "penny nap," on the sands all the afternoon. If, too, LOUISE must speculate, she might "go nap" with more judgment, and I do strongly object to the ostentatious generosity with which PONKING throws away his best cards, rather than rob her of a trick—it is in the *worst* taste, and yet I fear she is touched by it. In the evening several of us promenade the town arm in arm; PONKING has a banjo and ALF an accordion. LOUISE begs me to go, to see that ALF does not get into trouble—which may be necessary enough, but who will see that I get into none?

It is unpleasant to be warned by a policeman not to make so much noise over the "*Soy, oh, what Joy*," ditty, and I don't know why he singled me out—I was only *humming* the confounded thing! They generally come in and have supper with me, which Mrs. SURGE complains bitterly about; she says the gentlemen stay so late, and are so noisy, and her room smells of smoke so next day. I am aware of that, because I have to sit in it. I don't like PONKING at any time, but, if possible, he is rather more detestable in his sentimental moods, which generally come upon him after supper, when he informs me that the 'alo has departed from his life, and begs me, in broken accents, to allow LOUISE to visit his tomb occasionally. If he were only *there*!



"Uneven is the course."

I like it not!"—*Shakespeare*.

To-day LOUISE appeared, for the first time, in a striped yachting-cap. I merely hinted, very gently, that, as she had never been on board a yacht in her life, and the cap did not even suit her, I preferred her ordinary style of head-dress, when she grew angry at once. *Everybody*, she informed me, was not of my opinion—Mr. PONKING had complimented her particularly—hang PONKING!

I find myself constantly greeting and being greeted by Blazers. I am sure I don't know how I have come to be acquainted with so many—they all ask me "How is myself," and, in answer to my polite, but scarcely warm, inquiries after their health, reply that they are "ter-rific"—which they *are*! PONKING was asked by LOUISE the other afternoon whether he was "ready for his tea;" and answered briefly, but emphatically, "Wait till I get 'old of it!" LOUISE remarked afterwards that he was "so quick." I doubt very much whether she would say as much of me. I am as fond of her as ever—in some respects, fonder—but I cannot help noticing these things—I cannot help seeing that Starmouth is not doing her any good.

Afternoon: on the Sands.—LOUISE and ALF have been scooping a pit. When it is dug, she says coquettishly that there is just room for me. I decline, a little curtly perhaps—but I really am surprised at LOUISE—such extremely bad style! Her Aunt, who is eating plums hard-by, says "some people seem to think themselves too grand for anything." I can hear ALF whispering that LOUISE would not have to ask "poor old POKK" twice.

LOUISE says, pouting, that she shall not ask me again. I can see I have hurt her feelings. After all, it is possible to be *too* particular—there is no harm in it—countless couples around us are making themselves at least equally conspicuous. Somehow I never can be as firm with LOUISE as I am with most people. . . . I ought to be comfortable, with her head resting upon my shoulder and my arm encircling her waist (*she insists on this*)—but, as a matter of fact, I catch myself remarking how very much LOUISE has caught the sun of late. And she has developed quite a *twang* within the last few days!

PONKING has just come up; he has arranged with a photographer to take us all, just as we are, in a group. As PONKING and ALF consider it humorous to be taken in the act of making horrible grimaces, we promptly become objects of general interest. I should not like to be seen by any of the fellows at the office just now.



Coming with a Rush!

We are all posed—and a nice picture we shall make!—when, on the outskirts of the crowd, I see a slender stately figure, which does not seem quite to belong to Starmouth.

There is actually a sort of resemblance—but that is absurd! She notices the crowd, and as she pauses with a half-indifferent curiosity, I see her full face. . . . It is almost too terrible to be true—but I am under no delusion.—*it is ETHEL DERING!*

"Quite steady all, for one moment, please," says the photographer. If I could only bury my head in the sand like an ostrich,—but that would excite remark, I suppose, and, besides, there is no time!

Theatrical Noes to Queries.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD is not engaged with a sequel to *East Lynne*, but with JOHN CLAYTON.

ARTHUR CECIL was not a favourite of Queen ELIZABETH; and she never received him at the Court in his life.

WILSON BARRETT does not always make a speech after an earthquake.

And lastly it is not true that Mrs. JAMES BROWN-POTTER was instructed in her art by Mrs. SIDDONS, Mrs. JORDAN, Miss ELLEN TERRY, Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT, and Miss MINNIE PALMER.



JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS.

"WHO'S THAT *TINY* LITTLE GENTLEMAN TALKING TO MAMMA, TOM?"
 "MR. SCRIBBINS, THE WRITING MASTER AT OUR SCHOOL."
 "AH! I SUPPOSE HE TEACHES *SHORT-HAND*!"

A LORD MAYOR'S DAY IN DUBLIN.

(*A Lay of the Criminal Law Amendment Act.*)

"SHURE it's BALFOUR would be troublin', meeself Lord Mayor o' Dublin,
 But every charge he makes I'll meet in fashion you'll call nate;
 For I'll face the accusation that he brings against the *Nation*,
 Attired from head to foot, my boys, in all my robes of State.

"So on with hat and gown, boys, for we're goin' through the town, boys,
 And you must help your City's Chief to make a real display,"
 Thus TIM SULLIVAN he cried out, as straightway he did ride out,
 In civic pomp to near the Court on that eventful day.

And Town Councillors in numbers, woke from their normal slumbers,
 And, donning gowns and tippets, rose and put on all they knew,
 And with approbation glancing at the City Marshal, prancing
 On a hired hack, they followed him, a rather motley crew.

At length the Court they entered, when attention soon was centred,
 On a squabble that had risen about the Sword and Mace:
 For some swore they were not able to lie upon the table,
 Though the Lord Mayor hotly argued it was their proper place.

So when 'twas shown quite plainly, after pushing for it vainly,
 Beyond the "bar" the civic baubles had to be conveyed,
 With vow that none should floor them, their guardians upstairs bore them,
 And in the front seats flaunted them conspicuously displayed.

Then up stood Mr. CARSON, quite as quiet as a parson,
 And read out his indictment with a settled, stone-like face,
 Till TIM HEALY, quick replying, rose then and there, denying
 That the Counsel for the Crown had a shadow of a case.

And then as legal brother argued each against the other,
 The while TIM SULLIVAN reclined in all his civic blaze,
 O'DONEL he looked vexed there, and he seemed somewhat perplexed there,
 As if the matter struck him as involved in doubtful haze.

But after some reflection, with a *soupcon* of dejection,
 He announced that he had settled (though, doubtless, mid some fears

He might stir up BALFOUR's fury), there was no case for a jury.

His judgment was received in Court with hearty ringing cheers.

Then, wild with exultation, up rose Mayor and Corpora-
 tion,

And, greeted by the crowd without, were cheered along
 the way,
 Till the Mansion House on nearing, the mob cried,
 'midst their cheering,

A speech they wanted, and would hear what he had
 got to say.

Then TIM SULLIVAN he spouted;—the mob they surged
 and shouted,

And the upshot of the speech was this, that if, through
 legal flaws,

By any chance your way you see, to battle with the powers
 that be,

You're hero both and martyr if you break the
 Saxon's laws.

So it's no use, BALFOUR, "troublin" the Civic powers of
 Dublin;

For if you do, you know that they will meet you just
 half way;

And if fresh accusation you but bring against the
Nation,

The City shure will answer with another Lord Mayor's
 Day!

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(*Before Mr. Commissioner PUNCH.*)

An Official of Epping Forest introduced.

The Commissioner. Now, Sir, what can I do for you?

Witness. You can confer a favour upon me, Sir, by
 correcting some sensational letters and paragraphs on
 "Deer-Maiming in Epping Forest," that have lately
 appeared in the newspapers.

The Commissioner. Always pleased to oblige the
 Corporation. Well, what is it?

Witness. I wish to say, Sir, that deer-shooting in
 Epping Forest, so far as its guardians are concerned, is
 not a sport, but a difficult and disagreeable duty?

The Commissioner. A duty?

Witness. Yes, Sir, a duty; because, in fulfilment of an
 agreement with the late Lords of the Forest Manors (to
 whom we have to supply annually a certain amount of
 venison), and in justice to the neighbouring farmers,
 whose crops are much damaged by the deer, we are
 obliged to keep down the herd to a fixed limit.

The Commissioner. But how about the stories of the
 wounded animals that linger and die?

Witness. We have nothing to do with them—we are
 not in fault. I mean by "we" those who have a right
 to shoot by the invitation of the proper Authorities.

The Commissioner. But are not the poor animals
 sometimes wounded?

Witness. Alas, yes! Unhappily the forest is infested
 by a gang of poachers of the worst type, and it is at
 their door that any charge of cruelty must be laid. So
 far as we are concerned, we kill the deer in the most
 humane manner. We use rifles and bullets, and our guns
 are excellent shots. As no doubt you will have seen from
 the report of the City Solicitor, such deer as it has been
 necessary to kill, have been shot by, or in the presence
 of, two of the Conservators renowned for their humanity
 and shooting skill.

The Commissioner. It seems to me that you should
 put down the poachers.

Witness. We do our best, Sir. You must remember
 the Corporation has not been in possession very long.
 We have to protect nearly ten square miles of forest
 land, close to a city whose population is counted by
 Millions.

The Commissioner. Very true. Can I do anything more
 for you?

Witness. Nothing, Sir. Pray accept my thanks for
 affording me this opportunity of offering an explanation.
 I trust the explanation is satisfactory?

The Commissioner. Perfectly. (*The Witness then
 withdrew.*)

THE OCTOPUS OF ROMANCE AND REALITY.

(AS MUCH FACT AS FANCY.)



"I had one curried, and found it most excellent—something like tender tripe."—*Extract from Mr. Tuer's Letter.*

"DEVIL-fish" of VICTOR HUGO,
Dread *Pieuvre* of caves where few go
But are made your palsied prey,
Where are now your gruesome glories,
Dwelt upon in shocking stories?
Realism a big bore is!

"Octopus is cheap to-day!"

You who, worst of ocean's gluttons,
Swallowed man, his boots, and buttons,
Cooked in this familiar way?
You who, in the tales of dreamers,
Sucked down ships and swallowed steamers,

Made the prey of kitchen schemers?
"Octopus is cheap to-day!"

Swallowed, *you* colossal cuttle?
Nemesis is really subtle!
Carted on the Coster's tray,
Dressed in fashions culinary,
Which the cunning *chef* will vary
After every vain vagary?

"Octopus is cheap to-day!"

Your huge arms, so strong, so many,
Like tarantula's antennae,

Just like tenderest tripe, they say!
Only wait a little longer,
Turtle soup—as from the Conger—
They will make from *you*, but stronger.
"Octopus is cheap to-day!"

Octopus—or is't Octopus?—
Fame, that should outshine CANOPUS,
All too swiftly fleets away.
Yet our feelings it must harrow,
That *your* demon-fame should narrow
To cook-bench and coster barrow.
"Devil-fish is cheap to-day!"

SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

("Is this the Hend?"—Miss Squeers.)

SKURRIE puts us in the train, gives us our Cook's tickets all ready stamped and dated. No trouble. Then he insists on comparing his notes of our route with mine, to see that all is correct.



"Wednesday," he says, "that's to-day. Geneva dep. 12, Bâle arr. 7.45." He speaks a *Bradshaw* abbreviated language. "Change twice, perhaps three times, Lausanne, Brienne, Olten. Not quite sure; but you must look out." Oh, the trouble and anxiety of looking out for where you change! "Then," he goes on, "Thursday, Bâle dep. 9.2 A.M., Heidelberg arr. 1.55."

"Any change?" I ask, as if I wanted twopence out of a shilling.

"No; at least I don't think so.

But you had better ask," he replies.

Ah! this asking! if you are not quite well, and don't understand the language (which I do not in German Switzerland), and get hold of an austere military station-master, or an imbecile porter, and then have to carry that most inconvenient article of all baggage, a hand-bag, which you have brought as "so convenient to hold everything you want for a night," and which is so light to carry until it is packed! "Then," goes on the imperturbable SKURRIE, "you'll do Heidelberg, dine there, sleep there, and on Friday Heidelberg dep. 6 A.M.—"

Here I interrupt with a groan—"Can't we go later?"

"No," says SKURRIE, sternly. "Impossible. You'll upset all the calculations if you do."

JANE says, meekly, that when one is travelling, and going to bed early, it is not so difficult to get up very early, and, for her part, she knows she shall be awake all night. Ah! so shall I, I feel, and already the journey begins to weigh heavily on me, and I do not bless SKURRIE and his plan. "But," I say aloud, knowing he has done it all for the best, and that I cannot now recede, "go on."

He does so, at railroad pace:—"Heidelberg dep. 6. Mannheim arr. 7.5, dep. 7.15. Mayence arr. 8.22, in time for boat down the Rhine 8.55. Cologne arr. 4.30. And there you are."

"Yes," I rejoin, rather liking the idea of Cologne, "there we are—and then?"

"Well, you'll have a longish morning at Cologne; rest, see Cathedral, breakfast," and here he refers to his notes, "Cologne dep. 1.13 P.M., and Antwerp arr. 6.34."

"Change anywhere?" I inquire, helplessly. "Yes," he answers, meditatively. "At this moment I forget where, but you've got examination of baggage on the Belgian frontier, and you have two changes, I think. However, it's all easy enough."

"I'm glad of that," I say, trying to cheer up a bit, only somehow I am depressed: and Cousin JANE isn't much better, though she tries to put everything in the pleasantest possible light, and remarks that at all events "the travelling will soon be over."

SKURRIE continues reading off his paper and comparing the details with my notes, "Sunday—Antwerp dep. 6.34 P.M. Rosendaal arr. 7.45—yes—then Rosendaal dep. 8.44, and catch the 10.10 P.M. boat at Flushing. Queenborough arr. 5.50, fresh as a lark, and up to town by 7.55."

"But we don't want to go up to town, we want to go to Ramsgate."

"Ha!" he says slowly, giving this idea as just sprung upon him his full consideration. "Ha!—let me see—" Then, as if by inspiration, he continues quickly—"sacrifice your London tickets, book luggage for Flushing, only then at Flushing re-book it for Queenborough, and once you're there you catch an early train to Ramsgate, and you'll be there nearly as soon as you would have arrived in London. Train just off. Wish you *bon voyage*."

I thank him for all his trouble, and ask, with some astonishment, if he is not going to accompany us?

"Can't—wish I could," returns SKURRIE, "but I've got to go off to Petersburg by night mail. Business. Should have been delighted to have looked after you and seen you through, but you've got it all down and can't make any mistake. *Au plaisir!*"

And he is off. So are we.

Oh, this journey! Everything changes. My health, the scenery, the weather, all becoming worse and worse. Poor Cousin JANE, too.

Oh, the changes of carriage! The rushing about from platform to platform, carrying that confounded bag, and sticks, and umbrellas, and small things, of which JANE—poor JANE!—has her share, and, but for her sticking to every basket and package, I should, in despair, have surrendered to chance, left them behind me somewhere, and should have never seen them again. All aches and pains, and

weariness! At last at Bâle, rattled over stones and bridge in a jolting omnibus, through pouring rain to the hotel of "The Three Kings."

Our treatment in the *salle-à-manger* of that Monarchical Hostelry is enough to make the most loyal turn republican. A willing head-waiter with insubordinate assistants—and we are miserable.

Off early to Heidelberg. Delighted, at all events, to bid farewell to the worthy Monarchs. This trip seemed to invigorate us, and if civility, polite attention, good rooms, and an excellent *cuisine* could make any invalid temporarily better, then our short stay at the Prinz Karl Hotel—a really perfectly managed establishment—ought to have revived us both considerably. And so it did. A lovely drive to the heights among the pine woods and in the purest air went for something, but alas the knowledge that we had to rise at 5 A.M., to be off by six—it turned out to be a 6.30 train—drove slumber from our eyes, and only by means of a cold bath, the first thing on tumbling out of bed, could I brace myself for the effort. Then on we went, taking SKURRIE's pre-arranged tour.

Let the remainder be a blank.

When abroad I had bought a French one-volume novel which I had seen praised in the *Figaro*. I will not give its name, nor that of its author. If it indeed portrays persons really living in Paris, and if these persons are not wholly exceptional (but, if so, why this novel, which implies the contrary and denounces them?) then is the latest state of Republican Paris worse than its former state in the days of the *dégringolade* of the Empire, and Paris must undergo a fearful purgation before she will once again possess *mens sana in corpore sano*. I read this disgusting novel half-way through until its meaning became quite clear to me, and then I proceeded by leaps and bounds, landing on dry places and skipping over the filth in order to see how the author worked out a moral and punished his infamous scoundrel of a chief personage. No. Moral there was none, except an eloquent appeal to Paris to rise and crush these reptiles and their brood. On the wretched night when feverish, ill, and sleepless, I lay miserably in the saloon of the Flemish steamer crossing to Queenborough, I opened the porthole above me and threw this infernal book into the sea. After this I bore the sufferings of that night with a lighter heart.

Suffice it that I arrived at home—and how glad I was to get there—broken down, prostrate and only fit for bed—where with railways running round and round my head, steamboats dashing and thumping about my brain, the shrieks of German and Flemish porters ringing in my ears, SKURRIE always forcing me to travel on, on, on, against my will, I remained for about three weeks.

Advice gratis to all Drinkers of Waters.—"The story shows," as the Moral to the fables of *Æsop* used to put it, that when you have finished your cure, make straight by the easiest stages for the seaside at home. Avoid all exertion: and ask your medical man before leaving to tell you exactly what to eat, drink, and avoid, for the next three weeks at least after the completion of your cure.

While ill, but when beginning to crave for some amusement or distraction, I asked that my dear old Boz's *Sketches* should be read to me, to which in years gone by I had been indebted for many a hearty laugh. Alas! what a disappointment! Except for a little descriptive bit here and there, the fun of these *Sketches* sounded as wearisome and old-fashioned as the humours of the now forgotten "Adelphi screamers" in which Messrs. WRIGHT and PAUL BEDFORD used to perform, and at which, as a boy, I used to scream with delight, when the strong-minded mistress of the house, speaking while the comic servant was laying the cloth for dinner, would say of her husband, "When I see him I'll give him—" "Pepper," says the comic servant, accidentally placing that condiment on the table. "He shan't," resumes the irate lady, "come over me with any—" "Butter," interrupts the comic servant, quite unconsciously, of course, as he deposits a pat of Dorset on the table. And so on. Later on, I tried THACKERAY's *Esmond*. How tedious, how involved, and full of repetitions! It is enlivened here and there by the introduction of such real characters as *Dick Steele*, *Lord Mohun*, *Dean Atterbury*, and others, and by the mysterious melodramatic appearances and disappearances of *Father Eloh*, a typical Jesuit of the "penny dreadful" style of literature. But the work had lost whatever charm it ever possessed for me, and, indeed, I had always considered it an over-rated book, not by any means to be compared with *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, or even with *Barry Lyndon*, which last is repulsively clever.

Then I asked for a book that I never yet could get through, and to which I thought that now, with leisure and a craving for distraction, I might take a liking. This was *Little Dorrit*. I tried hard, but it made my head ache even more than *Esmond* had done, and I laid it down, utterly unable to comprehend the mystery which takes such an amount of dreary, broken-up, tedious dialogue in the closing chapters to unravel.

I took down WASHINGTON IRVING's *Sketch-book*, and read it

with delight. Fresh as ever! It did me good. So did CHARLES LAMB'S Essays. And then guess what moved me to laughter, to tears, and to real heartfelt gratitude that we should have had a writer who could leave us such an immortal work? What? It is a gem. It is very small, but to my mind, and not excepting any one of all he ever wrote, the most precious in every way for its true humour, for its natural pathos, and for its large-hearted Christian teaching, is *The Christmas Carol*, by CHARLES DICKENS. Had this been his only book, it would have sufficed for his imperishable fame.

And then what made me chuckle and laugh? Why, THACKERAY'S *Sultan Stork*, which, somehow or other, I never remembered having read before this time of convalescent leisure. It is THACKERAY in his most frolicsome humour, and, therefore, THACKERAY at his best.

I am almost recovered, and am finding my "Salubrity at Home."

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM AN ANXIOUS HOUSEHOLDER.



EAR TOBY, — It was in my mind to write to you some days ago, but I have had my time much occupied with a subject of domestic interest. In fact, I have just been laying the carpet presented to me by our fellow-citizens of the ancient and important community of Kidderminster. The carpet, regarded individually, is a desirable and an acceptable thing. It is, as you have observed in the newspaper reports, woven of the wool known to the trade as the Queen's Clip. In colour it is a rich damson, and in quality Wilton. Apart from its suitability and acceptability, we here see in it the beginning of what I confess we should be inclined to regard as a pleasing habit on the part of our fellow-

countrymen. As you are aware, my wife and myself have for some years been the recipients of gifts consisting of what a well-known person of the name of *Wemmick* was accustomed to call, articles of portable property. Our journeys to Scotland were always marked by the presentation of gifts that even became embarrassing by reason of their quantity and variety. We have quite a stock of Paisley shawls. Dundee marmalade is a drug in our domestic market. Plaids, snuff-boxes, walking-sticks, and, above all, axes I have in abundance. Through the medium of an interesting periodical, of which you may have heard — (it is known as *Exchange and Mart*) — we have managed to average our possessions, a process not entirely free from adventure. In one instance an unscrupulous individual, probably a member of the Primrose League, succeeded in obtaining a two-dozen case of marmalade and a Scotch plaid presented by the working-men of Glasgow, in promise, yet unfulfilled, of delivery of a bicycle warranted new. I have rather a hankering after trying a bicycle. Lowe gave his up with the ultimate remainder of his Liberal principles. But in old times I have heard him speak with enthusiasm of the exercise. When I noticed this person advertising in *Exchange and Mart* his desire of bartering his bicycle, we entered upon the negotiation which has ended so unfortunately. He has our Paisley plaid and Dundee marmalade, and we have not his bicycle.

This, however, by the way. What I had at heart to write to you about, suggested by the Kidderminster carpet, is the new opening here offered for manifestations of political sympathy at a serious political crisis. We are, to tell the truth, towards the close of a long career, a little overburdened with articles of portable property of the kind already indicated. But our residence

is large, and, if I may say so, receptive. Carpets, though a not unimportant feature in the furnishing of a house, do not contain within themselves the full catalogue of a furnishing establishment.

If Kidderminster has its carpets, there are other localities throughout the Kingdom which have their tables and chairs, their bed-room furniture, their curtains, their brass stair-roads, and their gas-fittings. History will, I believe, look with indulgent eye upon an ex-Premier, the Counsellor of Kings, the leader of a great Party, assisting at the hauling in and laying down of an eleemosynary carpet, the wool of which is made from Queen's Clip, has a rich damson colour, and is of Wilton quality. Why should I not give a back to an arm-chair presented by an admiring Liberal Association? or walk upstairs with a bolster under either arm, token of the esteem and admiration of the West of England Home Rulers?

I throw out these thoughts to you, dear TOBY, as I sit in my study and survey the carpet of Wilton quality, which covers the floor. As you will have seen in the newspaper reports, "on entering the room where the carpet was displayed the Right Honourable Gentleman remarked that it had a quiet tone, which was so pleasant to the eye; adding that it was a great mistake, (which used to be committed about fifty years ago) when carpets were made with staring patterns." It is, I need hardly say, the growth of Liberal principles which has effected this change in the public taste for carpets. Whether indeed, suppose we were in need of a battle-cry, "Our Quiet Tones and Our Liberal Principles," would not serve as opposed to "Toryism and Staring Patterns," I am not certain. These things we must leave to the evolution of time. Meanwhile I will not deny in the confidence of a friendly letter that we could very well do with a sofa, the tone and construction of which should, of course, match the carpet from Kidderminster. If you are attending any public meeting and you find the popular indignation against the Government of Lord SALISBURY rising to an ungovernable pitch, you might gently and discreetly guide it in this direction.

Always yours faithfully,

H-w-r-d-n C-stile.

W. E. GL-DST-NE.

P.S.—A mangle and a garden-roller might later, and in due order, occupy your kindly thought.

GENTLE SHEPHERD!

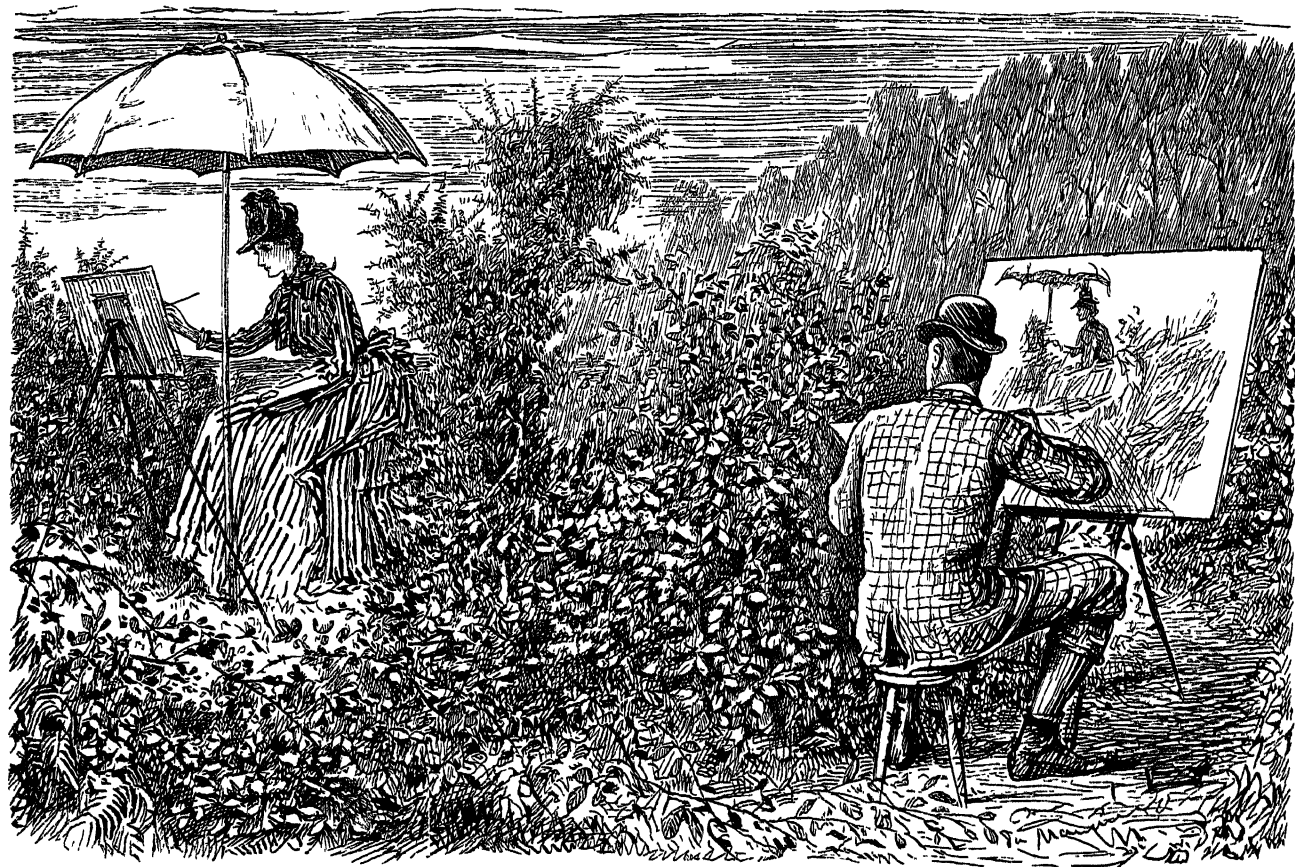
A Ballad for the Board.

"The lobby of the Metropolitan Board of Works offices was recently the scene of a serious assault, committed by Mr. KEEVIL, upon Mr. SHEPHERD."—*Daily Paper.*

GENTLE SHEPHERD, tell me true,
Did, selecting time and place,
Wary KEEVIL go for you,—
Hit you on the chest and face?
Did he, waiting on the stairs,
Watch until you passed him by,
Then adroitly, unawares,
Plant one on your weather eye?
Did, O SHEPHERD, tell me true,
Wary KEEVIL get at you!

Gentle SHEPHERD, answer me,
Say, did you, when last you spoke,
Language use that possibly
Wary KEEVIL might provoke?
If so, p'raps 'twas not too wise,
Though it could involve no right
To attempt to black your eyes
In a stand-up Board-Room fight!
Ah! sweet SHEPHERD, sure his due
He will get who went for you!

"PROUD O' THE TITLE."—The Bishop of LICHFIELD, in one of his speeches at the Church Congress last week, included the English Roman Catholics among the "other Nonconformists." Then his Lordship was graciously pleased to observe that he was very willing to acknowledge the QUEEN as supreme, but objected to the authority of Parliament, in Church matters. It is very evident on which side Dr. MACLAGAN would have been in the reign of the pure and pious HENRY THE EIGHTH, when that amiable monarch ordered the decapitation of those bigoted and obtuse "Nonconformists," Bishop FISHER, and Sir THOMAS MORE.



HARDLY FAIR.

OUR ARTIST PAINTS AN INTERESTING STUDY OF A FURZE BUSH.

THE NEW NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

*A Colloquy on the Canadian Shore.**Canada.* "Westward the course of empire takes its way."*Britannia.* The Bishop's famous line, dear, bears to-day

Modified meaning; westward runs indeed The route of empire,—ours!

Canada. If I succeed In drawing hither Trade's unfaltering feet And yours, my triumph then will be complete.*Britannia.* Across your continent from sea to sea

All is our own, my child, and all is free. No jealous rivals spy around our path With watchfulness not far remote from wrath.

The sea-ways are my own, free from of old To keels adventurous and bosoms bold. Now, from my western cliffs that front the deep

To where the warm Pacific waters sweep Around Cathay and old Zipangu's shore, My course is clear. What can I wish for more?

To your young enterprise the praise is due.

Canada. The praise, and profit, I would share with you.

Canadian energy has felt the spur Of British capital; the flush and stir Of British patriot blood is in our heart; Still I am glad you think I've done my part.

Britannia. Bravely! Yon Arctic wastes no more need slay

My gallant sons. Had FRANKLIN seen this day

He had not slept his last long lonely sleep Where the chill ice-pack lades the frozen deep.

"It can be done; England should do it!"

Yes, That is the thought which urges to success Our struggling sore-tried heroes. WAG-HORN knew

Such inspiration. Many a palsied crew Painfully creeping through the Arctic night

Have felt it fill their souls like fire and light.

Well, it is done, by men of English strain, Though in such shape as they who strove in vain

With Boreal cold and darkness never dreamed

When o'er the Pole the pale aurora gleamed Perpetual challenge.

Canada. Here's your Empire route! A right of way whose value to compute Will tax the prophets.*Britannia.* Links me closer still With all my wandering sons who tame and till

The world's wild wastes, and throng each paradise

In tropic seas or under southern skies, See, Halifax, Vancouver, Sydney, set Fresh steps upon a path whose promise yet Even ourselves have hardly measured. Lo! Far China brought within a moon or so, Of tea-devouring London! Here it lies, The way for men and mails and merchandise,

Striking athwart your sea-dividing sweep Of land; one iron road from deep to deep!

Well thought, well done!

Canada. No more need you depend On furtive enemy or doubtful friend. Your home is on the deep, and when you come, To the Dominion's land you're still at home.*Britannia.* And woe to him the Statesman cold or blind, Of clutching spirit or of chilling mind, Pedantic prig or purse-string tightening fool,

Who'd check such work and such a spirit cool!

Yours is the praise and may the profit flow In fullest stream, 'midst your Canadian snow

A true Pactolus. Trade's prolific fruit, Should freely flourish on our Empire Route.

LOADED WITH PRESENTS.—In the account given in the *Times* (Oct. 7) of the unveiling of Mr. BOEHM's statue of the QUEEN in the presence of its donors, HER MAJESTY's tenants and servants on the Balmoral Estates assembled at Crathie, there is a funny misprint:—

"At this point (i.e. after HER MAJESTY's reply to the Prince of WALES's address) the soldiers saluted and fired a *feu de joie*."

As refreshments were supplied by the QUEEN's command immediately afterwards, perhaps the guns had been loaded with "*foie gras*," tightly compressed into cartridges.



THE NEW NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

BRITANNIA. "NOW, FROM MY WESTERN CLIFFS THAT FRONT THE DEEP
TO WHERE THE WARM PACIFIC WATERS SWEEP
AROUND CATHAY AND OLD ZIPANGU'S SHORE,
MY COURSE IS CLEAR. WHAT CAN I WISH FOR MORE?"

SOME NOTES AT STARMOUTH.

ETHEL DERING has not recognised me yet. Naturally she would not expect to find me being photographed on the beach with such a crew as this—but she *will* in another instant, unless,—ah, LOUISE's sunshade! my presence of mind never quite deserts me. There is a slit in the silk—through which I can see ETHEL. As soon as she discovers what the excitement is all about, she turns away Thank goodness, she is gone! I have saved the situation—but ruined the group . . . they are all annoyed with me. I had really no idea LOUISE looked so plain when out of temper!

As we go back, ALF wants to know whether I noticed that "clipping-girl." He means ETHEL. LOUISE says, he "ought to know better than to ask me such things, considering my situation." Agree with LOUISE.

Evening. I am staying at home; nominally, to work at the Drama (still in very elementary stage) really, to think out the situation. Remember now the DERINGS have a yacht; they *may* only have put in here for a day or two—if not, can I avoid being seen by her sooner or later? The mere idea of meeting her when I am with ALF or POKING, and my Blazer acquaintances, makes me ill. (Not that I need distress myself, for she would probably cut me!) Can't think in Mrs. SURGE's little front parlour. I must get out, into the air! Let me see, LOUISE and her Aunt (and no doubt POKING and ALF) will be at the Music Hall this evening, as there is a "benefit" with the usual "galaxy of talent." If I keep away from the sands (where I might see ETHEL), I shall be safe enough.

Turn into Public Gardens; nobody here just now, except a couple in front, who seem to have quarrelled—at least the lady's voice sounds displeased. Too dark to see, but as I come nearer—it is only my nervous fancy that—? No, I can't be mistaken, that is ETHEL speaking now!

"Why will you persist in speaking to me?" she is saying, "I don't know you—have the goodness to go away at once." Some impudent scoundrel is annoying her! Didn't know anything could make me so angry. I don't stop to think—before I know where I am, I have knocked the fellow down . . . he can't be more surprised than I am! It is all very well—but what is to become of me when he gets up again? He is sure to make a row, and I can't go on knocking him down! Must get ETHEL away first, should not like to be pounded into shapelessness before her eyes. "Miss DERING," I say, "you—you had better go on—leave him to me," (it will probably be the other way, though!) "Mr. CONEX!" she cries. "Oh, I am so glad!—but don't hurt him any more—please." He is getting up, as well as I can make out in the darkness, I am not likely to hurt him any more . . . I wish he would begin, this suspense is very trying. He has begun—to weep bitterly! Never was so surprised in my life; he is too much upset even to swear, simply sits in the gutter boo-hooing. If he knew how grateful I am to him! However, I tell him sternly to "think himself lucky it is no worse," and leave him to recover.

Must see ETHEL safe home after this. She and her father *did* come in the yacht—they are at the Royal Hotel, and she missed her way and her maid somehow, trying to find a Circulating Library. She really seems pleased to meet me. It is not an original remark—but what a delight it is to listen to the clear fresh tones of a well-bred girl—not that ETHEL's voice is anything to me now! She "can't imagine what I find to do in Starmouth,"—then she did not recognise me this afternoon, which is some comfort! I should like to tell her all, but it would be rather uncalled for just now, perhaps. We talk on general matters, as we used to do. Singular how one can throw off one's troubles for the time—I am actually gay! I can make her laugh, and what a pretty rippling laugh she has! We have reached the Hotel—*already*!

Now I am here, it would be rude not to go in and see old DERING. I do. He is most cordial. Am I alone down here? Critical, this. After all, I am alone—in my lodgings. "Then I must come to luncheon on board the *Amaryllis* tomorrow." ETHEL (I must get into the way of thinking of her as "Miss DERING") looks as if she expects me to accept. I had better go, and find an opportunity of telling her about LOUISE—who knows—they might become bosom friends. No, hang it, *that's* out of the question!

The DERINGS' private room opens on to the Esplanade; old DERING comes to the French windows, and calls out after me, "Don't forget. Lunch at two. On board the *Amaryllis*—find her at the quay." "Thanks very much—I won't forget. Good-night!" "Good-

night!" Someone is waiting for me under a lamp. It is ALF, but I did not know him at first. "Why, where on earth!"—I begin. He regards me reproachfully with his one efficient eye, and I observe his nose is much swollen. Good heavens, I see it all—I have knocked down my future brother-in-law! Well, it serves him right.

He explains, sulkily; he meant no harm; never thought anyone would be offended by being spoken to civil; he never met girls like that before (which is likely enough); and to think I should have treated him that savage and brutal—it was *that* upset him. Tell him I am sorry, but I can't help it now. "Yes you can," he says, hoarsely. "You know this girl—this Miss DERING," (he has followed us, it appears, and caught her name)—"you don't ought to play dog in the manger now—I want you to introduce me in a regular way. I tell yer I'm down-right smitten." Introduce him—to ETHEL! Never, not if I won the V.C. for it! "Then you look out!"

He has gone off growling—the cub! He will tell LOUISE. On second thoughts, his own share in the business may prevent that—but it is unfortunate.

Next Day.—Have got leave of absence (without mentioning reason). I believe I pleaded the Drama, as usual, and I have jotted down a line or two. Am dressing for luncheon—somehow I take longer than usual. Ready at last; the coast is clear, I am a trifle early, but I can stroll gently down to the quay. . . . Turn a corner, and come upon POKING, with LOUISE. Fancy both look rather confused, but they are delighted to see me. "Was I going anywhere in particular?" "No—nowhere in particular." "Then I'd better come along with them—they have dined early, and are doing the lions." LOUISE makes such a point of it that I can't refuse—must watch my chance, and slip off when I can.

Later.—We have done an ancient gaol, the church, and a fishermen's almshouse—and I have not seen my chance yet. POKING determined to see all he can for his money.

LOUISE, more demonstrative than she has been of late, clings to my arm. It is past two, but we are working our way, slowly, towards the quay. POKING suggests visit to Fisherring Establishment. Now is my chance; say I won't go in—don't like her-rings—will wait outside. To my surprise, they actually meet me half-way! "If you want to get back to your play-writing, old chap," says POKING (really not a bad fellow, POKING!) "don't you mind us—we'll take care of one another!" Just as deliverance is at hand, that infernal ALF comes up from the quay, with an eye that is positively *iridescent*! "Oh, look at his poor eye!" cries LOUISE. I look—and I see that he means "*being nasty*." He addresses me: "Why ain't you on board your swell yacht, taking lunch along with that girl, eh?" he inquires. Exclamations from LOUISE: "Girl? yacht? who? what?" and then—it all comes out!

Painful scene; fortunate there are so few looking on. LOUISE renounces me for ever opposite the Town-hall. "She knew I was a muff, but she had thought I was too much the gentleman to act deceitful!" POKING is of opinion I "haven't a gentlemanly action in me." So is ALF, who adds that he "always felt somehow he could never make a pal of me." There is balm in *that*!

Thank goodness, it is over! I am free—free to think of ETHEL as much as I like! I see now what a wretched infatuation all this has been. I can tell her about it some day—if I think it necessary. I am not sure I shall think it necessary—at all events, just yet.

I am a little late, but I can apologise for that. Odd—but I can't find the *Amaryllis* anywhere! Ask.

A seaman on a post says "There *was* a yacht he see being towed out 'bout 'arf an hour back—he didn't take no partickler notice of her name." No doubt I mistook the moorings—better ask at hotel, perhaps. I do. Waiter says if I am the gentleman by name of CONEX, there are two notes for me in Coffee-Room.

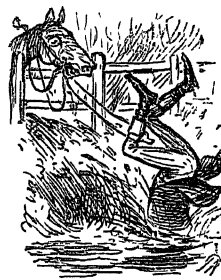
Open first—from Mr. DERING. "Regrets; unforeseen circumstances—compelled to sail at once, and give up pleasure, &c."

Second—from ETHEL; there is hope still—or would she write? "Dear Mr. CONEX,—So sorry to go away without seeing you. You might have told me of your engagement yourself, I think—I should have been so interested. Your brother-in-law and his aunt thought it necessary to call and inform us. We are delighted that you are having a pleasanter time here than you gave us to understand last night. With best wishes for all possible happiness." &c.

So that was ALF's revenge—it was a good one! After that, I shake off the sand of Starmouth—for ever!



"Why, he's a man of whacks!"
Shakespeare.



Thrown over at a Water-railway place.



"So many guests invite as here are writ."—Shakespeare.



A love-lorn Romeo ready for his Beer.



A GOOD EXAMPLE.

John Bull (log). "VERY KIND OF HER MAJESTY TO LET ME SEE HER JUBILEE GIFTS; BUT I WONDER WHEN HER ADVISERS WILL ALLOW ME TO SEE MY OWN!"

ECHOES FROM ST. JAMES'S PALACE. (JUBILEE DEPARTMENT.)

Crowd discovered besieging entrance to Staircase. Policeman examines bags for concealed Dynamite.

Loyal Old Lady (presenting reticule for inspection). Which there's nothing in it but a few cough-drops.

Policeman (exercising a very wise discretion). Pass on, Mother!

ON THE STAIRS.

'Arry (to Halfred—tazing his memory). I dunno as I was ever 'ere before—was you?

Halfred (conscientiously). Not to remember.

A Deliberate Old Gentleman, full of suppressed general information (to his two boys). Now, the great thing is not to hurry—we shall find much deserving of careful study here.

An Aunt (to Niece). You'd better go first, ELIZA; then you can read it all out to me as we go along.

Confused Murmurs—"Where's Grandma?"—"It is ridiculous to go pushing like that!"—"Well, the Pit's a joke to this!" &c., &c.

IN THE STATE APARTMENTS.

Delib. O. G. This, boys, is the ante-room, and here, you see, is a trophy presented by the Maha—

Policeman (loudly). Now then, Sir, don't block the way, please,—keep moving!

The Aunt (examining pair of Elephant Tusks set in carved Buffalo's Head). They may call them "tusks" if they like, ELIZA,—but anyone can see they're horns. They belong to one of them "Cow-Elephants," depend upon it!

Loyal Old Lady. There's nothing here but these caskets. I thought they'd the Jubilee Cake on view!

Visitor (in state of general gratification). Ha! they've given her some nice things among 'em, I must say. There, you see,—an arm-chair,—always come in useful, they do!

Female V. JANE, come here, quick! (*They gaze reverentially on carved chest full of slippers.*) That's what I call a nice present, now,—but, if they were mine, I should unpick all that raised embroidery inside the soles before ever I put 'em on!

Jane. Well, I suppose she wouldn't only wear them when she's in state.

Policeman. Now, Ladies, please don't linger! Pass along, there!

The Well-informed Old G. You see this device, formed of green and yellow feathers, boys. Well, these feathers come from—

Policeman (as before). Don't stop the way, Sir, please!

Old G. (hanging on obstinately to barrier).—The Sandwich Islands, and are worn exclusively by—(*is swept on by crowd, and wedged tightly against case containing samples of woollen products—boys dive under red cord, and escape.*)

Two Ladies (from the country). Those Policemen is like so many parrots, with their "Keep moving;" they don't give you time for a good look! That's a handsome pair of jugs the Crown Prince and Princess give her, a little like the pair old Mr. SPUDDER won with his Shorthorns at the Show, don't you think? Only more elaborate, p'raps. Tell me if you can see the Cake anywhere, my dear. I don't want to go away, and not see that!

Intelligent Visitor. That's a curious thing, now. Look at that label, "Presented by—" and the name left blank!

A Jocular Visitor (seeing an opportunity). Too bad, MARIA! I'm sure we wrote our names plainly enough!

[*Sensation amongst bystanders, who regard the couple with respectful interest.*

Maria (who considers this trifling with a serious subject). If I had known you were going to be so foolish, GEORGE, I should not have come!

[Collapse of GEORGE.

A Practical Visitor. Now, there's a neat idea—d'ye see? A crown, made all out of tobacco. There's some sense in giving a thing like that!

The Jocular Visitor (reviving at sight of embroidered Child's Frock in case). Pretty costume, that, eh, MARIA? But do you think HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY will ever be able to get it on?

Maria (horrified). I tell you what it is, GEORGE, if you go on making these stupid jokes, you will get us both turned out—if not worse! I'm sure that Policeman heard!

Loyal Old Lady. They've given her scent, and little brass-nailed boots, and cotton reels enough to set her up for life. But there, she deserves it all, bless her!

Party of Philistines (to one another.) You don't want to go in there—there's only a lot of water-colours presented by the British Institute. Let's see if we can find the Jubilee Cake!

FINAL TABLEAU.—AT THE GENERAL EXIT.

Crush of enthusiastic Britons, gazing at a gigantic ornament from the Jubilee Cake. Various exclamations. "All of it pure sugar, I shouldn't wonder!"—"What do you think of that for a cake, JEMMY?"—"Lift JOEY up to have a look!"—"Well, I do call that grand!"

Loyal Old Lady (forcing her way to the front—disappointedly). But that's only the trimmings!

A Bystander (correctively). You can't expect any Cake to keep long, with so many in the family; and, even as it is, you get some idee what it must have been!

All (deeply impressed). Ah, you do, indeed—you get that! Well, I'm glad I came; I shan't forget this as long as I live!

[Exeunt awe-struck—their places are taken by others, who gaze long and respectfully on the Cake. Scene closes in.]

BOB SAWYER REDIVIVUS.

(At the Middlesex Hospital.)

JUST been given what the newspapers call "the privileges and status of a true Collegian,"—in other words find I'm no longer to be allowed to live in the jolly old free-and-easy way, in one's own diggings, but am to be boxed up inside the Hospital instead! Hang the Authorities! Should like to cup them all.

Anyhow, got a decent room: can show it off to visitors. Visit from Oxbridge friend. Seems surprised at smallness of my apartment. Says it's "not his idea of living in College: more like living in Quad," he adds, humorously. "Do I really mean to say," he asks, "that I am to sleep in same room I live in, with only a curtain between?" Have to confess such is the intention of the architect. He says, "if he was me, he'd complain to the Dean." Don't like to show ignorance—so don't ask him if he means Dean of WESTMINSTER or ST. PAUL'S. Oxbridge friend declines my invitation to "dine in Hall," and disappears.

Ah! They've given us a Smoking-room, anyhow. Is it a smoking-room? No—a "Library and Reading-room." Disgusting! Ring for brandy-and-soda. Nobody answers the bell! It seems the "Collegiate servants" go out of College between meals. Nothing to do, so amuse myself for an hour in Dissecting-room. Pine for freedom. Go to entrance and am stopped by Porter. Porter says, "Gentlemen not allowed to leave Hospital after dark without leave of House Surgeon." Tell Porter I'm a child of nature, and that I want to visit a dying relative. Porter incredulous—proposes sending one of the resident Physicians instead. No, thanks! Retire to room and think of old rollicking days. Nothing to do. Wonder if Porter would let me bleed him. No, perhaps he's not in the vein.

Hall Dinner.—Hate dining in common—reminds one of the Zoo. Student next to me very shabby. Brings a bone in with him, and puts it on table, studying it between courses. Tell him, pleasantly, it'll be a bone of contention if he does not remove it. He doesn't understand. Replies, quite seriously, that it's the "os humeri."

After Dinner.—Tedious. Just the time when the "Lion Comique" is "coming on" at the Parthenon Music Hall. And I can't get out to hear him!

Later.—Had jolly spree, after all—also after Hall. Tied new curtains together and let myself down into street, amid yells of large crowd. Rather damaged right scapula,



"UNCO GUID!"

Southerner (in Glasgow, to Friend). "BY THE WAY, DO YOU KNOW MCSCREW!"

Northerner. "KEN MCSCREW? OO' FINE! A GRAUND MAN, MCSCREW! KEEPS THE SAWBATH,—AN' EVERYTHING ELSE HE CAN LAY HIS HANDS ON!"

but can't be helped. Went to Gaiety; jolly supper, met BEN ALLEN and a lot of chappies, who are at Bart's and haven't any of these ridiculous Collegiate regulations, and had high old time. How to get back, though? Ay, "there's the rub,"—worse than rubbing scapula, too.

Boldest plan best. Rap Porter up. Porter surprised to see me. Says it's "past one o'clock," and wants to know how I got out. Tell him I'm a child of nature, and if he reports me to House Surgeon I shall certainly cup him to-morrow. Porter asserts, quite untruly, that I am intoxicated.

Next Day.—Authorities have heard how I escaped from Hospital last night. Also Porter—the idiot!—has complained that he goes in fear of his life because of my threats. On the whole, Hospital Authorities come to conclusion to ask me to leave, as "they think I am not fitted for Collegiate life," and I quite agree with them. Pack up, and pack off.

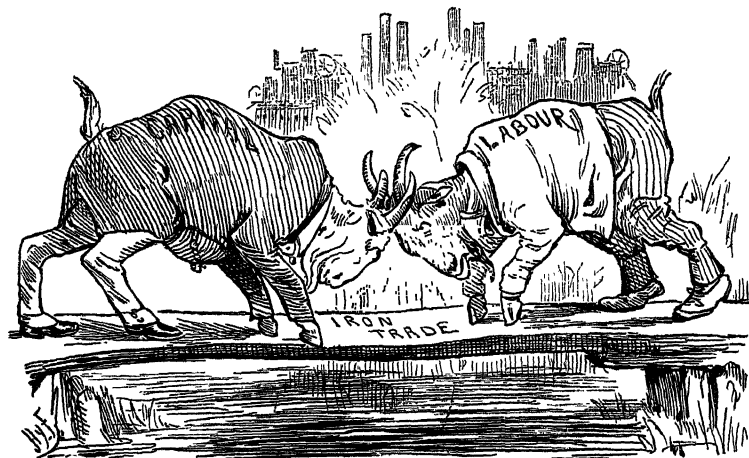
QUITE A LITTLE HOLIDAY.—The unfortunate Vacation Judge this year has been detained at Court or Chambers five times a week instead of (as in the olden days) thrice a fortnight. He must appreciate the meaning of "getting his head into Chancery"—and his wig too!

THE TWO GOATS.

AN OLD FABLE WITH A NEW APPLICATION.

(For the benefit of Bolton.)

Two bellicose goats once encountered each other in the middle of a narrow bridge spanning a deep gulf and a raging torrent. To pass each other seemed (to them) impossible, at least without much more careful and courteous mutual



self-adjustment than either was at all disposed for. For one or the other to make way by temporarily backing, was, of course—to bellicose goats—entirely out of the question. The only alternative was clearly a butting-match.

Our angry goats entered upon it with great gusto. Heads hotly encountered, horns angrily collided. The harder the hits the less did either feel disposed to give way.

But a narrow bridge over a deep gulf is a bad place for a battle *à outrance*. The infuriated animals quickly settled the point at issue, in a way as final as unpleasant, by butting each other over into the gulf, leaving the disputed path clear for the passage of creatures more conciliatory and less cantankerous.

APPLICATION.

Two objects cannot occupy the same space—even in Bolton. Battles upon bridges—even iron bridges—are bad things. A quarrel between two parties—even if they represent Capital and Labour—cannot be regarded as satisfactorily settled by the destruction of both—unless they are thieves, or Kilkenny cats. It is much easier to get into a gulf—even the gulf of Bankruptcy—than out of it. To parties expiring at the bottom of a gulf, into which they have hurled each other, it is small consolation to see more peaceful persons—though they be foreigners—making better use of the bridge which might have carried them both safely over.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A COLLECTION of *Thackeray's Letters* (1847 to 1855. SMITH & ELDER).—It must have cost Mrs. BROOKFIELD a good deal of mental anxiety before she decided upon giving publicity to this correspondence. But she has undoubtedly done well and wisely, as everybody interested in the personal THACKERAY, outside and away from his works, will gratefully acknowledge. THACKERAY was always fond of alluding to himself as the Showman with the puppets, or portraying himself as taking off the cap-and-bells when, from behind the grinning mask, peeps out the sad eyes and the rueful countenance. Now in these Letters we are sometimes admitted behind the scenes, as, for instance, when he is just going to work; but, as a rule, we see him in his leisure, out for a holiday, amusing himself and others, and enjoying himself like an overgrown school-boy full of fun and frolic, not a bit of a cynic, and there are no sad eyes and rueful countenance when the mask is off. The peculiar charm of these Letters is that they are so evidently private; there is nothing of the *poseur* about them. They were never intended to be addressed *urbi et orbi*.

One favourite style of amusing himself in writing he had, which, by the way, rather calls to mind the way Mr. Peter Magnus had of amusing his friends, and that was mis-spelling, and spelling in Cockney fashion. How he must have revelled in writing *Jeames's Diary*! The burlesque element of humour was irrepressible in THACKERAY, and found vent through pen and pencil. Nearly all his sketches, with remarkable exceptions, are, more or less, grotesque. Many of his Vignettes, with which he illustrated his novels, cannot fail to suggest a kind of Dicky-Doyleian humour. Two characteristics of the man are brought out strongly in these letters; first, his humility as regards his own work (he was proud in other matters), and, secondly, his generosity as exhibited in his unaffected admiration for the work of CHARLES DICKENS.

Occasionally we catch a glimpse of his religious tendencies, which are at one time influenced by J. H. NEWMAN, at another by J. S. MILL; and it is interesting to read his naïve utterances about Scripture, showing that whatever

lectures he may have attended at Cambridge, those on Divinity, or on the Greek Testament, could not have been among them. And this indeed is highly probable. His kindness of heart is evident throughout. His laughing at himself as a Snob when affecting the company of great people is delightful, though there seems to be in this self-ridicule something of the true word spoken in jest. He makes a burlesque flourish—so like him—about sending in “his resignation” to Mr. Punch. As a matter of fact, he remained an honorary member of Mr. Punch's Cabinet Council, and retained his seat at Mr. Punch's table, up to the time of his death. The present writer remembers WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY being frequently present in Mr. Punch's Council Chamber, *Consule Marco*. A most interesting, amusing, and instructive book, especially to literary men—(some novelists must be delighted at finding THACKERAY reading over the previous portions of his own serial in order to recall the names of his characters, and his frantic joy at hitting on the title of *Vanity Fair*)—is this collection of THACKERAY's Letters. To Mrs. BROOKFIELD our heartiest thanks are due.

Like and Unlike. By Miss BRADDON. Everybody who cares about a novel with a good plot so well worked out that the excitement is kept up through the three volumes and culminates with the last chapter of the story, must “Like” and can never again “Unlike,” this the latest and certainly one of the best of Miss BRADDON's novels. Miss BRADDON is our most dramatic novelist. Her method is to interest the reader at once with the very first line, just as that Master-Dramatist of our time DION BOUTICAULT would rivet the attention of an audience by the action at the opening of the piece, even before a line of the dialogue had been spoken. This authoress never wastes her own time and that of her reader, by giving up any number of pages at the outset to a minute description of scenery, to a history of a certain family, to a wearisome account of the habits and customs of the natives, or to explaining peculiarities in manners and dialect which are to form one of the principal charms of the story. No: Miss BRADDON is dramatic just as far as the drama can assist her, and then she is the genuine novelist. A few touches present her characters living before the reader, and the story easily develops itself in, apparently, the most natural manner possible. *Like and Unlike* will make many people late for dinner, and will keep a number of persons up at night when they ought to be soundly sleeping. These are two sure tests of a really well-told sensational novel. *Vive Miss BRADDON!*

YOUR OWN BOOK-WORM.

A LICHFIELD HOUSE OF CALL.

SHADE of BOSWELL, awake, arise! Know that the Lord Mayor of Lichfield, Mr. A. C. BAXTER, has announced in the *Times* that the house Dr. JOHNSON was born in is put up for sale by auction on the 20th inst. Now, then, is the time for a big brewer who would like to get bigger, or any licensed victualler, with command of a moderate capital, to invest it in the purchase of the premises in which the great Lexicographer and Moralist first saw the light, and in the conversion of them into a public-house, to be called and known by the sign and name of “The Johnson's Head.” A likeness of Dr. JOHNSON, copied by a competent Artist from the best of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS's portraits, and mounted on the sign-board, would be sure to attract multitudes of respectable people, and others, besides forming a decoration of the tavern at Lichfield, and an ornament to that town. A pub. associated with one of the highest names in literature could hardly fail to be frequented by numerous book-makers. The memory of Dr. JOHNSON might, however, be honoured by the preservation of his home for what many may consider a nobler purpose than that of a liquor-shop; and those who are of that opinion should look sharp and secure his birthplace by coming forward, and taking care that, when under the hammer, it shall be knocked down on their own account to the highest bidder. “The man who could make a pun would also pick a pocket;” true, but he might prefer putting his hand in his own to commemorate the name of the great SAMUEL, by helping to stand Sam.

FAVOURITE SEASONING AT THE GUILDHALL BANQUET ON THE 9TH OF NOVEMBER.—Sauce à la Maître d'Hôtel.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

As has been observed earlier in this series, the Amateur Reciter is influenced by a natural ambition to harrow his audience to the best of his ability.



And, be it said, the average audience is not at all averse to being harrowed—provided this is done with any science and refinement. When persons are met together for social enjoyment, nothing apparently affords them keener pleasure than a performance which produces certain peculiar sensations, such as the feeling of partial want of control over the facial nerves, smarting behind the eyes, increasing obstruction in the throat, and a general conviction that, unless something occurs to make them laugh at once, they will be irresistibly compelled to sob like so many seals. It is, perhaps, a little odd—but the taste exists, and must be taken into account. The sole drawbacks are that, too often, the means adopted to secure the desired result depend more than should be upon sentiment which might almost be described as false; that the incidents occasionally have too little relation to real life; and that, what might have proved eminently touching, is marred by some involuntary association with the ludicrous and grotesque. In his anxiety

to preserve his pupils from such pitfalls as these, Mr. Punch offers an example in which the blemishes he has hinted at have been sedulously avoided. It is at once homely, wholesome, and tear-compelling—like the common onion. You will find you produce a favourable impression at once by announcing it as,—

POSITIVELY, THE LAST PERFORMANCE!

(You must come on with a general suggestion in your manner that you are supposed to be the proprietor of an itinerant Cat and Canary Troupe. Begin with a slow and somewhat depressed shake of the head, as if in answer to imaginary inquirer.)

No, we ain't performin' to-day, Sir, and the boys are all on the gape! At seein' the mice in mournin', and the cats in chokers o' crape; But I'm giving the Show a rest, d'ye see? for I didn't feel up to the job, (Pause—then subdued) For my leadin' comejian's left me, Sir—(Explanatory, perceiving you are not understood)—the brindle kinary—(more impatiently) Bob!

What, ye don't remember? (Surprise.) Not him as wore the toonic o' Turkey What rode in a gilded kerridge with a 'at an' plumes on his 'ed? And, as soon as we'd taken a tanner, 'ud fire a saloot from the gun? [Excitedly. There was Talent inside o' that bird, there was, or I never see it in one! (Philosophic bitterness.) Well, he's soon forgot—but I've often thought as a fish keeps longer than Fame!

(Sudden comprehension and restored cordiality.) Oh, ye didn't know him as Bob? . . . I see—no, that were his private name.

I used to announce him in public on a more long-winded-er scale—I christened him "Gineral Moultky," (apologetically) which he 'ad rather gone at the tail;

And a bird more popilar never performed on a peripathetic stage, He was allers sure of a round of applause as soon as he quitted the cage! For he thoroughly hentered into the part he was down for to play, [day. And he never got "fluffy" nor "queered the pitch,"—leastwise, till the hother I thought he'd bin hoverxertin' himself, and 'ud better be out of the bill, But it wasn't till yesterday hevenin I'd any ideer he was ill! [tip,

Then I see he was rough on the top of his 'ed, and his tongue looked dry at the And it dawned on me like a thunderbolt—"Great Evings!" I groaned,—"THE PRP!" (Pause here, to emphasise the tremendous gravity of this discovery.)

Well, I 'ad bin trainin' a siskin to hunderstudy the part, (more ordinary tone for this) [o' Hart!

And I sent him on—(tolerantly)—which he done his best, but he 'adn't no notion So I left the pitch as soon as I could, and (meanin' to make more 'aste)

I cut across one o' them buildin' sites as was left a runnin' to waste. There was yawning pits by the flinty road, as rendered the prospek dull, And 'ere and there a wonderless 'ouse, with the look of a grinning skull, (Try to paint this scene visibly for the audience; background is essential for what is to come.)

A storm had bin 'anging about all day (and it broke, you'll remember, at last!) So I 'urried on, it was gettin' late—and the Gineral sinking fast!

(You are now approaching the harrowing part, but keep yourself in reserve for the present.)

But all on a sudding I 'eard him give a kind of a feeble flap, [chap.]

And I stops, and sez in a 'opeful way, "Why, you're up in yer sterrups, old (A bold metaphor applied to a bird, but characteristic in the speaker.)

(Sink your voice.) Then I see by the look of his sorrowful eye he was thinkin': "Afore I go,

I'd like to see one performance—for the last—of the dear old Show!"

(Note, and make your audience feel, the touch of Nature here.)

And I sez, with a ketch in my voice, "You shall!" and I whipped the sheet off the board, I stuck up the pair o' trestles, and fastened the tight-rope cord; Then I propped the Gineral up in a place from which he could see the 'ole, And I set the tabbies a-sparring, and the mice a-climbing the pole.

(Build up the whole scene gradually; the dreary neighbourhood, the total absence of bystanders, the lurid threatening sky, and the humble entertainment proceeding in the foreground.)

I put my company through their tricks—and they made my hold eyes dim,

For they never performed for no orjence like they did last night for him! [from sich,

Them tabbies sparred with a science you'd 'ardly expect And the mouse (what usually boggles) fetched flags with never no 'itch!

Aye, we worked the Show in that lonely place to the sound o' the mutterin' storm,

Right through till we come to the finish—the part he used to perform.

He was out of the cage in a minnit—egged on by puffessional pride,

He pecked that incompetit siskin till he made him stand o' one side!

Well, I felt like 'aving a good cry then—but the time 'adn't come for that,

So I slipped his uniform over his 'ed, and tied on his little cock-hat. [With great tenderness.

And he set in his tiny kerridge, and was drowled along by the mice,

A-looking that 'appy and pleased with hisself, I got 'em to do it twice! [Tone of affectionate retrospection.

The very tabbies they gazed on him then with their heyes dilatin' in haw,

As he 'obbed along to the cannon, with the match in his wasted claw! [pop—

I never 'eard that cannon afore give sech a tremenjious (Solemnly.) And a peal o' thunder responded, as seemed all over the shop!

For a second Bob stood in the lightning, so noble, and bold, and big;—

Then . . . a stagger . . . a flutter . . . a broken chirp—(you can add immensely to the effect here by a little appropriate action. Pause, and give time for a solemn hush to fall upon the audience, then, with a forced calm, as if you were doing violence to your own feelings)—he was orf, Sir,—(a slight gulp)—he'd 'opped the twig!

(Second Pause: then more briskly, but still with strong emotion to the close.)

So now you've the hexplanation of the crape round the tabbies' necks,

And kin understand why we close to-day "in token of our respects."

* * * * *

The time has now come for Mr. Punch to bid his pupils farewell, which he does with a pleasure that he has some reason to hope will be not unreciprocated.

During the few months over which this course has extended, he has made it his aim to furnish the young carpet-knight for the fray as completely as possible, and, if the Amateur Reciter be not (as some hold) already invulnerable, the panoply of pieces with which he has been armed here should go far to render him so.

All Mr. Punch would ask in return is that, when any one of his young friends is retiring, flushed with triumph, amidst an intoxicating murmur of faint applause and renewed conversation, after delivering some composition of his Preceptor's, he will not suffer himself to be completely dazzled by success, but will remember the means which have contributed thereto with such gratitude as he may be able to command.

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"DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII."—Under this heading we read in the Times that four silver urns of fair size were found, also four smaller vessels, eight open vases, four cups ornamented with leaves, &c. "Urn" for hot water: "smaller vessels," tea-pots; "eight open vases," sugar-basins; "four cups," tea-cups, "ornamented with leaves,"—very fanciful design, probably tea-leaves,—and there we have before us "Five o'clock Tea, as known to the Ladies of Pompeii."

THE LEGION OF DISHONOUR.



The Modern Auto'yours sings:—

WHEN *parvenus* begin to peer,
With heigh! the ribbon on the coat!
Why, then the love of rank shines clear,
In base-blood, spite of the People's vote.

The medal gleaming on the breast!
With heigh! the red coins how they ring!
The Citizens clamour with eager zest,
Despite their hate of crown and king!

The *bourgeois* soul star-honours wants,
With heigh! the peacock-aping jay!
The hunger for honours finds singular haunts,
Their sale is a traffic that's bound to pay.

I have served Princes, and, in my time,
worn Imperial livery, but now I am in the
Republic's service.

But shall I mourn for that, or fear?
Gold glitters, silver's bright,
And decorations not too dear
Citizen-souls delight.

If pedlars may have leave to live,
Though "honours" cram their budget,
A good account I yet may give;
If caught,—I can but trudge it!

Ribbons of all colours, lo!
Crosses—mark their gleam and glow!

Blue as violets, red as roses,
Buy them swift whilst power dozes!
Decorated thus you'll clamber
To court-height or lady's chamber.
Golden talismans are these.
Parvenus may pass with ease
With these gauds to heights the leal
Buy with brain or stainless steel.
Come buy of me, come buy, come buy!
Cheap "honours" now is all the cry!

Buy ribbons—like tape,
Blue blood you may ape,
They're dainty, and not too dear-a!
With peers you may tread,
Yet hold up your head,

They're the newest and finest of wear-a!

Come to the pedlar,
Money's a meddler,
That gets all men by the ear-a!
[Has his ear suddenly pulled by
Madame La République.

ROBERT ON SPELLING.

I've bin informed, on such orthority as I carnt for a moment dout, wiz., Professor BASSINGHAM of the White Cross Brigade, that a cumpany has bin formed in Amerrikey to perswade hewerybody as writes English to spell it as I does. I never knowd afore but what I spelt my spelling like other littly gennelmen, but I'm told now that I don't, but that I spells it more natral like, and so it appears that after about 2 years thinkin of it over, the gratest Orthers in Amerrykey has all resolved to follow my nobel xample and do as I does, as neer as they can git to it. So they has formed thei'selves into the "Spelling Reform Association," and has got a Presedent, and Wise Presidents, and a Counsel, and a Seketerry, and all the blooming luxurys of a rich Cumpany, and has jest published their fust Number and charges fore shillins for it, as I nose to my corst, eos I've jest bin and bort one.

Well, having jest a lezzure hour or 2, I've bin a trying to read my noo book, witch is suttenly to me a dear book, but I greeves to say as I don't find werry much in it, as I understand. They suttenly uses sum werry powerful words, and sez sum werry powerful things, and tries their werry best to spell like me, but I don't think as I can troothfully say as they always suceeds. They spells *hed* like me, and *helth*, and *dropt*, and *enuf*; but who ever seed me use sitch words as *thru*, or *cof*, or *thuro*, or *tuf*, or *ugly*?

Professor CHADBAND, L.L.D., says that "our senseless spelling makes him ashamed of his language, and yet thru habit he continues it." DAVID D. FIELD, L.L.D., of New York, talks of our Nobel English Tung "being disfigured," and says I ought to be haild as a deliverer!

Professor HADLEY says, "our language is shoekingly speld." Lord LYTON says, "it is a lying round-about puzl-heded delusion!" and our own heloquent Sir C. E. TREVELYAN, K.C.B., says, "it is a labyrinth, a chaos, an absurdity, and a disgrace!" and the Hedditer of the book winds it all up by saying that "it is the wurst there is!" Poor old English Langwidge! I only wonders how SHAKE-SPEAR and MILTON, and BURNS managed to get on with it, tho suttenly BURNS was a dredful bad speller. Why he used to spell "who" *wha*, and "have" *hae*, and "whom" *wham*! But then he was only a poor plowman, and not an Hed Waiter. I of coarse little thort wen I fust commenced my umbel efforts to instruekt and nlisten the world with skimmings from my daily dairy, that I shoood ever be held up to the admirashun and gratitood of English mankind as a deliverer of our nobel English Tung from its many de-fecks, but I of course accepts the



RETALIATION.

Cabby. "WHA'S THIS FOR, LADY? WHICH MY FARE'S TWO SHILL—"

Old Lady (quite able to take care of herself). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, CABMAN. I KNOW THE DISTANCE—IT'S NOT THREE MILES BY TWO HUNDRED YARDS. PLEASE KNOCK AT THE—"

Cabby. "UGH! Y' 'ON'T HEV A DOUBLE KNOCK, I CAN TELL YER THAT!"

pursishun, and, I ope, with becoming umility, and if the Spelling Reform Association chooses, as seems any natral, to elect me as one of their Wice Presidents, with a nice cumferal little salary paid quarterly, in advance, I shall not at all object to become also one of their regular contributors, or ewen to hedit sum of their harticles as is really not quite hup to the mark in the spelling line.

Professor F. J. CHILD, P.D., L.H.D., cums it rayther strong when he says, "Sum hav a religious aw, and sum hav an erth-born passion for our establisht spelling. I don't much care how anybody spells, so he spels different from that." But praps one of the werry gratest staggerers in my four-shilling staggering book, is what the Hedditer says, wiz., "A filologist who should uphold our present mode of spelling, would be like an astronomer who should teach that the Erth is based on a Turtl."

I think that's about the most wunderfullest sentense as ewen a Hedhitter ever wrote, and they does sumtimes cum out with a startler or 2. Fust with regard to the spelling. As I don't in the least know what a Filologist means I carnt of course say much as to that, but if there is one mortal thing in this butiful world of ours as I does know sumthink about, I should think as all the civilized world woud agree as it was Turtle, and I refuses at once, without no manner of dowt, to pardon the man who cou'd carmly and cooly sit down and write that almost sacred name without his final Hee! Turtl, indeed! why it amost makes me shudder as I rites it down; and jest before Lord Mare's Day too, why it's hadding hinsult to hinjury. But ewen that isn't all the marwels of this most egstordinary sentense. What in the world can he mean by saying as the world is based on a Turtl?

Of course no one can posserbly know better nor me, that without that glorious addition to a gorgeous *Manu*, the werry hiest classes of society, such as Princes, and Lord Mares, and Bishops, and Aldermen, woud find it remarkabel difficult to git through their harduous dooties, but ewen I should never have once thort of saying that the hole world is based upon it, which I spose means, carnt posserbly git on without it. No, if there's one thing as I strongly objects to, it's xaggerashun, and in this werry partiokler case I boldly charges it against the Hedhitter of "Spelling," price four shillings, even though he and his friends does do me the hi honour of holding me hup as a benny-factor to all English spelling races.

ROBERT.

Pose Cript.—I sees as how a gent of the xstordinary name of "EIZAK PITMAN" has been and gorn and rote to the *Times* on this werry same subjeck as me; but I'm two busy jest now with preperations for the himportantest of all days—need I say the Ninth of Nowember—to be abel to give all my hole mind to it, as it seems to require. But I at once, without not no hezzitation and dowt, gives my caudial assent to his Golden Rule, wiz: "When in dout, selekt the werry simpletonest spelling."

R.

"IRISH PROSECUTIONS."—In the *Times* of Friday last, under the foregoing heading, that most contentious and sledge-hammering correspondent, Lord BRAMWELL, came down heavily, very heavily, on the unfortunate "American Lawyer," Mr. MUNDY, who had presumed to express an opinion opposed to that of my Lord BRAMWELL. Of course, after this, there's an end of the American Lawyer, and, at all events, up to the date abovementioned, Lord BRAMWELL may say, triumphantly, "Sic transit gloria Mundy!"

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM A YOUNG MAN STILL IN THE COUNTRY.

Eaton Hall, Saturday.



EAR TOBY,—I write to you from here where I stay a day or two on my way to Dublin. I expect by the time it reaches you I will be installed in the Chief Secretary's Lodge, and the National League may prepare to sit up. I have been spending a week or two very agreeably in Scotland, a little out of the way of letters or newspapers. I am told there has been quite a demand for me, a sort of popular outcry that I should forthwith proceed to Ireland. This is, of course, not unflattering. It indicates a general belief which I, for one, am not disposed to contest, that if Ireland is to be saved, I'm the man to do it. That's all very well; but it is, doncha know, something of a boah to be thus bothered at a time when one had two or three pleasant engagements on

hand. It used to be just the same in the House last Session. If I did not really live there, entering with the Mace and the SPEAKER, and leaving only at the cry of "Who goes home?" there were impetuous protests. I put in KING-HARMAN at Question time, but they wouldn't have him. Often, as I lay on the sofa in the Chief Secretary's room, looking over *Punch*, or reading the proofs of the forthcoming new edition of my *Defence of Philosophic Doubt*, I have heard the distant growls of the Irish Members when KING-HARMAN rose to answer a question addressed to me. Quite touching this personal attachment. At the same time a little embarrassing.

Now I am really going to Dublin, and shall spend a cheerful November there. GRANDOLPH, in his genial way, has tried to make things pleasant by reminding me that from the drawing-room window of the Chief Secretary's Lodge I can see the place where poor FREDDY CAVENDISH fell. "They're sure to take a pot shot at you," he says; "but you're all right. Unless a man can make sure of hitting a lamp-post at fifty paces, it will be no use his trying to bring you down." A nice companionable man GRANDOLPH. Always tries to say something pleasant. But really I don't pay much attention to his kindly apprehensions. I shall be boahed, I daresay; but not by the passage of a bullet, or the thrust of a knife.

People evidently expect great things to follow on my arrival in Dublin. To the accident of my holiday absence in Scotland they attribute all the failures of the Executive. "If BALFOUR had been there," they say, "W. O'BRIEN would now be comfortably in gaol and T. D. S., Lord Mayor, would be laid by the heels." I weally don't know. Fact is, I have not closely followed up affairs either in the newspapers or despatches. There have been some rows, I understand. But that is not unusual in Ireland. Where people are right in kindly looking to me to restore peace and order in Ireland is in the supposition that I have a plan. That is true, though I cannot claim personal and private property in it. Fact is the plan is CROMWELL'S. It worked admirably when originally put in practice, and I do not see any reason why it should fail now. There are, of course, difficulties in the way; prejudice to be overcome, legal forms to be dealt with, and that sort of thing. There is also, next Session of Parliament to be met, and awkward questions by TIM HEALY and the rest. But they need not think to intimidate me by such reflections. I shall put up KING-HARMAN to answer all inconvenient questions. Besides, it is exceedingly probable that in the full development of my plan the Irish Members who last Session distinguished themselves by "wanting to know" will be unavoidably absent from their places. It is an awful nuisance breaking in upon a man's holiday; but it is a difficulty that has to be faced, and as there seems a popular inclination to look to me to settle it, I suppose there is nothing to be done but to grapple with it.

One additional drawback from a quite unexpected source makes itself known by correspondence with my colleagues. They are all in a dreadful state of fussy alarm. My uncle the Markiss begs me to be careful. "Firmness without Rashness" is an excellent copy-head, which W. H. SMITH sends me in fine round-hand from the distant Mediterranean. I wish they'd all mind their own affairs. In the intervals of my other occupations I can answer for Ireland, and if any awkwardness arises, I can put up KING-HARMAN to answer for me. So, dear TOBY, don't you have any anxiety on my account. Some half-hour after dinner, with the contemplative toothpick at hand, and my heels on the table, I will, if the subject occurs to me, settle the Irish Question.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR B. L.F.R.

BIG WORK AND LITTLE HANDS.

THAT a child prodigy should have been able twice last week to fill St. James's Hall to overflowing, may not perhaps speak at the first glance very highly for the artistic instincts of the British Public, who, as a thoughtful musical critic remarks in the pages of a contemporary, are sometimes "more impressed by a little boy in an Eton jacket than by the finest music that might be played in less exciting circumstances;" still it cannot be denied that the couple of recitals referred to, given by Master JOSEF HOFMANN, were altogether two exceptionally brilliant performances. Commenting, however, on the little fellow's efforts to give a good rendering of a slow movement, the critic already alluded to asks how, in a long-drawn melody which is a matter of passion and of feeling, "a child of eleven can have much feeling or any passion?" Surely this is hypercriticism. Ask any boy of eleven who has had a whipping, or has come off second best in a fight with his little sister, whether he hasn't much feeling;—and as for passion! Well: but, perhaps this is not exactly what the critic means. Nevertheless, he proceeds rather pertinently to ask whether this singularly gifted young artist will be suffered, "when he has served the immediate purposes of those who have control over him, to continue his studies in a rational manner and far from the fierce light and the hot-house temperature pertaining to the concert platform?" As Master JOSEF HOFMANN is already booked for an American tour, there does not seem any prospect of this highly desirable consummation, at least in the near future. Judging, therefore, from little Master JOSEF'S present arrangements, one would be disposed to apostrophise him sympathetically in the language of Dr. WATTS, and say:—

"Night after night, you'll prove a sight
To draw the cute Yankee,
Because your little hands were made
To stretch from C to C!"

Still, as he is an unquestionable genius who has a future before him, it is to be hoped that he won't be "worked out" early at high pressure, and stimulated by a success that will only blunt his powers by depriving him of that desire for true progress in his art by which alone they can be legitimately developed. "Not too much gaslight, some practice, and plenty of battledore and shuttlecock," is the proper recipe for little Master JOSEF. With this he can't go wrong, and will, without doubt, if he stick to it, command the musical world of the future as surely as he has astonished that of to-day.

"NO MORE SEA-SICKNESS!" NO MORE "BAD QUARTERS-OF-AN-HOUR" IN CROSSING THE CHANNEL! Try; Mons. M. L. MAYER'S Remedy, to be provided on October 24 up to the middle of November, and probably longer, if all goes well, at the Remedy Theatre—no—at the Royalty Theatre, where he intends giving a season of French plays, and brings M. COQUELIN, Mmes. CHAUMONT and JANE MAX,—not all at once but one at a time,—over to afford amusement to those Londoners who can't afford amusement in Paris, or who object to the sea-passage, or who cannot spare sufficient time for the trip. M. COQUELIN has with him a fair-sized bag of tricks which includes, among other things, *Don César de Bazan*, and he means to devote three-fourths of one evening's entertainment to monologues, among which, Mr. BERREBOHM TREE will be delighted to hear, is announced *Gringoire*. M. MAYER, will of course, see that his stars are well supported, and the public, delighted to save the sea-voyage, will support M. MAYER.

SHOWS VIEWS.

By Victor Who-goes-Everywhere.

THE suggestion made a month ago by a "Salubrity Abroad," (now happily a "Salubrity at home") that the above title would make a good heading for an all-round-about theatrical and entertainment article in *Mr. Punch's* pages, is at length carried out. In the character of a hero conquering difficulties, I have been here, there, and everywhere. My first triumph was at the Gaiety Theatre, where (after surmounting all obstruction) I secured a place from whence *Miss Esmeralda* could be watched in comfort. This piece is called a "melodramatic burlesque," in two Acts, but I confess I failed to distinguish either the melodrama or the burlesque. It was, however, well mounted with good scenery and pretty dresses. It had further the advantage of an excellent stage-manager in Mr. CHARLES HARRIS, and a no less excellent dance inventor in Mr. JOHN D'AUBAN, but of the book the less that is said the better. Frankly, it is not amusing. This being the case I was not surprised to find the names of its authors printed in the programme in a type just half the size accorded to the style and title of "the producer." The acting calls for no particular comment. Mr. LONNEN sings an Irish song excellently well, but is less diverting when he trusts to attitudinising as a provocative to merriment. Miss MARION HOOD's charming face is sweeter than her voice, and Miss FANNIE LESLIE's singing is as welcome now as ever it was—it recalls many a vocal triumph of the past. Mr. GEORGE STONE as *Gringore* is more broadly comic than Mr. BEERBOHM TREE in a somewhat similar rôle in the *Ballad Monger*. Both the Misses BLANCHE are all that could be desired in two subordinate characters. In the last Act there is a "Pyramid Ballet,"—which is slightly perplexing. Until my attention was pointedly called to the fact that I was watching a terpsichorean demonstration of a game of billiards, I was under the impression that some of the intricacies of the plot of VICTOR HUGO's *Notre Dame* were being very cleverly explained to me in easily followed dumb show. Perhaps the best thing (barring the Irish song) in the whole piece is an ingenious dance of Warders and Prisoners in Scene 1., Act 2. In alluding to the list of the company I should not have forgotten to say that the names of that admirable comedian Mr. H. LESLIE and that evergreen queen of burlesque, Miss E. FARREN, are conspicuous by their absence. In spite of this very serious drawback, no doubt *Miss Esmeralda* will be as successful as it deserves to be. The scenery, dresses, and music, are alone worth a visit. And when I say this I leave out the acting, the singing and the dancing.

I also went to the Royal Aquarium the other afternoon, and witnessed the performances of a troupe of genuine Russian Wolves. If I had to appear in public myself with a company of performing animals, I think I should prefer poodles, or white mice, though, as a spectacle, wolves are undoubtedly more thrilling. I don't know that these particular wolves did much; but the really striking fact, of course, was their condescension in doing anything, and it was certainly "pretty to see" them jumping a gate, and arranging themselves picturesquely on chairs, with just sufficient display of grinning jaws to make the audience congratulate themselves that the stage was fenced round by temporary iron railings. The creatures are evidently deeply attached to the Professor, who has so ably prepared them for public life. I was convinced of this by the effusion with which one after another advanced and kissed his forehead, on receiving a slight hint to that effect from a whip. But to be kissed—however tenderly—by a wolf, must be a creepy sensation. On the occasion when I was present we were afforded an additional, and I may say an unrehearsed, sensation after the act-drop fell. There was a scurry behind, a shout, and then—a great jagged rent in the curtain. People in the front row of stalls looked uncomfortable—it did seem very much as if one of the wolves had determined to "take a call" on his own account, but it was merely a little mishap with one of the railings. However, there was no real cause for alarm in any case, for an audience would have had ample time to escape while the wolf was amusing himself with the orchestra, which, fortunately, is a remarkably good one.

After the Wolves, by way of contrast, I paid a visit to La Belle FATMA. On delivery of a shilling, I, with other members of the Public, was passed in to a screened-off portion of the Imperial Theatre. A stout French gentleman seated himself at a piano below the stage, and the curtain rose presently, disclosing the fair FATMA and her troupe seated in a row, like a new variety of Christy Minstrels.



With regard to the principal lady, I am bound to say that her charms did not seem to me to have been at all overestimated, and her portraits upon the posters actually do her less than justice. But this is a matter of opinion; and I must confess that, after all, it was not upon the peerless FATMA that my eyes were most riveted. There was a stout old lady in a turban, two places from her—*such* an old lady! with immense black eyebrows, meeting over flashing dark eyes, and a massive Oriental nose, a wide sternly compressed mouth, and three chins. Upon her knees she held a gourd-shaped drum, which she smacked severely at intervals; she might have sat for CORNELIA polishing one of her "jewels"; and when she sang, the illusion was complete!

As to the performance, it was Oriental; and no description can convey much more. We had an Overture on the familiar "Rum-tum-tum, tum-a-tum-tum-tum, tum-a-tum" theme, which revealed considerable "staying power" on both sides of the footlights. Then one member of the troupe after another advanced, and, if a lady, *chassé'd* and revolved with slowly waving arms, and an expression that seemed to imply that she would take more pains if it were only worth while; if a man, he capered and grinned and shouted in a manner which, at all events, infinitely amused the performer himself. While this was going on, the old lady continued to "spank"—there really is no better term for it—her drum in a sort of grim *réverie*, and a young person by her side emitted piercing shrieks by way of enlivening the proceedings. There was a mysterious One on the stage, who reminded me of an immense dice-box muffled in muslin; this, it turned out, was the COLLOSSUS of SOUSSE, to whom was entrusted the function of "presenting" Mademoiselle FATMA at the close of the performance. This seemed superfluous, particularly as the excellent Colossus had no notion of doing more than taking her by the hand and stalking two paces forward. It was all over in a quarter of an hour or so; and, for my own part, I considered the old lady in the turban alone worth the paltry shilling charged for admission.

I have also been to TERRY's Theatre, where great precautions are taken to prevent fire. Everything, more or less, is labelled "Exit," and, instead of doors, in several parts of the house there are curtains. On the whole it must be a good theatre to escape from. This is worth noting, if the performances are wearisome.

BALLADE OF THE TIMID BARD.

(To Angelica, who bids him publish.)

In Memory's mystical hazes
I see a vast Gander and grey,
I see the small boy that he chases
At the head of a hissing array:
How I wept when they brought me to bay,
How I pleaded in vain for a truce!
Too frightened to shoo them away,
I could never say Boh to a Goose!

I have lived through a number of phases,
I have rhymed of the grave and the gay,
But the clatter of critical phrases,
But the moralist armed for the fray,
I have fled in unseemly dismay,
Since the Gander—'tis all my excuse—
For, in brief, since that terrible day—
I could never say Boh to a Goose!

It was fabled of old that in places
Grow goose-bearing trees by the way,
Where bough within bough interlaces
Green geese flutter down from the spray;
In reviews, at first nights of the play,
These shrubs are in general use,
And I would not encounter them, nay,
I could never say Boh to a Goose!

Envoy.

ANGELICA! bid me essay
The deeds of a WALLACE or BRUCE,
But talk not of publishing, pray—
I could never say Boh to a Goose!

IRISH APPOINTMENT EXTRAORDINARY (subject to the kind permission of Sir Bernard Burke, C.B., LL.D.).—The Right Hon. JOSEPH O'CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., to be Ulster-King-of-Arms.

NOTE BY AUGUSTUS DRUBIOLANUS, AFTER THE GRANTING OF THE LICENCE TO THE EMPIRE THEATRE.—"L'Empire c'est la pay 46 per cent.—like the Alhambra."



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Professor Chatterleigh. "BY GEORGE! I'M SO HUNGRY I CAN'T TALK!"

Fair Hostess (on hospitable thoughts intent). "OH, I'M SO GLAD!"

THE MESSENGER OF PEACE.

(With apologies to the Shade of the Author of "Al Aarof.")

[I have read . . . that I have come to Ulster to revive religious bigotry, to rekindle the embers of party strife, and to revive ancient feuds which are now in a fair way to be forgotten. I can assure you that these are not the objects which I propose to myself. (Laughter.)—Report of Mr. Chamberlain's Speech in Belfast.]

Erin's Guardian Angel sings:—

I CAME (by the steamer)
Across the wild spray.
No bigot, no dreamer,
To moon time away.
BRIGHT lingers to ponder,
And make tart replies;
But I come, from yonder,
Drawn down from the skies.
With love I am laden,
Peace sits on my brow.
No, sweet Ulster maiden,
My game is not row!
Arise! from your dreaming,
In bright Orange bowers,
To duties beseeching,
Your fame and past powers.
My presence expresses
My fondness for you;
(My game no one guesses,
They read it askew)
Oh, how without you, love,
Can Ireland be blest?
You're loyal, you're true, love,
Mad traitors the rest.
I shake from my wing
Each hindering thing.
The black Parnellite
Would weigh down my flight.

The G. O. M.'s messes,
I leave them apart,
His lures and his jesses,
His tricks and his art.

W. G.! W. G.! Ah!
My old artful one,
You had an idea

With you I should run.
No! it is my will
On the breezes to toss
At caprice, or be still
Like a lone albatross.
Daring duckling? That's past!
Stormy petrel? That's flown!
I'm a halcyon at last,
A new rôle,—and my own!

W. G. Ah! Whoever
Thine "items" may be,
For ever I sever
My fortunes from thee.
Thou hast bound many eyes
In sophistical sleep,
But the angel that flies
Will thy vigilance keep?
O Walker! (Again
A rhetorical flower
From thy full-teeming brain!)
I have passed a brief hour
In those same cipherings
Which you fudge—let that pass!
But my own view of things
Is not modell'd, alas!
On yours—none of the clearest—
But then, that's your way—
'Tis one of the queerest;
Do you find it pay?
Ah! love moved the smiles
That beamed forth on my rest
On the greenest of Isles.
Its Scotch natives are best,

For they have in their keeping
Its wealth and its trade,
And Sedition, unsleeping,
Has spoilt, I'm afraid,
The true Pat of the Island.
He burns to be free,
His bosom holds guile, and
His bonnet a bee.
Go to! Let them slumber,
The Home-Ruling lot
Are not the huge number
They tell us—that's rot!
I came to awaken,
An Angel of Peace!
I'm bound to be taken
For such ere I cease.
PARNELL's spell makes PAT slumber,
Its witchery is test,
And your Orange-host's number
Must manage the rest!

A PROTEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Will you please ask the *Times* not to allow such unpleasant subjects to be introduced into its columns as there was last Wednesday,—that is, judging by the heading on page 8, "The Birch and the Primitive Seat," which of course none of us fellows read (one line of it was enough for me), and if there is another of the sort, we shall vote that the *Times* isn't taken in here in future, and I don't think the *Times* would like that. A word from you will be sufficient, I am sure.

Your Constant Reader,
UPPER LOWER MIDDLETON.
Eton College, Bucks, near Windsor, England.

MRS. RAM says she couldn't stop in an out-of-the-way country-place, give up society, and live like a Helmet in the desert.



THE MESSENGER OF PEACE.



BRITISH FRENCH.

Emily. "ASK HER TO GIVE US SOME MORE OF HER SACRED MUSIC, GEORGE!"
George (a linguist). "OH, MADemoisELLE, DONNEZ-NOUS ENCORE DE VOTRE SACRÉE MUSIQUE."

JOE'S JAUNT.

Off to Ireland!—At last. COLLINGS with me, of course:—rather grumpy, because SALISBURY's got the credit of passing the Allotments Bill, instead of himself. Still, JESSE better than nobody. Would create bad impression to visit Belfast without an *entourage*.

In Steamer.—Look up my Irish History—or rather, JESSE's Irish History, which he's borrowed from Birmingham Free Library. An Alderman can do that sort of thing. Also examine revolver. Not accustomed to carrying one. What is the best place for it? JESSE says, "left-hand coat-tail pocket, decidedly, because then you can whip it out in a twinkling." JESSE's confidence contagious—he talks as if he had always been in the habit of "whipping-out" revolvers, like a cow-boy,—or a "three-acres-and-a-cow-boy." Do as he advises. Very uncomfortable feeling. Sit down on revolver in a moment of forgetfulness, and nearly blow Captain's head off. Captain irritated. Asks me for "ransom." Ridiculous!

Belfast.—No end of a reception. Drive through the principal streets. Enthusiastic populace insist on taking horses out of carriage and pulling it themselves. Gratifying, but should feel safer with the horses. Why will COLLINGS bow? I'm the person to bow, obviously. Bad taste, but don't like to stop him. Believe the mob take him for me—or why do they cheer him so?

At Hotel.—Just found out reason of enthusiasm evoked by appearance of JESSE. He's got on an Orange tie! Ask him, reproachfully, why he did this? Pretends it was a mere accident—forgot that orange was favourite Ulster colour. Don't want a religious riot, so make him take it off. JESSE getting grumpier. Can't help it.

Evening.—Before going to meeting, had better find out what Belfast chiefly famous for. Ask COLLINGS. Replies "linen-shirts and handkerchiefs." Try to put him in good humour by remarking that "he seems shirty." Is there no other historical fact connected with place? "Yes," he replies, "visit of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL." Wish he hadn't mentioned latter event. Dispiriting. Reminds one of proposed National Party, with self and RANDOLPH as sole leaders—and sole followers, too, it seems.

At Hotel—after Speech.—Great success. Felt horribly inclined to start another Home Rule plan—my fifth—but fortunately refrained. Instead of

dismemberment of Empire, I offered more Members to Ulster. Ulster people saw the justice of this arrangement at once. Told 'em there were "two Irelands." Isn't one Ireland enough, however?

Coleraine.—A triumphal arch, with "Welcome to English Peasant Emancipators" on it. Stupid to bracket COLLINGS with me in this way. Receive threatening letter. Reminds me of my revolver. JESSE examines it with the air of a professional gunsmith, critically. Appears quite hurt at its condition; says, "I've sat on it so often he doubts if it would go off now," and recommends my carrying a "bowie-knife" instead. Am surprised at JESSE's acquaintance with deadly weapons. Ask him what historical event took place at Coleraine. Says he doesn't know and doesn't care. But what's he here for except to keep me posted up in local details? Hint to him that "I hope I may be able to offer him post of President of Local Government Board in my future Ministry." Replies (rudely, I think) that "he'll wait till I'm asked to form one." *Query*—doesn't air of Ulster exercise demoralising effect on English politicians? Is this the "Ulster Custom" one's heard so much about? RANDOLPH a case in point.

Back again.—Coleraine speech excellent, though I say it, as shouldn't. Cheered to the echo. So was JESSE, hang him! Shan't take him to Canada with me. Now for a study of the habits of deep-sea fish in the pages of a Natural Science Primer.

AN AUTUMN LAY.

(By a Belated Oarsman.)

COME, little Maid, to the cracked piano,
 The semi-grand in the coffee-room;
 We'll take your harmonies all *cum grano*,
 For the strings vibrate like the crack of doom.
 Over the lawn the flat clouds loom,
 And when they lighten the rain falls faster;
 Like gossips who relish a friend's disaster
 The ducks quack loud in the rain-ruled gloom.

I've studied the cracks in the ceiling-plaster,
 And the statuettes with their stolid leer,
 And the landscape visions of some Young Master,
 Who viewed the world through a haze of beer.
 We've done as much with the hostler's cheer
 As sane men may in *corpore sano*;
 So come, little Maid, to the cracked piano.
 Play us "*The Battle of Prague*," my dear.

The silence clouds, like a potion shaken,
 As the limp strings jar to an ancient pain;
 Their light and sweetness no touch can waken,
 And only the dregs of a tone remain.
 The silk-sewn music with fray and stain
 Swoons on the keys at the urgent stages,
 And the little Maid, as she props the pages,
 Just murmurs, "Bother!" and starts again.

And the streaming window again engages
 The thoughts that stray from the field of Prague;
 And the moping birds in their gauze-girt cages,
 And the wax-work fruits of a genus vague;
 And the flies that buzz like a lazy plague
 Round the lone lorn jam, as it stands forsaken;
 And the varnished pike in the mill-pool taken
 About the year that they fought at Prague.

But twilight falls, and its folds encumber
 The misty mounds of the patient trees,
 And sunset cheers with a touch of umber
 The puddles of steel-gray Gruyère cheese.
 And, interposing a little ease,
 Our frail thoughts dally with false surmises
 Of a morning as brilliant as mid July's is
 With bravest sunshine and sweetest breeze.

A soothing silence the soul surprises,
 For the little Maid, like a hero true,
 Has fought her fight through its poignant crises,
 And shown what practice can dare and do.
 And, tearing the moonlight in handfuls through,
 A giant arm in the cloudland sombre
 Scatters the light on a world of slumber,
 Through snowy craters, from gulfs of blue.

BOGEY IN BOND STREET.

(A Legend of the Grosvenor Gallery.)



THE Spirit of Art glided through the streets of Modern London, seeking a resting-place. She entered the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy, but hurried away, affrighted at some of the terrible examples of the illustrious Forty.

"And these are the greatest English painters!" she murmured—"the countrymen of SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, and ADDISON, TENNYSON, MACAULAY, and DICKENS! How is it that Painting cannot keep pace with Literature?"

It sounded like a Conundrum, and the Spirit of Art was not good at Conundrums. So she gave it up. Then she passed into other Exhibitions—there were quite a dozen in the neighbourhood at the very least. But she was unsatisfied, and came away. She paused, and considered. The Spirit of Art had one great English friend (of Irish extraction), who was a Musician.

"ARTHUR is a clever fellow," said the Spirit of Art to herself—there was no one else to speak to—"and if he does compose more comic Operas than Oratorios, it is, I suppose, because there is a greater demand for the former than the latter."

From this it will be seen the Spirit of Art had, on the whole, a good head for business. "Now," continued the Representative of the Beautiful, "I distinctly recollect that the words to one of the songs of my friend ARTHUR contained a pointed reference to the

Greenery Yallery Gallery. I fancy, from all I have heard, that the sort of thing I want will be found in the Greenery Yallery Gallery."

She was quite pleased at the notion. To tell the truth the Spirit of Art was rather weary of perambulating the streets of London—not even the advertisements of BUFFALO BILL on the hoardings gave her lasting satisfaction.

"Let me consider," she said, as she hovered on the threshold of the Grosvenor Gallery, "now I shall find myself amongst the grandest works of Mister JONES. I am never tired of that pale face with the pointed chin—no more is Mister JONES. This frequently-reproduced portrait of a lady is most interesting. No doubt it is a study of a chronic case of dyspepsia that must have lasted for twenty years. Then I shall see the choicest works of MORE and MILLAIS, and WATTS, and oh, joy! of Sir COUTTS-LINDSAY! This is indeed the very spot for a resting-place."

So the Spirit of Art glided up the staircase and into the Grosvenor Gallery. For a moment she was puzzled. There was no dyspeptic lady—"no greenery" and very little "yallery." Then she shivered, for on all sides she found immense pictures of battles and executions ghastly beyond description.

"Why, what are these?" she gasped. "What are these?"

"Catalogue, Miss?" replied a civil attendant. "Thank you, Miss,—sixpence."

And then the Spirit of Art read that such and such a picture represented a dreadful defeat, that a pestilential hospital, yonder one a scene of torture. She found representations of war treated in the most prosaic and unbeautiful form.

She was horrified and fainted!

Then the vision before her became more and more terrible and the entire contents of the Catalogue was unfolded before her. Dying soldiers defying vultures, mutilated Russians lying in an open grave, old men being blown from the guns! Wounds, and fire, and blood!

When she came to herself she hurried away. She thought it out.

"I must gradually accustom myself to less horrible things," she whispered. "I will begin at once. If I were not to do this by degrees, I should go mad!" She called a hansom.

"Where to, Miss?"

"To the Marylebone Road," cried the Spirit of Art—in these days the Spirit is a very self-assertive young person, and not at all like an unprotected female—"Baker Street Station, Marylebone Road."

Then she threw away her Catalogue.

"I must see something less repulsive than this—I must gradually resume my normal condition. Something less repulsive! I have it! I will begin with the figures of Madame TUS-SAUD'S—in the Chamber of Horrors!"

CHAIRS TO MEND.

CONGREGATION at Oxford, having (in an empty House), for the sake of economy, turned the old Professorship of Anglo-Saxon into one of English Literature, and having, with a view to utilising its salary, entirely suppressed the chair of Poetry, it is rumoured that the Hebdomadal Council have already in contemplation a sweeping list of curtailments in the same direction.

The Professorships of Arabic, Archæology, Astronomy, Botany, Celtic, Chemistry, and Chinese, will, it is said, also be rolled into one.

It is hoped that, by some spirited reforms in the direction indicated above, the University that, from the fashion in which it has dealt with the Chair of Poetry, appears indeed to be out at elbows, may survive the financial crisis in which it is evidently involved.

CHANNEL TALK.

Arranged for the use of the returning British Passenger at Breakfast-time. By a very Dyspeptic Contributor.

It is a glorious thing to think that one is leaving France and all foreign kickshaws behind one, and is once more approaching dear honest old England on the deck of a British steamer.

But let us come into the cabin and have a bit of breakfast before we get in.

Surely that table covered with a dirty sheet instead of a tablecloth is not prepared for our repast?

Why, this stale loaf must have been on board quite a week.

It has evidently made several passages backwards and forwards in company with this extremely remarkable sample of butter.

Why does this coffee the Steward has just brought us look like ink and sawdust, and taste like something perplexing?

The Frenchman, who has been expecting *déjeuner à la fourchette*, is surveying with astonishment the dish of mutton-chops they have set down before him.

It is a great pity that they are all two inches thick, and are underdone when cut.

I wonder whether he is thinking, as I am, of the clean, fresh, and trim restaurant table, the excellent *café au lait*, *petits-pains*, Normandy butter, and other "foreign kickshaws," that he has just left behind him in France.

Though he has had to pay three shillings for his hot breakfast, he has informed me that he will wait till he arrives, and take "*le lunch*" on shore.

I wonder whether he is aware that, if he makes this meal at the typical Refreshment-Room, he will have to content himself with stale sponge-cakes, the day-before-yesterday's buns, and small tins of lemon-drops.

But let us get out of the Cabin. I certainly prefer the deck of an excellent steamer to the arrangements made for providing one with breakfast down below.

A QUESTION OF POLICE.

"The rapid increase both of buildings and population which has taken place in the Metropolitan Police district of late years has outrun the increase which it has been possible to make to the Police Force."—Sir Charles Warren, in his *Official Reports*, 1885, 1886.

"The average applications for admission to the Metropolitan Police Force now amount to one hundred *per diem*." *Statistics*, October, 1887.



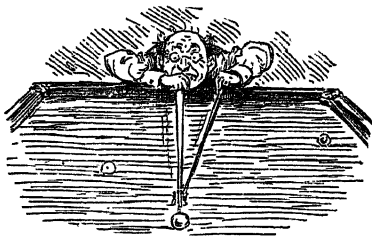
Sergeant Punch (inspecting would-be ex-Unemployed). "So, MY LAD, YOU WANT TO BE A CONSTABLE! RATHER ENFORCE THE LAW THAN BREAK IT, EH? THAT'S RIGHT! HEM! THE FORCE HAS LONG BEEN UNDERMANNED. WE MUST SEE IF WE CAN'T MAKE ROOM FOR YOU!"

NE PLUS ULSTER.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN seems to find the heart of the Irish Question in Ulster. Does he expect to find its solution there? He appears to set little store by the wishes of those not inconsiderable portions of Ireland which, as he says, "do not form a portion of the Ulster plantation." All other parts, even of the favoured province, "though geographically part of Ulster, are not parts of what we know as political Ulster." This certainly narrows the Irish Question. But does it simplify it? We have all heard of those who are "more Irish than the Irishmen themselves." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN seems to be more Ulsterish than the men of Ulster, though they, to be sure, on his own showing, are virtually English and Scotch. In declining to look beyond Ulster, it may be asked whether he looks into the Irish Question at all. Altogether Irish—very!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Danvers Jewels, published by RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON, and written by an anonymous author who dedicates the work to his sister "Dr." (from whom he received some assistance in the story, otherwise he would "never have said 'Dr.'") is a short and well-told sensational novelette in a shilling volume. There is a genuine vein of humour running through it, which is so artistically managed as at first to escape the reader's attention, who becoming more and more irritated with the stupidity of the supposed narrator, gradually discovers that the story which is being recounted by a middle-aged Indian Colonel, who prides himself on being remarkably astute, and on possessing a perfectly marvellous insight into character, is being recounted by a conceited, shallow-pated old ass. I think it a fault that at the very last, by some such accident as being in an assize town and being invited to sit on the bench, he does not see the villain thoroughly unmasked, placed in the dock, and condemned to death, or at least penal servitude for life. The story, excellent as it is, seems to me to want this finish. By the way, why, for no conceivable purpose, quote on the title-page a line from the Old Testament which, as every one remembering its context and after reading the book must see, has no apparent bearing on the subject? Mistake this.

Deadman's Rock. By "Q." Have Messrs. LOUIS STEVENSON and RIDER HAGGARD combined under the signature of "Q." to write



A work by "Q."

at all events the first part of the weird and exciting Romance entitled *Deadman's Rock*? If not let those two authors look to their laurels. There is much in this book to remind the reader of *Treasure Island*, especially the fiendish Sailor's uncouth chaunt, "Sing hey for the deadman's eyes, my lads," which, however, is not a patch upon Mr. STEVENSON'S "Ho! Ho! Ho! and a bottle of rum," in *Treasure Island*. Then there is one line in "Q.'s" story, "And here a strange thing happened," which must call to mind Mr. RIDER HAGGARD'S patent of "and now a strange thing happened." "Q"—rious coincidence, isn't it? But a "coincidence" is not likely to annoy Mr. HAGGARD.

In the first part the most impatient reader will find that he cannot afford to skip a couple of lines without detriment to the narrative, but in the second part he may skip hand-fuls, as the lovemaking is common-place, and time is wasted over the tragedy which is written by one of the heroes, and over the description of their life in London. But on the other hand the scene in the gambling-house is exciting and artistically worked up, —and coming immediately after this, the lovemaking is uncommonly tame,—and the scene at the Theatre is also very good, but after this there is a lull in the excitement until the end approaches, when there is one very strong situation. But the actual finish is weak. So the summing up is that the first part is first-rate, and the second part is, on the whole, second-rate. But who is "Q."?

That is the Q. and what is the A.? *Deadman's Rock* is not a good book for very nervous persons or children: for the latter *Almond Rock* would be far preferable.

THE MUSE IN MANACLES.

(By an Envious and Irritable Bard, after reading "Ballades and Rondeaux," just published, and wishing he could do anything like any of them.)

Bored by the Ballade, vexed by Villanelle,
Of Rondeau tired, and Triolet as well!

THE BALLADE.

(In Bad Weather.)

O! I'm in a terrible plight—
For how can I rhyme in the rain?
'Tis pouring from morn until night:
So bad is the weather again,
My language is almost profane!
Though shod with the useful galosh,
I'm racked with rheumatismal pain—
I think that a Ballade is bosh!
I know I am looking a fright;
That knowledge, I know, is in vain;
My "broly" is not water-tight,
But hopelessly rended in twain
And spoilt by the rude hurricane!
Though clad in a stout mackintosh,
My temper I scarce can restrain—
I think that a Ballade is bosh!

Oh, I'm an unfortunate wight!
The damp is affecting my brain;
My woes I would gladly recite,
In phrases emphatic and plain,
Your sympathy could I obtain.
I don't think my verses will wash,
They're somewhat effete and inane—
I think that a Ballade is bosh!

ENVOY.

I fancy I'm getting insane,
I'm over my ankles in slosh;
But let me repeat the refrain—
I think that a Ballade is bosh!

THE VILLANELLE.

(With Vexation.)

I do not like the Villanelle,
I think it somewhat of a bore—
This tinkle of a Muffin-bell!

The reason why I cannot tell;
Each day I fancy, more and more,
I do not like the Villanelle!

It makes me stamp and storm and yell,
It makes me wildly rage and roar:
This tinkle of a Muffin-bell!

I look upon it as a sell,
Its use I constantly deplore;
I do not like the Villanelle!

Poetic thoughts it must dispel,
It very often tries me sore:
This tinkle of a Muffin-bell!

For this I know, and know full well—
Let me repeat it o'er and o'er!—
I do not like the Villanelle,
This tinkle of a Muffin-bell!

THE TRIOLET.

(In a Temper.)

A TRIOLET'S scarcely the thing—
Unless you would carol in fetters!
If lark-like you freely would sing,
A Triolet's scarcely the thing:
I miss the poetical ring,
I'm told that it has, by my betters!
A Triolet's scarcely the thing—
Unless you would carol in fetters!

[THE RONDEAU.

(In a Rage.)

PRAY tell me why we can't agree
To bid the merry Muse run free?
Pray tell me why we should incline
To see her in a Rondeau pine,
Or sigh in shackled minstrelsy?
Why can't she sing with lark-like glee,
And revel in bright *jeux d'esprit*?
Where form can't fetter or confine—
Pray tell me why?

Pray tell me why that frisky gee,
Called Pegasus, should harnessed be?
Why bit and bridle should combine
To all his liveliness consign,—
To deck the Rondeau's narrow line—
Pray tell me why?

BAD NEWS FOR TEA-DRINKERS.

We learn from a report of the proceedings of the City Commissioners of Sewers



A Simple Clearance under Protest.

last week, that those vigilant protectors of the health of our ancient City had before them a case that fairly puzzled them, and in its strangeness and difficulty would probably have puzzled even a more judicial body than they probably pretend to be. It would seem that they had received a note of warning from the eminent firm of FRANCIS PEEK & Co., that a large parcel of tea was about to be submitted to public auction which was "simple filth," and utterly unfit for consumption.

A Commissioner stated that he was present at the Sale that morning, and that the whole quantity, consisting of 1000 Chests, had been sold, duty paid (it must have been cleared at the Custom House with or without protest), at one halfpenny per pound! The natural expectation was that the "simple filth" as it had been termed by experts, would be at once seized by the officials and destroyed, but this strange difficulty arose. The Medical Officer of Health stated that he had analyzed a sample of the tea in question, and could not swear before a Magistrate that it was unfit for use! He stated too, as a specimen of the wisdom of our legislators, that, by Act of Parliament, Tea was specially exempted from the operations of Public Analysts! So the willing Commissioners found themselves powerless to act, but referred the whole matter to their Sanitary Committee, who, we understand, will at their next meeting take tea, instead of luncheon, made from the remains of the sample, and report the result.

In the meantime *Mr. Punch*, ever ready to assist in a good cause, dispatched one of his City young men to make further inquiries, who reported that he had visited the Auction Mart on three successive days at lunch-time, and had asked one or two of the sharpest-looking of the crowd, as possible purchasers of the wondrous tea, to lunch with him, which they had willingly done; but, although he says he lunched them copiously, they one and all denied any knowledge of the tea sale in question.

"SHEPHERD v. KEEVIL."—*Mem*; Christian maxim for a Pastor or Shepherd, "Do not think evil of your neighbour."

QUITE A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

EXTRACT FROM A GRAND OLD DIARY. MONDAY, OCT. 17.

SELF, wife, and HERBERT started early to escape our kind-hearted, clear-headed admirers; so early, that I scarcely had time before leaving to write thirty post-cards, seventy-six pages of notes for my next magazine article, and to cut down half-a-dozen trees. Train



Master Willie Gladstone "really enjoying, and in some measure appreciating and understanding," our Mr. Agnew's Lectures on Art. *Vide Times Report, Oct. 18.*

announced to leave Chester at 10.30, but got off at the hour. This little joke (WATKIN's notion) caused much amusement. Through opera-glasses we could see bands of music, deputations, &c., constantly coming to the railway-stations to meet our train after it had passed. Too bad! However, to prevent disappointment, and as CHAMBERLAIN has been imitating me and vulgarised my original idea, I knocked off some speeches, in pencil, and HERBERT threw them out of the window as fast as I could write them. So far as we could make out with a telescope, some of them reached their destination, and seemed to be well received.

Awfully pleased to meet Mr. WILLIAM AGNEW at Manchester. Odd coincidence of Christian names. I shall speak of him and allude to him as "The Other WILLIAM." He promised to keep by me, and show me all the pictures worth seeing.

"T'Other WILLIAM," said I, "you are very good. As you know, I take a great and sincere interest in pictures and works of Art, although I know very little about them." T'Other WILLIAM protested. "No, T'Other WILLIAM, I am right. You have been the means of providing me with a commodity most difficult of all others to procure if you do not possess it yourself—that is to say, you have provided me with brains." Further protests from T'Other One. "No, T'Other WILLIAM, hear me out; for you know in all cases where a judgment has had to be passed upon works of Art, I have been accustomed to refer a great deal to you, and lean upon you, because you have been constantly the means of enabling me really to see, and really to enjoy, and in some measure to appreciate and understand, all that you have shown to me." I was so pleased with this little speech that I made HERBERT take it down as I repeated it to him privately when T'Other was looking in another direction. When I brought it out afterwards, at luncheon in the Palm-house, it went wonderfully. So it should, because I felt every word of it. T'Other WILLIAM is one of the kindest and most courteous of my friends.

I was very pleased with the Exhibition, although perhaps (I am not certain of this) I might have seen it better had not about four thousand visitors followed our little party everywhere, cheering vociferously. I was consequently obliged to keep my attention most carefully fixed upon the exhibits, as when I caught any stranger's eye, the stranger immediately (but with an eagerness that did not exceed the limits of good behaviour) called upon me to make a speech then and there upon the subject of "Home Rule." I am sure I should on each and every occasion have only been too delighted, had not Sir ANDREW warned me not to indulge too much in that sort of thing. The crowd, however, had its decided advantage, inasmuch as we were carried off our feet everywhere. In this luxurious fashion we were wafted to Messrs. DOULTON'S Pottery Manufactory, to Mr. JESSE HAWORTH'S loan exhibition of Egyptian antiquities, the name "JESSE" recalled to me the poor misguided Joe's "Jesse," the second fiddle, but *toujours fidèle*, and to a great many other shows of almost equal interest.

But of course the feature of the Exhibition was the collection of pictures. I was absolutely delighted. T'Other WILLIAM explained everything, and amongst other portraits showed me one of myself by MILLAIS. I imagine that everybody must have thought it very like, because when they observed me inspecting it, they cheered more vigorously than ever. For my part I can't help feeling that Sir JOHN might have done more with the collars. He has not (to my thinking, although I confess I may be wrong) put quite enough starch in them. This is my own idea, as I did not consult T'Other One upon the subject. Great as my reliance is upon him concerning works of Art, I reserve the right of using my own judgment in the matter of collars. Passing through the galleries I was delighted with everything I saw. The only drawback to my pleasure was the

fact that I was followed (as I have already hinted) by a cheering crowd, who occasionally, and, no doubt, accidentally, drowned the voice of my kind Mentor. Under other circumstances I should have drawn the distinction between the Mentor and the Tormentors. Think this, but don't say it. For instance, when we were standing in front of "Ramsgate Sands," this is what reached my ears eager for instruction:—

"'Ramsgate Sands,' by FAITH—('Hooray!')—who, as you know, has just written—('Speech! Speech!') 'Home Rule!') 'Three cheers for MORLEY!')—full of anecdotes of all sorts of interesting people. If you went to Ramsgate now, you would find—('We are going to give you another carpet, old man!') 'Hooray, hooray, hooray!') 'Three Cheers for Home Rule!—An extra one for Manchester!')—and practically the sand-frequenter we are carefully examining in this picture are of thirty years ago. ('Speech! Speech!') You must know—('Hooray, hooray, hooray!')"

And at this period my dear friend was silenced by our being carried away in an irresistible stream to the Palm-house, where we took part in an excellent luncheon. Here I delivered my speech, which I pride myself was first-rate. I called Manchester the Modern Athens, explaining, however, that no offence was intended to the capital of Midlothian. Take it all round, then, in spite of the "exuberant interest" shown in me by my fellow-citizens, I have had a very pleasant day, thanks chiefly to T'Other WILLIAM.

A PROGRESSIVE PROGRAMME.

OCTOBER 25.—Lecture by amiable Police Magistrate to six hulking rowdies, who have been assaulting the Police, on the duty of "bearing distress patiently." Tells them "not to do it again," and dismisses them with aid from the Poor Box and his blessing. Surprise of rowdies.

OCTOBER 26.—Unemployed employ themselves in sacking portion of Bond Street, during temporary withdrawal of Police for a little rest.

OCTOBER 27.—Sitting Alderman at Mansion House gives a Socialist Deputation some sympathetic and fatherly advice, and recommends them to "study laws of supply and demand." Invites them to Lord Mayor's Banquet. Deputation accepts invitation readily, and, on emerging into street, is chivied down Cheapside by infuriated mob of other Socialists, who have not received invitations.

OCTOBER 28.—New Leaders of Mob (*vice* Deputation, resigned) denounce sympathetic Alderman as a "bloated exploiter." Nelson Monument pulled down. Ten leading tradesmen, in neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square, unable to do any business, owing to streets being blocked with rioters, go into bankruptcy.

OCTOBER 29.—Gathering of "Unemployed" in Westminster Abbey. Unemployed complain bitterly because chairs have no cushions. The Dean, conducted to pulpit under strong police escort, preaches very conciliatory sermon on duty of Upper Classes, all, except Deans, to give most of what they possess to poor; advises poor to wait patiently till they get it. Retires under heavy shower of hymn-books. Unemployed "remain to prey."

OCTOBER 30.—Westminster Abbey sacked, in consequence of Dean's conciliatory sermon. The Canons go off.

NOVEMBER 1.—Mansion House Relief Fund started. Fifty thousand pounds subscribed the first day by leading philanthropists who have had all their windows broken. Trade paralysed, and numbers of Unemployed consequently increasing. Speech by celebrated Statesman, contrasting disorder and lawlessness in Ireland with universal contentment and order existing in England.

NOVEMBER 2.—Mob helps itself to chief pictures in National Gallery, on ground that they "belong to the people." Raffle organised for the Raffaelles. Fifteen policemen have their ribs broken.

NOVEMBER 3.—Whole Police Force disabled by angry mob armed with bludgeons and revolvers. Sympathetic Alderman at Mansion House ventures to ask Government if "matters are not really going a little too far," and is ducked in Thames. All the West-End shops in-west by looters.

NOVEMBER 4.—Prime Minister declares that "much as he regrets the depression of trade and want of employment, yet he thinks that on the whole, recent proceedings have not been quite creditable to Capital City of Empire." Military called out, and streets cleared in no time. Ringleaders of mob arrested, and given a year's imprisonment with hard labour. Trafalgar Square railed round and planted with prickly cactus. Business resumed and confidence restored. Government begins to think of a Bill to deal with real London grievances—such as rack-rents, slum-dwellings, and foreign pauper labour. *[And high time too!]*

A CLOUD OF YACHTS.—The account of the British owner published last week, confirms the notion that the much-talked-of superiority of the *Thistle* over the *Volunteer* was mere vapouring. This is not surprising. All that could be appropriately expected from such a weed was smoke!

MR. PUNCH'S PARALLELS. No. 3.



DON CHAMBERLAIN QUIXOTE AND SANCHE JESSE PANZA.

Sancho Panza (to himself). "I CANNOT HELP IT,—FOLLOW HIM I MUST: I HAVE EATEN HIS BREAD, I LOVE HIM: ABOVE ALL I AM FAITHFUL."—*Don Quixote*, Part ii., Book iii., Ch. xxxiii.

THE NEW QUIXOTE.

Fragments from a forthcoming Romance of (Political) Chivalry and (Party) Knight-Errantry.

THE age of our gentleman bordered upon fifty years. He was of a strong constitution, spare-bodied, of a keen, not to say hatchet-like visage, a very early (and rapid) riser, and a lover of the orchid.

His judgment being somewhat obscured, he was seized with one of the strangest fancies that ever entered the head of any naturally astute person. This was a belief that it behoved him, as well for the advancement of his own glory as the service of his country, to become a knight-errant (though, indeed, there was, perhaps, about him more

of the errant than the knightly), and traverse the northern parts of Hibernia, armed and mounted, in quest of adventures, redressing every species of grievance save such as were not found in his own list, or "programus," which latter, indeed, he would by no means admit to be "grievances" at all. The poor gentleman imagined himself to be at least crowned Autocrat of Orangeia by the valour of his arm; and thus wrapt in these agreeable illusions, and borne away by the extraordinary pleasure he found in them, he hastened to put his design into execution.

The first thing he did was to scour up some rusty armour which had done service in the time of his great-grandfather, and had lain many years neglected in a corner. This he cleaned and furbished up as well as he could, but he found one great defect—it would not in any part stand one stroke from modern steel, much less one shot from modern gun. However, as he was rather fired with the yearn-



TORSION.

Irish Waiter (to Bow-legged Traveller in the Coffee-room). "BIG PARDON, SOR. HADN'T YOUR HONOUR BETTER MOVE A LITTLE FURTHER FROM THE FOIRE?" *Traveller (fiercely).* "EH! WHA' FOR? WHA' D'YE MEAN?!" *Irish Waiter.* "OOH SHURE, SOR, YEE LEGS IS WARPIN'!—OOH! PHREW! MOST TURRIBLE!"

ing to attack than impressed with the necessity for defence, this deficiency troubled him but little.

In the next place he visited his steed, which though but a hobby of wooden aspect and no paces, yet in his eyes it surpassed any charger that the Achilles of Hawarden ever bestrode, or the Automedon of Derby ever handled. Many days was he deliberating upon what name he should give it; for, as he said to himself, it would be very improper that a horse so excellent appertaining to a Knight so famous should be without an appropriate name; he therefore endeavoured to find one that should express what he had been before he belonged to a knight-errant, and also what he now was; nothing could, indeed, be more reasonable than that, when the master changed his state, the horse should likewise change his name, and assume one pompous and high-sounding, as became the new order he now professed. Failing in this endeavour, he called his hobby, provisionally at least, *Ne Plus Ulster*, a name which if it suggested a sorry joke, was so far fitting that it was bestowed upon a sorry nag.

In the meantime our knight-errant had brought his persuasive powers to bear upon a humble labourer in the fields which he himself had lately left, a neighbour of his, some said of his own distant kin, and an honest man, but somewhat shallow-brained and self-important. In short, he said so much, used so many arguments, that the poor fellow resolved to sally out with him, and serve him in the capacity of a Squire. Among other things, DON QUIXOTE told him that he ought to be very glad to accompany him, for such an adventure might some time or the other occur, that, by one stroke, an Island might be won, where it was within the bounds of possibility that he, the Squire, might one day become Governor, or at least Viceroy. With this and other promises SANCHE PANZA (for that was the rustio's name) left his well-beloved three acres at home, not to name a favourite cow, for a time at least, and engaged himself as Squire to his ambitious neighbour.

Engaged in friendly discourse, they came in sight of eighty-five or eighty-six windmills; and as DON QUIXOTE espied them he said to

his Squire, "Fortune favours us. Look yonder, friend JESSE—I mean SANCHE—where thou mayest discover some more than eighty disloyal giants, and monsters of sedition, whom I intend to encounter and slay." "What giants?" said SANCHE PANZA. "Those thou seest yonder," answered his master, "with their long and far-reaching arms, for some are wont to have them of the full length of a league. Fly not, ye cowards, and vile caitiffs!" he cried, "for it is a single Knight who assaults ye! Although ye should have more arms than the giant Briareus, ye shall pay for it!"

And the story, so far as it has gone (it is "to be continued"), leaves DON QUIXOTE making a prodigiously plucky assault upon the League-limbed "giants," with what result the sequel will show.

TO A LADY DENTIST.

[It is announced that Ladies are to be enabled to take diplomas in Dentistry.]

LADY Dentist, dear thou art,
Thou hast stolen all my heart;
Take too, I shall not repine,
Modest molars such as mine;
Draw them at thine own sweet will;
Pain can come not from thy skill.

Lady Dentist, fair to see,
Are the forceps held by thee;
Lest those pretty lips should pout,
You may pull my eye-teeth out;
I'm regardless of the pangs,
When thy hand extracts the fangs.

Lady Dentist, hear me pray
Thou wilt visit me each day;
Welcome is the hand that comes—
Lightly hovering o'er my gums.
Not a throne, love, could compare
With thine operating chair.

Lady Dentist, when in sooth
You've extracted every tooth,
Take me toothless to your arms,
For the future will have charms:
Artificial teeth shall be—
Work for you and joy for me!

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—The Statesmen used to be called "Pillars of the State." *Pillars!* They now seem to contribute to its support little but endless (newspaper) *columns!*

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM A HOODED EAGLE.

H-tf-ld House, Friday.



DEAR TOBY,

AFTER a too brief holiday I am back again to H-tf-ld and to L-nd-n, and take an early opportunity of dropping you a line. I call the interval since the House was up a holiday for convenience sake; but what with the daily arrival of despatch boxes and the delivery of the morning papers, the repose has been intermittent. I fancy that since the days of Old PAM the recess has always been a mockery for the Premier of the day. D-zzz had some bad times from 1874 to 1880, and GL-DST-NE's subsequent Premiership was not a bed of roses, even in the recess. But they at least had the satisfaction of feeling that they were in power

as well as in office. If they decided upon a particular line of policy, they could initiate it without first inquiring how it might suit half-a-dozen people. Moreover, each was in varying degree supported by capable colleagues, able to hold their own on the platform or in the House. For unhappy Me things are quite otherwise. I may devise a policy for Ireland and elsewhere, but before I can announce it, I must humbly learn how it suits my Lord H-RT-NER-N and my good friend CH-MB-RT-N. As for my colleagues and the help I receive from them—well, that is a matter of which of course I cannot write, even in the confidence of correspondence with you. But I may tell you that over at Châlet C-e-l I found some little time for reading other literature than Blue Books. Looking through SHELLEY once again, I came upon the line descriptive of COLERIDGE, "flagging wearily through darkness and despair,"

"A hooded eagle among blinking owls."

I don't exactly know why, but when I think of some things that have taken place lately, I have a strong feeling of personal sympathy with the hooded eagle.

But this is a trifle melancholy, and will make you think I am in low spirits, or even that there is truth in the newspaper rumours of failing health. Nothing of the sort, dear boy; never better in my life. Full of health and spirits, of hope for the coming time, and eagerness for the fray of next Session. How I have envied GL-DST-NE going about the country making speeches which would have been twice as effective if they had been half as long, receiving the homage of the masses, and driving in state through the streets of Derby, with his led Captain, H-RC-RT, on the box-seat of his carriage! What a curious man is GL-DST-NE, the Elephant of our political life, who can in the morning crush a Ministry, and in the afternoon achieve a petty economy by selling waste timber. There has been a good deal written about NAPOLEON whilst involved in his fatal campaign in Russia occupying spare moments in drawing up regulations for the Opera House at Paris. But what is that compared with GL-DST-NE marching through the Midlands to upset my Government, and, en route, drafting an announcement that timber felled at Hawarden by his own hand would be on sale "at a uniform charge, viz., 1s. 6d. for a small log, or 3s. per cubic foot, exclusive of railway carriage." Of course I know that WILLIAM HENRY has gallantly rushed into the breach, and avowed the authorship of this remarkable proclamation. But if W. H. is allowed to do this kind of thing without consultation or authority, all I can say is that discipline at Hawarden is fatally faulty. Besides, amiable and engaging as he is, I do not believe that W. H. is equal to the unassisted concoction of this incomparable production. However it

be, no one but GL-DST-NE could stand the ridicule of the thing, and he doubtless doesn't feel it.

How is GR-ND-LPH getting on? Not so well as he used, I fancy. His new attitude of friendly neutrality does not suit him, and is, moreover, not nearly so attractive with the people as what I may call his Malayan manner, when he used to run amuck at everybody, including myself. It was a very dull speech he made at Sunderland on Thursday. He must certainly wake up, if he means to keep his old place. Perhaps he is, like me, getting weary of the whole thing, and wishes he were well out of it. If I had my will, I would cut the whole business, and spend my days and nights in the laboratory here. But that cannot be, for the present at least. So you will hear from me soon in the midst of the fray; and, in the meantime, mind you understand that I am in the best of spirits, confident in the present, and hopeful for the future.

Yours, faithfully, S-L-SB-RY.

"COLD ID BY DOZE."

I've got such a hoddible cold id by head,
Upod by word, I wish I was dead;

I really thig I
shall go to bed,
Ad tallow by
doze, as the
Doctor said;
He's cu big
agaüd this af-
terdood;
Why, it's half-
pastthree, he'll
be here sood,
Ad gib me sub
bore of his
beastly drugs,
Ad tell me to
keep warb u-
der the rugs.

Achoo! A-
choo!

Oh! what
shall I do?



I've coughed ad sdeezed till I've dearly blue,
Ad by doze is so sore,
I card blow it bore,

It feels as tedder as if it was raw;
Subbody told be he'd heard of sub stuff
Which you'd odelly to sdiff, ad that was eduff;
What did he call it? Alkarab,
I'll sdd for sub—I suppose it's a shab—
They always are. Achoo! Achoo!
I thig I've dyig! Oh! what shall I do?
Yes, this is the stuff that fellow said
Was sure to cure a cold id the head;
Two or three sdiffs the beggar swore
Would bake you as well as you were before.

(He sniffs.) Upod my soul, I believe he's right,
I've gettig better—it's wonderful quite,
I albast feel as if I bight
Go out and dide at the Club to-dight.

(He continueth sniffing.)

I really will, I feel quite well,
As fresh as a rose, and as sound as a bell,
And I'll always swear that the only balm
For a cold in the head is Alkaram.

"Here, JOHN, put out my evening clothes."

I'll take my grub
To-night at the Club.

Soup, fish, and a bird, with a pint of Larose,
I think that ought to complete the cure,
And make assurance double sure.

Achoo! Hullo!

Why here's a go!

Achoo! Atishoo! Oh dear! Oh dear!
It's all begiddig agaid, I fear;
You card get rid of a cold like bide
By sbellig a bottle of bedicide!

Soup ad fish! It's absurd,

Or to thigk of a bird,

When you card produoude a siggle word,
Ad as for Larose, the tippie for be
Is a cup of boilig lidseed tea.

I'll go to bed,
Ad wrap a red
Welsh fladdel baddage round by head,
Ad stay at hobe for a budth at least,
Till this beastly widd's do logger East.
South Kedsigtoed.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

A MOB-CAP was once upon a time a picturesque finish to a pretty face, and it was of home-manufacture. Now the Mob-Cap is a red abomination, typical of bloodshed and crime, of foreign make, and is mis-called the Cap of Liberty, which, properly translated, is the Cap of Licence. It certainly is not "The Cap of Maintenance," as it is adopted by those who would disdain work, even if it were offered them.

Not for the first time has *Mr. Punch* raised his voice against Street Processions, which have developed into one of the greatest nuisances of the present time, destructive of trade, detrimental to every kind of regular business, and a disgrace to our orderly and respectable London. All processions in London ought to be prohibited, with the exception of such State, Civic, or Ecclesiastical processions as may be deemed essential to the dignity of authority, and which have been, and still are, a source of real pleasure to the Londoners, who dearly love a show, when there is due and proper occasion for it.

If the Salvationist Army processions, with their tambourines, drums, and inharmonious bands, are permitted on Sunday (which English people were wont to observe in peace and quietness), then consistently a Socialist procession must be allowed. And what other processions? Freemasons, Religious Guilds, Clubs,—why should not the members of the Reform, the Athenæum, the Conservative, the National Liberal, organise processions? Why not the Garrick Club, headed by Mr. HENRY IRVING and Friend TOOLE, with banners emblazoned with playbills? No. "Reform it altogether."

And as to the liberty of out-of-door public meetings. Let Trafalgar Square be explicitly forbidden to these mischievous anarchists, of whom the majority are the dupes and tools of firebrand foreign Communists. Let certain places be allotted to them for "airing their grievances," and let each of these places be at least four miles distant from Charing-Cross. Our Parks are the "Lungs of London," and if these Lungs be congested, the health of London will materially suffer. How many hundreds are now prevented from entering the Parks by the fear of King Mob and his rabble rout? Children and nursery-maids dare not take their recreation in our Parks. Think of that, ye Privates of the Cavalry and Infantry, and to a man you will be the first to declare for the freedom of the Parks. Let one of the first enactments of the next Session be a Bill to Regulate Processions and Out-of-door Meetings. Let it be a liberal measure—in the true sense of liberal; that is, showing due consideration for everybody—and let it come into operation as soon as possible.

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KNIGHT THOUGHTS.

SIR HENRY KNIGHT seems to be of opinion that luxurious living, Aldermanic and otherwise, must be a good thing for the poor, because "Money spent in entertainment goes into the pockets of the working classes." If that is so, Dives, in order to benefit Lazarus, can hardly do better than go on faring sumptuously every day. And yet somehow, as a matter of fact, the more Dives feeds the more Lazarus famishes. How is this, O Knight of the Round (Dinner) Table?

"Neither luxury, nor anything else," says the philosophical ex-Lord Mayor, "can be indulged in without purchasing the materials which contribute to or from which the luxury is obtained." Argal, the more luxury among the rich the more money in the pockets of the poor. Cheering thought!—for civic *gourmands* and fashionable fine ladies! Did not a great financier once suggest that England, which tought itself into debt, might drink itself out of it? Here seems to be a chance of eating ourselves out of poverty, of dining ourselves out of destitution. Are there any real "Unemployed" about? Let those who have money spend more of it in "entertainments" and the problem is solved without recourse to Mansion House Funds, Public Works, Eight Hour Movements, or other schemes philanthropical or revolutionary.

KNIGHT's panacea for poverty, this proposal to cure it by "entertainment," is certainly, in one sense, entertaining. But it is to be feared that it can hardly be entertained.



OUR ADVERTISERS.

INVERTED DOMESTIC AND OTHER.

A GOOD PLAIN MISTRESS WANTED by a competent and highly experienced Cook. Must be a thorough lady, accustomed to making herself generally agreeable, and to not prying into household matters which do not concern her. She will not be expected to visit her own kitchen, inquire into the amount of her own weekly books, keep the key of the beer, or object to the occasional visits of members of the local Police Force, in which the advertiser has several near relatives. A little dinner on a small scale now and then will not be objected to, but seeing much company cannot for a moment be entertained. An unexceptionable character from the three last cooks who have filled the place, indispensable. Apply, M.B. Eligible Family Supply Agency, Walker Street, W.

TRAVELLING NOBLEMAN WANTED. A Courier who has a slight acquaintance with the French and German languages, and wishes to air them in the course of a pleasant and enjoyable little outing, is desirous of meeting with a well-recommended aristocrat of unquestionable antecedents, who wishes to visit the leading towns of the Continent in thoroughly first-class style. The advertiser, who would select the routes, generally direct the character of the tour, and expect to have charge of the cheque-book, would stipulate that under no circumstances should any question be raised on the score of expense. None but Noblemen of a confiding disposition, that can be vouched for by testimonials from their near relatives, need apply. Communicate with A. X., Eligible Family Supply Agency, Walker Street, W.

A REAL GENTLEMAN, who isn't too particular, wanted immediately by a Coachman, who will, when sober, undertake to drive his carriage and pair for him anywhere he likes about the Metropolis, and beyond, without smashing him up. Mustn't be hasty and close over stable expenses. Any quiet old duffer, who has been accustomed to let things go their own way without interfering, preferred. Apply to JERU, Eligible Family Supply Agency, Walker Street, W.

A LADY OF TITLE WANTED by A COMPANION who would undertake to offer her Society in consideration of sharing the carriage, home, recreations, pleasures, friends, and general social *entourage* of her employer. As the Advertiser has for some years figured prominently as a garrison hack, and has been somewhat blown upon in consequence, she will not be too particular as to the character of the particular "Set" into which her new surroundings may introduce her; but as she has, by outliving her income, already run through the little money she possessed, she will expect a salary of not less than £100 a year, to enable her to dress up to the false position she has in contemplation to occupy. No recognised old Dowagers, who live a quiet and retired life, need answer this Advertisement. No references expected or offered. N. W., Eligible Family Agency, Walker Street, W.

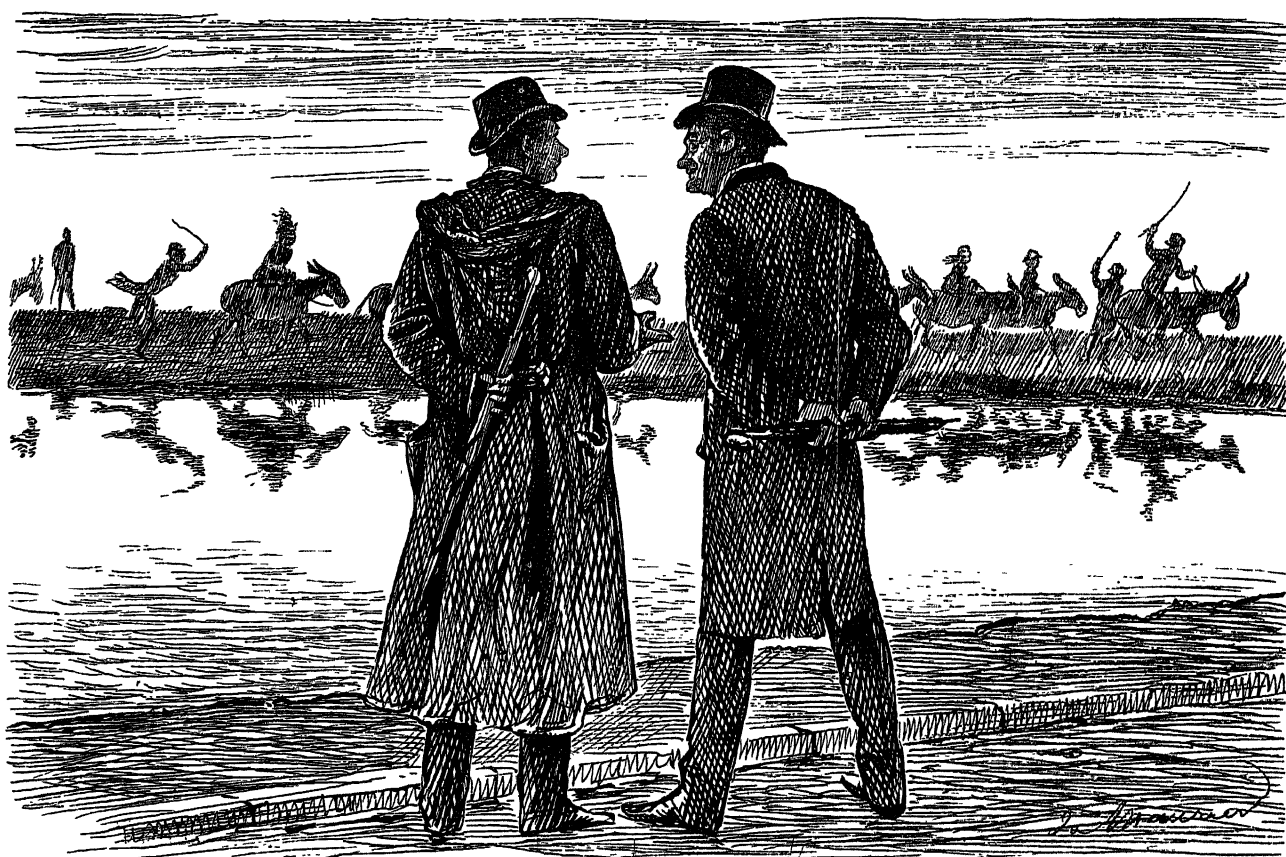
SOFT-HEADED NOBLEMAN OR GENTLEMAN wanted by a shrewd, shifty, pushing, out-at-elbows Adventurer, desirous of filling the post of Private Secretary, and so worming himself into an assured position of intimate family confidence. Would suit a Duke threatened with incipient paralysis. Apply, DIPLOMATICUS, Eligible Family Supply Agency, Walker Street, W.

CHEERFUL AND WILLING MISTRESS WANTED by an Under-Housemaid who wears a fringe and latest form of Dress-Improver, and considers herself generally attractive. State number of Men Servants, and furnish particulars of the sort of society that may be expected down-stairs. Advertiser will expect to receive her own friends on the afternoons of not less than three days in each week. Mistress may refer to servants at present staying in house, who can speak favourably as to her character. Apply, HILDA, Eligible Family Supply Agency, Walker Street, W.

USEFUL AND ACTIVE MISTRESS REQUIRED by a General Servant who will expect her to do her fair share of the work. Master must clean the windows and his own boots, and as advertiser is not an early riser, get up when necessary, and let in the sweeps. Entire Sundays expected out and no interference with visits of the Marine Store Dealer. Character Mutual. S. S. S., Eligible Family Supply Agency, Walker Street, W.

THE ELIGIBLE FAMILY SUPPLY AGENCY undertake to provide exacting and particular modern Domestic with thoroughly satisfactory Masters and Mistresses.

THE ELIGIBLE FAMILY SUPPLY AGENCY have at the present moment applications from several Invalid Gentlemen who require care and solicitude, and will be glad to hear from Widows with an eye to the main chance, and "Superior" Housekeepers desirous of getting hold of an unquestionably good thing.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

Jones (of Hampstead). "THIS IS ONE OF OUR CELEBRATED PONDS. YOU'VE HEARD OF THEM, EH, GRIGSBY?"
Grigsby (who has never been to Hampstead before). "HEARD OF 'EM? I SHOULD THINK SO—EVER SINCE I WAS A BOY! WHY, THE PONDS *ASINORUM*, OF COURSE!"

THE TWO VOICES.

"That this representative body of Working-men, representing the *bona fide* Unemployed Workmen of the East and South-East of London, beg to place on record their entire want of sympathy, and their utter condemnation of the recent conduct which has been made in the name of the Unemployed."—*Resolution passed at a Meeting of Representative Workmen, held in Whitechapel, for the purpose of considering the present position of the Unemployed Workmen, and the grave events of last week.*"

THE Unemployed? Well, here I stand,
 Have stood for many weary weeks,
 With sinking heart and idle hand,
 Hunger's white ensign on my cheeks.
 I raise no howl
 Like yon plump ruffian with the bull-dog
 jowl;
 But the smug swells, with pleasure's honey
 cloyed,
 May see in me the real Unemployed!

Oh, yes! this hand is used to work,
 The hardness has not left its palm,
 I'm no black-coated spouting shirk,
 Like him upon the tub there. Calm?
 By Heaven, I choke!
 Could I but fell the gang at one sharp stroke,
 Ranters who rail, and roughs who watch for
 spoil,
 'Twere one good blow in the true cause of

How shall I make my poor Voice heard
 'Midst this brute shindy, brainless, mad?
 The slime-deeps of the town are stirred,
 All that's bloodthirsty, blatant, bad,

Comes, surging up;
 And I—ah! I hang back and drain the cup
 Of bitter want in silence, blent with shame
 At this base smirching of a Man's good name.

And then the cynic cacklers crow
 In their snug cushions; crow and cry:
 "Oh, the whole thing's a farce, you know.
 The old sham play of Poverty,
 Pushed just once more
 Upon the public boards. An awful bore!"
 So (whilst we starve) the well-fed idlers scoff
 At the spoilt tragedy, and cry, "Off! Off!"

Ah! the sleek fops should take a turn
 At the long, weary foot-sore tramp,
 In search of work, till sick hearts burn,
 Till the cold flags or footways damp,
 Of London seem
 The endless mazes of some devilish dream,
 And tempting visions haunt the fevered head,
 Of the sharp knife-edge or the river's bed.

Wrong? Oh, of course! Our duty lies,
 In dull endurance to the end.
 The faces pale, the pleading eyes,
 Of wife and children, looks that rend
 A fellow's heart,
 And make hot curses from his cold lips start,
 These should not madden men unto the pitch,
 Of violent despair. So preach the rich!

And yonder yelling fools contrive
 To lend some truth to Mammon's text.
 The laziest larrikin alive,
 With babbling tongue and braid perplex,
 Can help do that;
 Whilst I?—a broken head or beaten hat

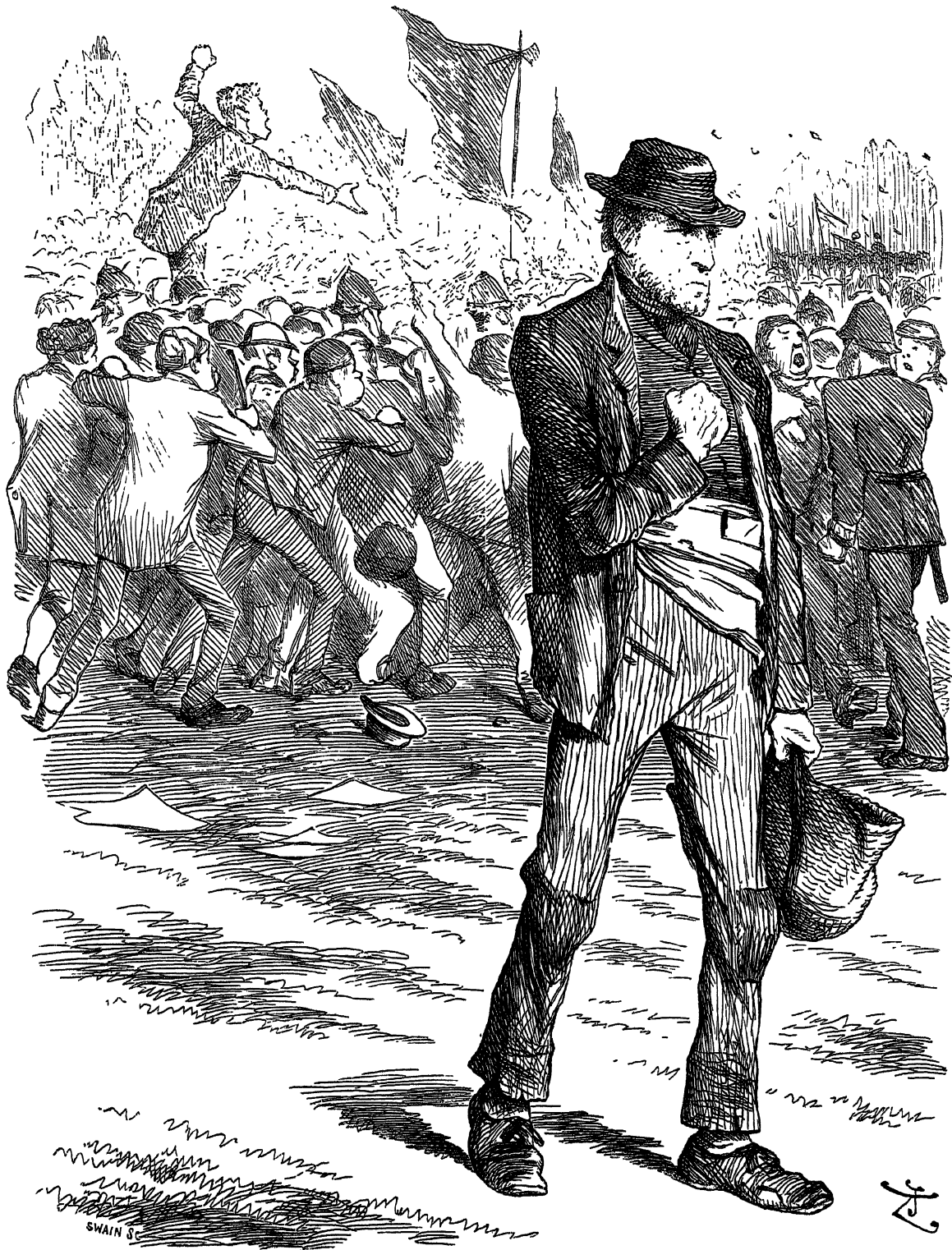
Will not so help me in my present state
 That I should greatly care to "demonstrate."

Only if such a Voice as mine
 Could penetrate the public ear,
 Deafened with all this windy shine,
 And muddled 'twixt contempt and fear;
 I rather think
 'Twould tell some truths might make the
 scoffers shrink.
 But I compete with yonder wolf-eyed brute?
 No; I can easier suffer and stand mute.

If that's a strong, well-ordered state,
 Where tens of thousands like myself,
 With willing hands, must starve and wait,
 Whilst piles of swiftly-growing pelf,
 Sweated from toil,
 Swell for the lords of capital and soil,
 Then—you may rear a city on foul slime,
 And build Society on want and crime.

My Voice! Men will not listen—yet;
 And when they open ears at last,
 Bludgeon won't cure, nor bayonet.
 Meanwhile yon brayer at full blast
 Belies my cause,
 'Midst foolish jeers and foolisher applause;
 And preachers prose, and statesmen tinker on,
 And we—we starve in gold-choked Babylon!

"Mr Nephew, who is very fond of pictures,"
 said Mrs. RAM, "has just purchased the finest
 Pot o' Jelly I have ever seen." Can it be
 possible that the dear old lady meant Botti-
 celli?



THE TWO VOICES.

ONE OF THE REAL "UNEMPLOYED."—"HOW AM I TO MAKE MY VOICE HEARD IN THIS BLACKGUARD ROW!!"

VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—Trafalgar Square. Several thousand loafers and roughs discovered asserting right of free speech, free meeting and free procession. A few hundred genuine artisans out of work standing about moodily. Lines of Policemen drawn up in reserve look on impassively.

A Lover of Liberty. As an Englishman, Sir, I'm disgusted—it's un-English, that's what it is, "dragooning," an inoffensive assembly

like this! I used to think freedom of speech and action was the right of every Briton—but it seems we're to be overawed by the Policemen—confounded impertinence on the part of the Government, I call it!

An Orator (leaping suddenly on parapet). Feller Citizens, are you Men that you stand by with folded 'ands, while unlimited food and wealth lays within a stone's throw? I want yer—

Constables (behind). Ah, and we want you—off you go!

[Disappearance of Orator in direction of Police-station.

Lover of Liberty. Shame! Is a man to be punished for his opinions? Oh, England, England!

Person in Search of Sensation (disappointedly). Well, there doesn't seem much doing,—so far.

Squalid Vagabond (recognising Stalwart Constable, whom he has apparently met before in a professional capacity). 'Ow are yer, pretty bobbish?

[Nods to show he bears no malice.

Stalwart C. (good-humouredly). I'm much as usual, thankee.

Companion Constable (to S. C.). Well, you do know some rough 'uns, I must say!

Stalwart C. Go on—that gentleman's a West-End'er.

Professional "Hook" (to line of Policemen). So you're 'ere, are you? Well, me and my pal must take our little promenade some hother arternoon, that's all!

Sympathiser (to Loafer). And so you've actually been out of employment since last January? Monstrous! The Government ought to find you work!

Loafer. Jes', what I say, Guv'nor. Let 'em gimme work, and I'll do it fast enough. I don't want ter be idle. I ain't on'y my one trade to earn my bread by—but I'll work at that, if I'm let!

Sympathiser. Exactly, my poor fellow, and what is your trade?

Loafer. Why, I'm a skate-fastener, I am; puts on parties' skates for 'em,—and 'ere I am—not 'ad a job for months!

Truculent Ruffian (to Quiet Observer). Hunemployed?

Quiet Obs. Yes—at present.

T. R. Too many o' them bloomin' Coppers about, to my mind—I'd like to slug the lot—they're the ruin of our bisness!

Quiet Obs. Ah, you're right there!

Demagogue (to Police Sergeant). Now, don't you interfere—that's all I ask. I'll speak to them—I have them thoroughly in hand just now, but, if you offer them the least opposition, I—(with much solemnity) well, I won't be responsible for what happens. (He is allowed to address the multitude.) Friends, you are met here in this peaceful but imposing manner in the teeth of a brutal and overbearing Constabulary, to show the bloated Capitalists, who are now trembling behind their tills, that we mean to be taken seriously! Yes, in our squalor and our rage—

[Throws open frock-coat, and displays thick gold watch-chain.

Mob. Yah, pitch us over yer red slang! take orf that ere nobby coat! Harriocratat! Yah!

Dem. (complacently). It is true that I myself am not in absolute destitution.—But what of that, my friends? Can I not feel—

[Here a turnip strikes him in the eye. Yells of "Down with him!" "Duck him!" "Spy!" "Traitor!" Mob pulls him down and attempts to take him to pieces.

Dem. (faintly). Here, hi, Policemen, help! Why the devil don't you use your staves? [Is rescued and assisted home by Police.

A Rough (to Policeman). Keep moving? ah, I'll move! (Kicks him on the knee-cap. Policeman draws truncheon and hits back.

Crowd (indignantly). Boo! Coward! Strikin' a unarmed man—down with 'im! [They beat brutal Constable to a jelly. The Truculent Ruffian (to Quiet Obs.) Are you game for a merry ole lark?

Quiet Obs. You try me—that's all!

T. R. Then, as them cowards of cops 'ave as much on their 'ands as they kin do with, now's the time for a bit of a loot! Pass the word to them mates o' yours—"Pall Mall and no tyranny!"

Quiet Obs. I've done it—they're only waiting for you.

T. R. (suddenly producing red handkerchief). There—now, boys! "Remember Mitchelstown and no brutal perlice!" Foller me!

Quiet Obs. (arresting him). No, you'll follow us, please—you won't do no good kicking, all right, mates, we've got him.

T. R. Oh, please, I didn't know you was a Policeman, Sir, or I shouldn't ha' spoke! Strike me dead I was on'y in fun! (Whimpers.) And I've a good ole mother at 'ome, Sir.

The Person in Search of Sensation. What, another arrest? and simply for showing a red handkerchief! I shall write and describe these atrocities. How abominably these police are behaving—actually defending themselves, the blackguards!

[A Policeman accidentally lifts his arm, whereupon about fifty youths scurry like rabbits; in the rush, the Person in search of Sensation is hustled and slightly trampled on. He becomes annoyed, and hits out right and left—eventually striking a Constable in his excitement.

Const. (who has been without sleep for the last two days and has just had his cheek laid open by a stone). 'Ere, you come along with me, you're one of the wust, you are!

The Person. But I assure you, I just came to see what there was to be seen!

Const. Well, you come along with me, and you'll see a Magistrat presently.

[The Person resists; struggle; arrival of reinforcements; exit party, in "frog's-marching" order, conveying him to fresh sensations.

The Lover of Liberty (emerging from crush). My hat ruined, my coat split down the back, and my watch gone! I told the crowd I was with them heart and soul—and they hit me in the stomach! What do we keep our police for, I want to know?

Professional (emerging in opposite direction). Three red clocks, two pussies, and a white slang, I ain't done so dusty! 'Ooray for the right o' Free Meetin', I sez!

Genuine Unemployed (wearily). Well, I dunno as I see what good all this 'ere is a goin' to do hus! [And no more does Mr. Punch.

FROM MR. HENRY IRVING'S NOTE-BOOK.

(Published without permission.)

Stratford-on-Avon, October 18.—Speech at the Opening-of-Fountain ceremony went very well. Some distinguished Americans were not there, notably Mr. ABBEY. In consequence, had to omit all reference to "Abbey Thought" and "Fountains Abbey," which, as J. L. T. suggested in his letter, would have lightened the entertainment considerably. Also very annoying, but I never thought of it till too late; I quite forgot to say anything about BUFFALO BILL. Cody will be hurt; but I shall be in America before he gets back there, so it doesn't much matter. Yet it was a chance lost. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM CODY. Buffalo Bill, Swan SHAKESPEARE. No matter, keep it for another time. And at the last moment I could not make out what I had written on my wristband as a mem. for speech. It was *à propos* of Mr. CHILD's gift. I see now it was something about "Child's the father to the man." And then an allusion to the sympathy between America and England as not being mere "Child's-play." Very odd, how I forgot that. Still, speech couldn't have gone better. And how on earth I omitted to make any mention of Miss MARY ANDERSON I can't understand! Yet the fact that this fair American is now playing at the Lyceum ought to have stuck in my memory which yet holds its seat in this distracted brain. And, dear me, there was the American Minister present, and yet—bother it!—it never occurred to me, till I was dressing this evening, hours afterwards, that I ought to have remarked on the fact that America was represented here on this special Dramatic occasion by a gentleman bearing a name so honoured alike by English and American actors, and so dear to the theatrical profession as must always be that of "PHELPS." But this will keep, too, for another time. And, after all, in spite of these omissions, which of course nobody noticed, the speech went admirably.

Nottingham v. Sunderland.

"THERE'S no Liberal Party!" cries GRANDOLPH the bold. "Hooray!" shout the Tories, "the straightest of shots!" But the faithful who flock to the G. O. M.'s fold Say, "Our old party bonds are re-tied now—in Notts!"

THE AXE PREMIER'S AUCTION.



Auctioneer. "FINE CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK, GENTLEMEN! SPLENDID SPECIMENS OF THE HAWARDEN TIMBER, IN THE SALE OF WHICH, GENTLEMEN, I ASSURE YOU, I HAVE 'NO INTEREST WHATSOEVER.'" ("Hear! hear!") "NOW, GENTLEMEN, HOW MUCH SHALL WE SAY FOR THIS CHIP, WHICH I LOPPED OFF WHEN I WAS LEAVING HAWARDEN—WHEN I WAS 'CUTTING MY STICK,' IN FACT." (*Laughter.*) "WHO BIDS FOR THIS! DON'T BE ALL FAGOT-VOTING AT ONCE!" (*Laughter and Cheers.*) "NOW THEN,—FIFTEEN SHILLINGS, TEN SHILLINGS, SEVEN, FIVE, EIGHTEENPENCE,—ANY ADVANCE ON EIGHTEENPENCE! GOING! GOING! GOING! GONE! GONE FOR EIGHTEENPENCE, AND CHIP AT THE PRICE!"

[*Auction continues.*]

HINTS FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

SIR,—Excellent as is the suggestion of your Correspondent, "ONE WHO WOULD ELEVATE THEM," that the Unemployed should be forthwith put into the hands of some competent Ballet-Master, and after a proper course of instruction, despatched to all the Board Schools in England for the purpose of teaching every pupil who has passed the Sixth Standard, dancing and deportment, yet I do not think he goes far enough. Why stop at this comparatively subordinate art? Why not make them musicians, teach them to play WAGNER, and despatch them straightway through the length and breadth of the land as enthusiastic Apostles of the great Master? What a glorious prospect to turn the three or four thousand idle loafers who have lately been hulking about Trafalgar Square for the purpose of breaking the peace, into a mighty army of skilled fiddlers eager to wake the glad strains of the spirit-stirring Music of the Future in every quiet village green through the three Kingdoms. And the accomplishment of such a task need not be set aside as the wild vision of some hopeless dreamer. I am convinced, Sir, that if the authorities of the Royal College and Guildhall School of Music, but

set their shoulders to the wheel, the thing will soon be an accomplished fact. Such, Sir, at all events, is the opinion of one who believes firmly in

"THE SOUL OF THE MASSES."

SIR,—Why not paint the whole of London, public buildings and all?—I'm sure they want it. The latter might be done in different colours. St. Paul's, for instance, might be orange, Westminster Abbey pea-green, and the Houses of Parliament a bright blue. If the effect were found unsatisfactory, fresh colours could be tried, until something were hit upon that should be considered suitable. This would afford the additional advantage of providing fresh work for the Unemployed. I don't see what else can be done. Everybody can use a brush, and with a couple, or say, three coats all over the Metropolis, there would be plenty to occupy everybody for the next six months. As to expense, an extra 15s. tacked on to the rates would soon settle that, and I'll be bound there's many a household willing to face that trifling alternative, together with

Yours, practically, one who takes

"THE BULL BY THE HORNS."

SIR,—I cannot but think that, if BUFFALO BILL were to introduce the "Unemployed" into his Show, he would score a big success.

DERBY AND GLADSTONE.

(A Speech summarised in a Stanza.)

AIR—"Derby and Joan."

DERBY, dear, I am old and grey,
Fifty-five years since my opening day,
"Ins" and "Outs" are for every one
As the world goes round.
Derby, dear, I must fain admit
I've altered my mind, just a little bit.
But I learnt freedom's lesson in Forty-five,
And I mean to be true to it whilst I'm alive.

Always the same,
Derby, my own,
Always the same
Is your old GLADSTONE!

THE ACTOR'S PROGRESS.

WITHIN the last half-century, the education of actors has advanced in an extraordinary degree, inasmuch as some have been known to take a degree, or try to, at the University. Therefore the following advertisement in the *Era* will probably cause little surprise:—

WANTED, for La Comédie Anglaise, a Light Comedian, for a few Weeks, while a Member of the Company returns to Oxford to take his degree. Must be a gentleman. Address, &c.

This gentleman, to use the language of the *Era*, seems inclined to "combine leading business with general utility." It is to be hoped he will get his degree, and return to be an ornament to the stage. But if this kind of thing goes on, we shall probably eventually see announced in our theatrical contemporary—"Senior Wrangler and Light Comedian open to engagement in first-class Company."

"THE REVERSIBLE PEN-CLEANER," recently invented by DE LA RUE & Co., will be most useful to Leaders-writers, Politicians, Journalists, and everybody in the habit of using "reversible pens," or pens that can write equally well on both sides. Such pens must occasionally require cleaning; and to be cleaned in this pad they must remain upright.

"A WINTER'S TALK."—That of poverty and distress, which we must do our best to relieve.

The introduction might take the shape of a contest between the "Wild East" and the "Wild West." The former might be armed with brickbats and park-railings, and the latter with their usual weapons; and, were it known that a little genuine blood would be drawn in the entertainment, it might be safely counted on to draw all London. I throw out the suggestion for what it is worth.

Your obedient servant, "A COMMERCIAL WELL-WISHER."

SIR,—As at the present season of the year nothing is more common than to find the stalls of most of the leading West-End theatres empty, a fact which has a very chilling effect on the efforts of the players, why not fill the empty places with the so-called "Unemployed"? A warm bath, a suit of evening clothes, clean shirt, and white tie would instantly fit the veriest outcast that has recently come into collision with the police in Hyde Park or elsewhere, at least outwardly, for the social atmosphere of the place. A central committee might at once be inaugurated for the supply of these necessary preliminaries for admission, and a thousand or two excellent substitutes for the ordinary *habitués* forthwith launched nightly among what is at the present moment left of the fashionable play-going world in the Metropolis. The advantage would cut both ways. Not only would the Management be blessed by the appearance of a perfectly full house, but the loafers, professional thieves, and ruffians who produced it would, no doubt, endeavour to play up to their clothes and surroundings, and, on receipt of a small retaining-fee of 3s. 6d. a head for their attendance, be proportionately softened and civilised by the process. This, Sir, seems to me a very legitimate, humane, and philosophical method of dealing with the present crisis, and as such I trust it will as powerfully recommend itself to your readers as it has to

Yours thoughtfully,

"A PLEASURE-SEEKING SOCIALIST."

SIR,—What are the authorities about that they do not at once embank the river on both sides up to Richmond, and span it with five bridges between this and Gravesend? Then there's the whole of Piccadilly to come down and be rebuilt with the road properly levelled, to say nothing of a great Central Terminus in Soho Square



MIDDLE AGE.

"YOU'RE GETTING LONG-SIGHTED, DEAREST. YOU'LL HAVE TO WEAR GLASSES."

"STUFF AND NONSENSE! IT'S NOT MY SIGHT THAT'S LONG—IT'S MY ARMS THAT AREN'T LONG ENOUGH!"

uniting the Midland, North and Great Western, Great Northern with the Great Eastern, and all the Great Southern lines. Add to this, that the entire gas-piping of the Metropolis ought to come up bodily, and make way for the installation of the Electric Light, to say nothing of the fixing in all the leading thoroughfares of overhead railways on the New York principle, and you have enough work at least to begin upon and meet the present crisis. Let the Board of Works and the various Vestries set to work at once, and as soon as Parliament assembles let it be asked to vote Five-hundred Millions towards preliminary expenses. This, Sir, is, I am convinced, the only reasonable and efficient way of dealing with the present unsatisfactory aspect of the labour question. Such is the opinion of

Yours energetically, "A ROUSED ALARMIST."

SIR,—When the Police have fairly and effectually cleared off the loafers, not-do-a-stroke-of-work gentry, and the sedition-mongers, then we can turn our attention to the wants of the genuine Unemployed. Their case is by no means beyond us. It only needs the active and intelligent co-operation among the administrators of charitable funds and agencies, the Poor-Law Authorities, employers of labour, and others, to give immediate and practical effect to the wide-spread sympathy felt for them by all classes of their more fortunate fellow-countrymen, including your quite sober-minded and charitably-disposed Correspondent,

"COMMON SENSE."

EUTHANASIA.—In a certain Western newspaper we read the following startling announcement, in relation to the decease of a certain lady whose obituary notice appears in its columns:—

"More or less an invalid for a considerable time past, latterly she has been under the care of Mr. — and Mr. —, and her death was not therefore altogether unexpected."

What a lift for the two Medicos mentioned! They, no doubt, are now blessing that Western Editor for inserting this gratuitous tribute to their curative skill. Their motto for the future should be—"Removals conducted with punctuality and dispatch."

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXX.—MR. ALDERMAN SLOCOACH.

WHAT a strange, unreal, almost incomprehensible life must that of a City Alderman be at the present time. Regarded in the light of centuries ago, it all seems in accordance with the fitness of things, and neither ludicrous nor out of place. But now, in these days of earnestness and common sense, what a great sham it seems to the merely superficial observer, and yet, however great an anomaly it may appear, when tested by results it seems to work fairly well.

Suppose we take Mr. Alderman SLOCOACH as an example. He was taken from his warehouse, some years ago, and made an Alderman by the votes of some three or four hundred of the rate-payers of his Ward, the majority of whom knew little or nothing about him, and probably cared less, and in a week or two, he found himself seated on the Magistrate's Bench at Guildhall, to declare the Law, of which he literally knew nothing, and to administer Justice under circumstances so apparently absurd as to be hardly credible. Being probably a conscientious man, and knowing his utter ignorance of the duties that his position demanded of him, what was he to do? What he did was probably the best he could do under the circumstances, and thinking, as he told an old friend with whom he conversed on the matter, that it was better, as err he must, to err on the side of mercy, he made it a point always to consult the Clerk of the Court, and whatever amount of punishment he advised him to inflict, he generally halved it.

Having long since got thoroughly accustomed to the whole matter, and having acquired a certain amount of dignity of demeanour, he is able to go through the wondrous ceremony with comparative ease, but is still greatly troubled with certain qualms of conscience in certain special cases. For instance, when fining a poor working-man five shillings for drunkenness,—he having met an old friend and been persuaded to take more than was good for him,—and that amount probably constituting a full day's income, his thoughts will revert to that particularly jovial banquet with his worshipful Company the previous evening, and whether some one or two of the guests not sufficiently seasoned to these matters, were not quite as guilty as the poor workman he had just fined, and how they would like to have to pay a day's income for this folly, amounting in one case to probably £100! and yet possibly the workman had the better excuse of the two! And then, again, there is that very awkward and puzzling question, that so troubles some of his more conscientious brethren as well as himself, that of punishment for gambling. When inflicting some of those very heavy fines and penalties, which he is told it is his bounden duty to do in the case of betting in public houses, his thoughts must revert to those two most intimate friends of his who are regular visitors at TATTERSALL'S in the height of the racing season; and also to the fact that he himself, as his stock-broker well knows, after leaving the Bench, occasionally wends his way to Capel Court, and buys or sells for the account to very very large amounts; and, though he probably tries his best, as others do, to convince himself that there is no doubt a very great difference between the cases of Mr. BONE and Mr. TATTERSALL, and between playing cards for half-crowns, and buying or selling £50,000 Consols for the account, it was not until his conscience had lost its natural elasticity that he succeeded, and, even now its twinges are, occasionally, very sharp.

When Alderman SLOCOACH was first elected to his high position, his great delight was to attend at the Old Bailey, and occupy a seat on the judicial Bench, and enjoy the supreme satisfaction of feeling that, without his absolutely useless presence, the whole proceedings must necessarily come to a stand-still, and fond memory still looks back to the occasion on which one of Her MAJESTY'S Judges actually said to him, in quite a friendly manner, "Shall we say twelve or fifteen months, Alderman?" On the other hand, he will



probably remember, to his dying day, the look of mingled anger and contempt with which he was received by another of Her MAJESTY'S Judges, of rather irascible temper, when he rushed breathless into Court, having, by his absence, delayed the proceedings for more than an hour.

Naturally, the one particular event to which an Alderman looks forward with the most especial anticipations of honour and renown, is the year of his Mayoralty, when he will have his otherwise humble name associated with those of the famous men who, in very different times to those in which we live, ruled the great City, with courage and discretion.

Much, however, depends upon the public events of his year of office, as to its importance, or want of it, to himself personally, and Mr. Alderman SLOCOACH was not particularly fortunate in that respect. There was no European Monarch on a visit to this country, whom the Corporation was requested by the Government to honour, with the customary satisfactory result to the Lord Mayor of the day; there was no public ceremonial of unusual importance that required the brilliant surroundings of Civic pomp to give it full *éclat*, and as his year of office approached its termination, his solemn look became more solemn, and his hopes evidently grew fainter and fainter. But fortune was kind to him, and a change of Government, which made it desirable to gain the City's sweet voices, brought him the coveted honour.

Like most of his colleagues who have what is technically called "passed the Chair," he takes things very coolly, probably thinking that nothing remains to be done after having passed through such an ordeal. But there is one especial duty still left for Aldermen to perform from which he is seldom absent. They have been deprived of their control over prisons, and of their government of the Royal Hospitals, their control of the Police is almost nominal, but they still have charge of City Lunatics, and it is said that Alderman SLOCOACH is seldom absent from the official visits to them, when the reciprocity of feeling manifested between the poor patients and their visitor is described as quite touching. He is also often seen at City Banquets, and is always quite ready to return thanks for what he calls the Grand Old Corporation, and repeats with painful iteration the old bit of twaddle about the infallibility of Aldermanic judgments and the increasing popularity of their order; but he is wonderfully good-natured, devotes a great deal of time to the gratuitous performance of public duties, assists very efficiently in brightening up many an otherwise dull scene with the brilliancy of his handsome scarlet robe, and would, with his worshipful Brethren, be much missed if deprived of those civic functions that have been performed by them, and such as they, for many centuries past, and which entitle them in all respects to the esteem of their fellow citizens as a trustworthy, sober and honourable body of men.

IMPERIAL INSTITUTORS.

SIR F. ABEL, the organising Secretary of the Imperial Institute, recently issued a very agreeable and pleasing memorandum to the Chairmen of Provincial Committees and others who have assumed an active part in support of the undertaking. After describing the "large measure of success" that has attended the efforts of the local Committees throughout the country, Sir FREDERICK goes on to say that a "considerable number" of them have "signified their willingness to prolong their operations with the especial object of obtaining additions to the 'Endowment Fund' of the Institute which is about to be created." This is but natural. Taking into consideration the fact that in many quarters a handsome subscription to the funds of the Institute has been regarded as a sure passport to honour, and that the non-distribution of titles right and left among a lot of small provincial celebrities has already occasioned a good deal of heartburning and disappointment, this new lease of life, affording them, as it does, a fresh opportunity of struggling for their much-coveted prize, cannot but be hailed by the yet unsatisfied "Chairmen of Provincial Committees and others" with genuine joy and thankfulness.

That plain Mr. JOHN BOPKINS, or Mr. PETER PICKLETUB, Mayor, should suddenly blossom out into Sir JOHN BOPKINS, and, possibly, Sir PETER PICKLETUB, Bart., would only seem to those indefatigable gentlemen an appropriate finish to their labours in furtherance of the interests of the Institute. Their readiness, therefore, to prolong their operations, as it may be measured by the fact that it will have the special object not only of "procuring additions" to the Endowment Fund, but also of tacking them on to their own names, is likely to be both hearty and enthusiastic. Whether anything will come of their hopeful perseverance, remains to be seen; but it is tolerably certain that if some sort of bureau for the sale of decorations, after the latest French model, could be instituted on this side of the Channel, there would be no lack of clients ready to besiege it. But—we manage these things much better in England.

WHEN the Deputation waited on him, Mr. MATTHEWS was the "Not-at-Home Secretary." Quite right too.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM AN INTENDING EMIGRANT.

Liverpool, Saturday Noon.



EAR TOBY,

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea,
But before I go, TO-BEE,
I will write a line to thee.
I am here to join the bark
aforesaid, which will pre-
sently convey JOSEPH and
his fortunes to the United
States. As far as one can
judge from the Press news
telegraphed here, the re-
ception that awaits me is
not very cordial. I have
all my life been conscious
of a tendency to rub people
down the wrong way.
Unhappily the conscious-
ness is borne in upon me

only after the evil is effected. No succession of experience has effect upon my conduct. HARTINGTON and I are pretty good friends now, but I daresay you will remember the night, now a dozen years dead, when I rose from a seat below the Gangway in the House of Commons and, amid frantic cheers from the little Radical Party of which I was then a humble ornament, denounced him as "late the Leader of the Liberal Party." The Markiss is now my friend and ally, and I might almost say patron. The time is too short for me to recall a tithe of the nasty things I have said about him and others who toil not, neither do they spin. With GLADSTONE the process is reversed, but in the end is much the same. I began by adulating him, and now no one can say that that is my precise attitude towards him.

It is more or less well as far as individuals are concerned. But I am afraid I put my foot in it when, in defiance of historic warning, I framed an indictment against a whole nation. Going out to the New World on a mission of peace, I began by aggravating Canada and setting up the back of the United States. When I reflect how easy it would have been for me to say nothing, I stand amazed at my own indiscretion. The only recompense I find in the situation is the chagrin of the Markiss and his friends. They thought they had done a nice stroke of policy in engaging me on this business. It is, of course, not a new procedure. If I were still on the other side, I should take delight in showing that herein, as in the matter of the Convention with France just completed, they have taken a leaf out of the book of their political opponents, and re-issued it with their own *imprimatur*. The last time a Commissioner was sent out from England to reason with the United States, GLADSTONE was in the Markiss's place, and he selected STAFFORD NORTHCOTE as the agent. It was an excellent device, tying in advance the hands of the enemy, who could scarcely denounce a policy for the initiation and direction of which one of their principal men was chiefly responsible. But what a difference between STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and me!—a difference which the Markiss is already beginning to realise. The proposal suited me well enough. It would take me away from the country at a time when my presence here only involves me in embarrassing controversy. Moreover, if I made a great hit, and insured a successful Treaty, it would pave the way for my return to my old position in the popular esteem. As for the Markiss, my acceptance of the work would secure for him an ally on the Opposition benches in the event

of future debate arising out of the Treaty, and would draw into close personal union with his Party what only natural modesty prevents me from alluding to as a formidable antagonist. That was the little game; and for the sake of saying something bitter, under the temptation to gird at an adversary that had affronted me, I hopelessly spoiled it.

Writing to you, *cher TOBY*, in the confidence of friendly correspondence (I suppose your letters are not opened at the Post Office, Berkshire not being an Irish county) I will confess that I really could not help it. It is not that I do not know better, but my temper is perhaps a little peculiar. I am essentially a fighting-man. If any one bites his thumb at me I will know the reason why, and no considerations of what is politic will prevent me from returning a blow. I know that some people think I'm almost to be pitied because (as they put it) I have hopelessly thrown away a position which no one but myself could have destroyed. They think I am politically done for. We shall see. However it be, I shall not forget the wild joy of battle that the events of the past year have purchased for me. I like it best with my back to the wall in the House of Commons, when my old friends jeer and howl at me, and the rapacious cheers of the Conservatives testify their pleasure at seeing me of all men playing their game—as they think. I confess things at the moment are not from any point of view very bright. But I can afford to wait, strong in the assurance that I can do better without the Liberal Party than the Liberal Party can do without me. They call me a Dissident, which reminds me of a story I once heard about an aboriginal resident in the great country whither I am now hastening. A red man was found wandering in the depths of the forest with signs of perturbation manifest beneath his manfully calm exterior. "Are you lost?" he was asked. "No," he answered, "me no lost. Me here. Wigwam lost." It is not I that am a Dissident Liberal; it is the Liberal Party that is the Dissident.

Now here is the Mayor come to say that luncheon's ready, and so, dropping into poetry again, I will say good-bye, With a sigh to those who love me, And a smile to those who hate, And, whatever sky's above me, Here's a heart for every fate. Your faithfully,

J. CH-MB-RI-N.

BOUNTIES TO FOREIGNERS.

First Passenger (in Underground Railway). We're such a frightfully insular nation! Ignorant, exclusive, say-nothing-to-nobody sort of people! Think there's nothing beyond Straits of Dover—or Atlantic Ocean.

Second Ditto (agreeing out of politeness). Horrible? By the bye, that's a nice picture of the Paris Hippodrome, isn't it?

First Passenger (indifferently). Is it? But, as I was saying, insularity is our—

Second Ditto (startled). Hallo! By Jove!—no, it can't be true! Yes, it is—here's an English newspaper taken to giving a column, a whole column, of French news in *French*! (*Humorously.*) Very insular, isn't it?

First Passenger (not understanding the point). Very. And, as I was saying, it's our besetting sin. We hide our heads like ostriches, and refuse to recognise the existence of foreigners. Then what does this insularity mean? It means we're *isolated*—cut off from Europe—hated by everybody.

Second Ditto (roused at last). I don't know what you call being insular and isolated. French Plays are on at a London Theatre. An Italian Exhibition's coming to Earl's Court. We get our music from Germany, our singers from Italy, and our butter and eggs from Belgium and Brittany; and, on the whole, don't you think London's about the most Cosmopolitan Capital to be found anywhere? Ah, here's my Station. Good morning!

[*Jumps out in time to escape indignant retort. Exit.*]

MAGAZINES IN BULK.—It is as impossible to "sample" a magazine by a monthly number as it is to estimate the quality of a wine by the glass. If you take a bottle you know something about it. Thus when we see the *English Illustrated* in volume we are fully able to estimate its worth. The present volume is in every way equal to its predecessors. Volume Fourteen of *St. Nicholas* is one of those good gifts that Brother JONATHAN sends us. It is a delightful collection of child-poems, child-pictures, and child-lore. The editor, Miss MARY MAPES DODGE knows full well how difficult it is to please those keen critics, the children, but she has "dodged" it.

THE MAC BATTENBERG.—Mr. *Punch* is delighted to hear that mother and child are doing well, and congratulates the Infant Princess on being the first of the Royal Family to be born in Scotland since 1600. Could not the next be born in Ireland? "The O'BATTENBERG," would be a splendid title.

LATEST FROM LICHFIELD.—Dr. JOHNSON loved "a good hater." He ought to have flourished next year—Hatey-hate! Ha! ha!!



'EMPLOYMENT.'

First Loafer. "SAY, MATE, IF THEY WAS TO PUT A SHOVEL IN YER 'ANDS, AN' TELL YER TO GO TO WORK, WOULD YER TAKE IT?"

Second Loafer. "'COURSE I WOULD."

First Loafer. "WOULD YER USE IT?"

Second Loafer. "'COURSE I WOULD!—LIKE A SHOT! I'D SPOUT IT!"

ROBERT ON LUXURY.

ALDERMAN SIR RENEY KNIGHT, late Lord Mare, and one of the werry best as we ever had, and so was his good wife, the Lady Maress, hapening for to be a setting at the Manshun House when the LORD MARE was gorn out for a ride somewheres, had to receive what I thinks is called a Deputytashun—though not a bit like reel Deputyts, who is all werry rich—of poor working-men as ain't got not no work to do, and, like the kind gennelman as he is, he gave 'em sum such capital advice as to the utter stoopidity of making theirselves noisy and disagreeable when they wants to make people kindly disposed towards 'em, and as to the well-known fact, that the best friends of the working-classes is them as spends their money the most freest and the most liberalist, that he set the hole City a ringing with it, and as always happens alike in exaely similar cases, up starts a mere upstart of a Pollytickle Economist—how I hates the werry sound of that larst word, which is only another name for stingyness and meanness and sham forgetfulness of the pore Waiter—and says as it ain't true! Like his imperance I think, but of coarse ewery body has a right to his own opinion, however ridicklus it may be. But being a Lecturer, and therefore I spose acustomed to use his tung pretty freely, he mite have been expected to have kept a civil one in his head when he rote his reply to Sir RENEY. Instead of which he fust calls him incorrigible, which I beleeve means that he carnt be convicted, as if a Alderman and Magistrate could be! He then writes of his "Colossal ignorance!" I don't quite know what it means but I'm quite sure that however small the Alderman's may be, the Lecturer's is ever so much bigger, as I'll prove from my own pussional knowledge.

He acshally has the ordassty to adwise the Rite Honorable the LORD MARE not to employ so many cooks! Poor hignoramus! has he ever dined at the Manshun House on a trewly grate ocashun? Most suttleny not, or he never would have written such a silly, not to say cruel sentence. Not so many cooks indeed! Does he think that the Chef who has given his whole mind to the preparing of the Thick and Clear Turtle, is not so utterly xhausted that he has

to drink two or three glasses of werry old Madeary, and then lay down on his sophy and recover hisself by slow degrees. Does he think that the Fish Cooks, with praps six differing kinds of Fish to prepare, is fit for anything else? and how about the Sauce Artists, let him try to emagine, tho' he'll try in wain, what they has to go through in the tasting line. Then there are the French gentlemen who superintend the production of those wunders in what they calls the guestronommick line, wiz.: the *Ontrays*! Is it supposed by this "curlossal" hignoramus, that they can, after achieving brilliant success in these wunders of hart, condescend to turn their attention to such werry small deer as poultry and jints? Suttleny not, the thing's absurd. But they requires cooks, tho' of coarse, not of the same hi horder as the Hartists.

But, strange to tell, ewen this is not the wust. Not only is the LORD MARE advised not to employ so many Cooks, but the trewly wonderful reason is given, becoz he can then employ more railway navvies! Shades of FRANK HURTELLY and SWOXHAY, rest tranquil in your long graves!

But what a dedly insult to one of the werry noblest of all noble perfessions, to compare for usefulness a mere railway navvy to a great Chef. Is this strange economist aware that the great Earl of SERRON, prais to his memory! used to allow his Chef £300 a year and a Horse and Broom for the Park! But all sitch conclusive arguments is I fear utterly lost upon him.

However, there is just one matter for which I have to thank him. I confess that my face werry possibly turned gashly pale as I read his orful letter, I fornatrally thort if he is going to recommend less Cooks he may werry possibly be a going for to recommend less Waiters! But no, he had the good taste to draw his line there, and for that I thanks him. What a treat it is to turn from the wild projecks of the Lecterer to the wise counsels of the Alderman. No doubt, he says, we could all do without luxuries, but what would become of the millions who produces them? No doubt, he says, we could all live on plain food and drink water—what orful words for a Alderman to write down!—but then what would become of the millions who earns their living in preparing them, and he might have added, as a clencher to his staggering argument, and what would become of Hus? If there is one picter that presents itself to my orrified imagination, that more than any other staggers it, it is that of the hole splendid Army of London Waiters, with their full dress black coats a gitting jist a leetle shabby, and their lovely white chokers jist a leetle shady, a parading the London Streets, and a singing in Chorus, "We've got no work to do!" But no, I feels as that orful dream will never live to be realised, but, to use the classic langwidge as the Lecturer quotes from some frend of his, and which I supposes as he intends as a complement, "let the idol rich still take their proper place as drones in the hive, gorging at a feast to which they have contributed nothing," and he might have added, and never never forgetting the Waiter.

ROBERT.

MR. PUNCH was pleased to notice that a certain noisy



stop all unauthorised Processions, be they what they may.

THE disastrous fire at WHITELEY's occupied the entire attention of thirty-four steam fire-engines, "leaving," says the *Standard*, "about a dozen for the rest of London." The "rest" of London will be considerably disturbed if this state of things continues. We are under-police'd and under-fire-brigaded. If GRANDOLPH the Great is afraid of becoming one of the Unemployed, and so getting into mischief, let him turn his attention to supply and demand in this direction, and the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer may do some good.



THE NOT-AT-ALL-AT-HOME SECRETARY.

Mr. General-Inspector Punch. "NOW THEN, MATT, MOVE ON! DON'T INTERFERE WITH THE POLICE IN THE EXECUTION OF THEIR DUTY."

"The change of tactics last week on the part of the Police, in permitting a Meeting in Trafalgar Square, was said to be due to the interference of the Home Secretary."—*Daily Papers.*

T'other and Which; or, an Old Saw re-set.

The Showman at Nottingham or Islington (exhibiting figures of G. O. M. and Orchid Joe). Here you see the Separatist Party as large as life!

Dubious Elector. Please, which is the Separatist Party?

Showman. Whichever you please, my little dear. You pays your money, and you gives your vote.

FREE AND VERY OPEN.—In Canterbury Cathedral, the other day there was only one worshipper present at the Service! The occurrence is declared to be unprecedented, four having been the previous low-water-mark of attendance. It might be described as "one-man rule," only it isn't the rule, but the exception, it seems. If this sort of thing spreads, the craze for restoring our Cathedrals ought to give way to a cry for restoring their congregations. Was the Service altered to "Dearly Beloved Brother" or "Sister?"

SHOWS VIEWS.

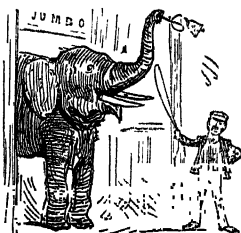
By Victor Who-goes-Everywhere.

M. COQUELIN is at the Royalty with an efficient French Company appearing in a round of his best-known characters. He has already



taken part in *Un Parisien*, *Don César de Bazan* and an entirely new piece (first time in London and elsewhere) *L'Ainé*. This last I had the pleasure of seeing the other evening, and was delighted to find that it was a play that could be safely recommended as a fit entertainment for their charge to the guardians of that apparently very easily-influenced infant, "The Young Person." It is rather suggestive of several English original pieces, amongst the rest *Miriam's Crime* and *Faded Flowers*. The adopted daughter (rescued as a child from the gutter) of a millionaire, after her protector's death, undertakes the reformation of her benefactor's brother, who takes, through intestacy, the whole of his senior's estate. To carry this out effectively, the young lady prevents the heir from drinking his *chasse* after his coffee, and playing a game of *écarté* with an old friend, for love, and finally offers to marry him. The heir is as quiet as a lamb under these inflictions, until he discovers that his *fiancée* loves some one else, when he proposes, at the earliest possible moment, to commit suicide. This inconvenient intention is prevented, the adopted daughter marries the man of her choice, and the heir goes back to America, thus all ends happily. COQUELIN, as the heir, was seen to very great advantage in the less sentimental parts of the character, but was not quite so successful when he commenced crying over the portrait of *L'Ainé*, which, by the way, was a very excellent likeness (without the eyeglass) of the Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. For the rest Madame MALVAU was rather a mature adopted daughter, M. ROMAIN (as "*Georges—her friend*") a little too heavy in more senses than one as the superfluous lover, and M. DUQUESNE a very excellent lawyer. There is nothing particularly brilliant in the writing, and only one line raises a laugh. When the vagabond friend of the heir extends his hand, *M. Vivien*, without a movement, merely asks, "*Combien?*" But on its repetition this admirable joke did not "go" quite so well. Still there is a freshness in the central idea of the play which is welcome. As a rule every one on the French stage weeps over somebody's mother, but in this case the tears were reserved for somebody's brother. It is said that the Author of the piece, M. PAUL DELAIR, is a novice at stage-craft. This seems to me very likely, as had he had more experience, I fancy he would have allowed (especially if he had known that the character was going to be played by M. ROMAIN) *M. Georges* to have been shot dead in the First Act. This would have been really a great improvement, especially had *Yveline* (the adopted daughter) been allowed to expire from grief early in the Second. Joking apart, *L'Ainé* is not half a bad piece, although I cannot conscientiously go so far as to say that it is half a good one. Before the engagement of M. COQUELIN is over, the talented actor has promised to play *Gringoire*. No doubt this will be produced for the benefit of Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, who richly deserves the compliment.

The Paris Hippodrome has once more taken possession of Olympia, where it seems likely to remain until well into next year. The entertainment is of the customary quality, which is saying a great deal in its praise. There are excellent *troupes* of acrobats and performing dogs (with a wonderful black poodle that is the best clown that has appeared in a Circus for many a long year), chariot-races, and horsemanship in all its branches. This season the Ladies have it all their own way. The last time M. HOUCKE visited us, Gentlemen drove the team of thirty-two, and jumped over the hurdles with the tandem of three; now their places are supplied by members of the fairer sex. The horses who take part in these feats are so admirably trained that the element of danger is entirely eliminated, and, consequently, the change is an improvement. Then an accomplished cob and an elegant elephant take a turn together in more senses than one, for they dance *vis-à-vis* a waltz and a polka. The novelty of the Show, however, is kept for the second part, and is apparently a page from the Algerian experiences of General BOULANGER. The attention of a tribe of Arabs



(seemingly on their road to church) having been attracted to a military train containing "a bugle-band of Turcos and some half-dozen soldiers of the French line, devotions are temporarily abandoned for a pitched battle. The Arabs fire upon the Europeans, who, however, after a lively skirmish, succeed in "taking up a position" with the bugle-band, and then retire. The Arabs bearing no ill-will, dancing follows, and the fighting being quite over and forgotten, General BOULANGER, accompanied by a Staff, swaggers in and assists at further military exercises. Then the bugle-band heads the procession of French and Arabs, and, after marching past BOULANGER, *exceunt*. The attack upon the train, if a little perplexing from a purely historical point of view, is capitally managed, and very exciting. Since the opening night the large hall has been very well attended; and now that the American Exhibition is closed, may be expected to be crowded—and a crowded audience at the Addison Road cannot be recorded in less than five figures. "The Wild West is gone—long live Olympia!"

A second visit to the Royal Westminster Aquarium has not improved my opinion of "the Wolves, the Wolves, the Wolves!" (see Advertisement) as a pleasure-insuring entertainment. I have already said that the tricks of these animals cause a "creepy" sensation, and when I made this observation I referred to the "kissing act," wherein a wolf embraces the portly person in the Polish lancer's uniform who has trained it. But the fights between master and brutes are even less tolerable, as may be judged to be the case when I say that, on a recent occasion when I was present, the trainer seemed to be a good-half-hour (no doubt it was an infinitely less period of time) in getting one of his wild beasts into its allotted cage. It is not at all a nice sight to see a man beating a snapping and yelping wolf with a whip, for one feels that there is the element of cruelty on both sides. Take it allround, I prefer "the *belle FATMA*,"—that is, taking her all round, on which I need hardly say I should not venture,—to "the Wolves, the Wolves, the Wolves!" And I sincerely hope that *FATMA* (the old lady near her looks more like *Fat Ma*) may always be able to keep the wolf from her door.

GENTLE JOHNNY BULL.

THE way with "demonstrations" tyrants used to take was brief—Justices gave a rioter the guerdon of a thief! Not only durance vile—our gentler nature how it shocks—But whipping—cheer, and oh! they set their Brother in the Stocks!

In those days a Stump-Orator had reason to take care, How he denounced, derided, and defied the Powers that were. And if he talked High Treason—Imagine this, my dears! They put him in the pillory, and sometimes clipped his ears.

A People's Friend, unless he took good heed to what he said, Was liable to answer for his language with his head. How venerable soever, a too talkative old Cook, His eloquence might bring him, though a Statesman, to the block.

But happily we, Brethren, now are men of milder mood, And not, as were our ancestors, vindictive, stern, and rude. So much has done the milk of human kindness to assuage, The bile of British hardihood in this forbearing age!

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

SIR,—You are wrong in supposing that the term, "Old Fireworks," was originally applied to myself. I am of opinion, though I speak under a certain amount of correction, not such, however, as my young friend, GRANDOLPH, would like to supply, that the term Old Fireworks was first applied to the celebrated *Mr. Pickwick*, though upon what occasion and by whom I cannot at this moment call to mind. To your second question, as to whether I approve of the conduct of *Mr. Samuel Weller* in resisting the Head Constable *Grunner*, I should say that, considering the provocation offered, *Mr. Weller* seems to have acted with remarkable self-restraint.

Yours faithfully, G. O. M.

P.S. Chips, real good chips, warranted quite dry, and only waiting for a match to set them in a blaze, may now be had at Hawarden Lodge at the ridiculously small charge of three-pence a piece, or two shillings and five-pence halfpenny per dozen. Immediate application personally or by letter is recommended. Also a copy of Nottingham speech and the Mitchelstown telegram, which, should any difficulty be experienced in kindling a bonfire, will at once set the heap into a splendid blaze. My song and chorus—

Remember, remember,
The Mitchelstown ember,

and so forth, ought to be ready at all respectable music-publishers by November 3rd. 2s. 6d. per copy. Great reduction for clubs, schools, &c. Chips! Chips! in the name of the Profit! Chips! G. O. M.



"LIKELY TO GET ON IN LIFE."

Papa. "IF I GIVE YOU SIXPENCE, AND TELL YOU TO BUY FIVE PENNY PAPERS, HOW MUCH CHANGE WILL YOU BRING BACK TO ME?"

Sharp Boy (considering). "WELL, PAPA—LET ME SEE—IF YOU GAVE ME SIXPENCE—"

Papa. "YES—YES. HOW MUCH CHANGE TO BRING BACK TO ME?"

Sharp Boy (readily, and with decision). "NONE—NOT IF YOU GAVE ME THE SIXPENCE!"

[*Papa determines to put the question in a different way next time.*]

TO THE INCOMPLETE (POLITICAL) ANGLER.

O BRUMMAGEM JOSEPH, my boy, will you halt on
Your sturdy, but scarce diplomatical way,
And take from an ancient disciple of WALTON
A few friendly hints about patience and "play"?
As an Angler you have *Mr. Punch's* best wishes,
But do you consider it wise, ere you start
To throw stones in the water, and stir up the fishes?
That's scarcely the right piscatorial art.
No, stillness and silence, and delicate tact, Sir,
Are needed for handling the rod and the reel.
You may pelt and may splash, but you'll find it a fact, Sir,
Who frightens the fishes will not fill his creel.

HADWICE GRATIS.—The Vaudeville Theatre announces a new play by Mr. ENERY HAUTHOR JONES, called *Heart of Hearts*. To popularise it for Town use, much better call it '*Art of Arts*' at once.

NEW ORDER (*not issued from the Horse Guards.*)—The entire British Army to be submitted to a Fortnightly Review for the next three months at least.

MEM. FOR POLICE BY GENERAL-INSPECTOR PUNCH.—Stop the Orators in Trafalgar Square, and let the Fountains be the only ones to spout.

'ARRY STRATFORD-ATTE-BOW'S FRENCH MOTTO FOR THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.—"*Toujours Guy.*"

OUR ADVERTISERS.

INVERTED, EDUCATIONAL, MEDICINAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED, BY AN INCORRIGIBLE LITTLE BOY, whose Parents have threatened to send him away from home or account of his perpetually insufferable conduct, a suitable domicile where he will be afforded every facility for continuing it without hindrance and interruption. A quiet old country clergyman, and his wife, both a little short-sighted, and hard of hearing, occupying a retired Vicarage, that is in want of a little waking up, might write. House must be conveniently arranged for the setting of booby-traps, possess a good old-fashioned striking-clock, with accessible inside, a get-at-able upstairs' cistern, a dinner-gong, and plenty of bells. Bedroom might be furnished with a view to an occasional display of fireworks. Staircase with good top-to-bottom slide-down balusters indispensable. Would be glad to hear if there is a powerful garden-engine, in good working-order, on the premises and also whether there is a decent sweetstuff and gunpowder-shop within easy distance. Apply by letter to "**TARTAR**," Searum Hall Flingover, Notts.

THE PRINCIPAL OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S ACADEMY who has, in turns, been a Stock-jobber, a Solicitor struck of the Rolls, a Light Comedian, an Undertaker, a Professor of Calisthenics, and a Hansom-cab Driver, and has now taken to the Education of Youth as a last resource to make ends meet, is anxious to hear from a sufficient number of dupes, in the shape of parsimonious Parents, to enable him to start his scheme, and see whether he can make anything out of it. They must be fools enough to believe that a thoroughly high-class, commercial, and classical education, including instruction in five modern languages, fitting the recipients for immediate entry into either the Church, the Army, or the Bar can be furnished, together with the use of an extensive swimming bath and gymnasium, and an unlimited supply of the very best diet, without any charge for washing, books, or extras, for twenty guineas per annum. The fact that a retired waiter from Boulogne Restaurant takes charge of the Modern Languages, while the Higher Mathematics and swimming are entrusted to a late Custor House Officer, and the Classical and other Departments, are under the immediate supervision of the Principal, may be taken as a guarantee that the advertised curriculum is scrupulously and efficiently carried out. Apply for further Particulars to "**PRINCIPAL**," Uncertificate Tutors Association, S.E.

WANTED, BY THE PROPRIETOR OF A PATENT MEDICINE, a nervous and confiding Client who after reading whole newspaper advertising column of diseases, and persuading himself that he is afflicted with most of them, will believe that for an outlay of 1s. 1½d., he can entirely cure himself of the whole of them on the spot. He must not be disheartened if the first trial produces no effect. On the contrary, if the nostrum appears to develop fresh and disagreeable symptoms, he must manfully persevere, and face in turn neuralgia, rheumatic gout, fever, lumbago, sciatica, incipient paralysis, and even greater complications, rather than relinquish the remedy when he has once had recourse to it. In this way, it is obvious, he will not only be able to afford a permanent support to the sale of a dangerous and deleterious compound, but will by its continual use, effectually and completely succeed in ultimate shattering his own constitution. Apply, "**PROPRIETOR**," Jollop's Specific Restorator, Patent Medicine Works, Pill Hill, N.E.

WANTED, A QUITE INEXPERIENCED HORSEMAN, to purchase, on the recommendation of a tricky Job Master, thoroughly unsound and spavined Bay Cob that will be represented as having been "parted with" by its late owner, "a sporting Duke for 'no fault whatever.'" The creature, however, that is short the wind, swollen at the hocks, an ugly stepper, and has not a single good point about it, having recently, when in the funeral business, kicked in a hearse, it has been decided to palm it off on the first unsuspecting purchaser that turns up as "quiet to ride" and "good 'nically in harness," and it may confidently be relied upon to thrash an unskilful or aged rider, or smash up a brougham at the very earliest opportunity. As it has also, at a previous period in its career, served as a trick horse at a Circus, and will, on meeting German band, sit down on its haunches, it might be safely secured by any equestrian to whom some astonishment and a little merriment mingled with his morning's ride might prove a pleasing experience. Can be seen at GULLY'S Stables, Blinder Street, S.W.

A FEW THOROUGHLY UNSUSPECTING TENANTS wanted by a Jerry Builder, who has just run up a terrace new houses anyhow, and is anxious to see if anybody can manage life in them. None of the doors shut, all the windows let in draught and there are practically no drains. As the walls are one brick thick and the playing of a piano can be heard through six houses, neighbor of a conversational turn might find a residence in them advantageous. Warranted to come down with a run in a high wind. Apply "**Builder**," Dustbin Terrace, Killingham Road, E.



THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Guest. "WELL, GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN!—AND YOU 'VE REALLY GOT A VERY NICE LITTLE PLACE HERE!"

Host. "YES; BUT IT'S RATHER BARE, JUST NOW. I HOPE THE TREES WILL HAVE GROWN A GOOD BIT BEFORE YOU'RE BACK, OLD MAN!"

CONVENTIONAL POLITENESS.

Madame France (with effusion)—

"And doth not a meeting like this make amends?"

I trust I have quoted with textual accuracy your so charming, and to the actual situation happily appropriate poet?

Mr. Bull (avec empressement). It does—or perhaps I should say doth—indeed, Madam. As to the bit from the bard—well, may its appropriateness never be less! How much pleasanter than the grim dictum of an elder rhymester, who referred to your people as those

"Whom nature hath predestined for our foes,
And made it bliss and virtue to oppose."

Madame France. The barbarian! Oppose, indeed! Why should we oppose each other, dear Monsieur BULL?

Mr. Bull. Why, indeed?

Madame France. True, your bellicose Lord PALMERSTON did oppose my great FERDINAND's grand idea, and that from motives the most insular and unenlightened. Just as some few poltroons in your sea-girt isle at present oppose the Channel Tunnel, which yet, in good time, will doubtless become as benign an actuality as the Suez Canal itself.

Mr. Bull. Humph! PAM had perhaps his reasons, which, in the light of subsequent events, one must admit not to have been without their weight.

Madame France. Oh, Monsieur BULL! "Greater freedom of intercourse between nations is the tendency of our industrial and social development, and the tide of human intelligence cannot be arrested by vague fears." So I read in a pamphlet on the Tunnel. How true, is it not?

Mr. Bull. Doubtless; as true as that the tide of invasion could not be arrested by cosmopolitan cant.

Madame France. Invasion? Fie, Monsieur BULL! In the new lexicon of international amity there is no such word.

Mr. Bull. If the excision of the word could absolutely abolish the possibility of the thing, all would be well—between you and Germany, for instance.

Madame France. Sacre-e-e! I beg pardon. Expletives should also be banished from civility's lexicon. But BISMARCK is a *monstre*, a *miserable*,—whereas you—!

[Bows sweetly.]

Mr. Bull. Inarticulate flattery, Madam, is irresistible—and unanswerable. The renewal—if, indeed, it was ever *really* interrupted—of the *entente cordiale* between us, is a blessed boon not to be matched in value by a hundred—Tunnels!

Madame France. And this Convention is the sign and seal of that renewal, *n'est-ce-pas*? I *knew* you never intended to stop in Egypt.

Mr. Bull. Longer than was necessary—assuredly not, Madam. And I was *certain* the New Hebrides had no real charms to permanently arrest your feet.

Madame France. Though a *pied à terre* in Karaitea, of course—you comprehend, Monsieur!

Mr. Bull. Perfectly. The questions of Egypt and the New Hebrides, of our post near the Pyramids, and your Protectorate near Tahiti, have, of course, no real connection.

Madame France. Obviously, Monsieur! Are they not dealt with in separate Conventions?

Mr. Bull. Ah! if all quarrels—I beg pardon, political problems—could as easily be settled by a Conventional Act!

Madame France. How welcome to you, Monsieur, to all parties in your Parliament, to the "rescuers" as to the "retirers," to your Lord CHAMBERLAIN, as well as to your Grand Old GLADSTONE, must be the prospect of an early, not to say immediate withdrawal from the Land of the Pharaohs! Surely the fugitive Israelites of old never left it with such pleased promptitude as *you* will—"scuttle out" of it! Have I accurate memory of the Beaconsfieldian phrase, Monsieur?

Mr. Bull. Your memory, Madam, is miraculous. The forty centuries—or, *however*, many more *there may happen to be there at the moment of my departure*—will doubtless, in the words of your own great phraser, "look down from the Pyramids" with emotions not less marked than my own—and yours, Madam.

Madame France. My emotions at the present moment—and yours, I hope, Monsieur—are simply of supreme joy at the so happy removal of difficulties and the so complete restoration of amity between us by this charming Convention, so satisfactory in its actual terms, so much more so in its promises for the future. I felicitate you, dear Monsieur BULL.

Mr. Bull. And I, Madam, reciprocate your felicitations. (*Aside.*) It pleases her, apparently, and I do not see that it can possibly hurt me!

[Left bowing.]



CONVENTION-AL POLITENESS.

JOHN BULL. "DELIGHTED, MY DEAR MADAM! IT PLEASES YOU, AND—(Aside)—IT DOESN'T HURT ME!!"



SPEEDING THE PARTING GUEST.

Host (who has trod on the Lady's Skirt). "OH! FORGIVE ME! YOU SEE IT'S MY NATURAL INSTINCT TO DETAIN YOU!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"My Autobiography and Reminiscences," by W. P. FRITH, R.A. The Modern Hogarth, painter of "Ramsgate Sands," "The Derby Day," and "The Road to Ruin," can use his pen as well as his pencil. "Where got thou that goose-quill?" as *Macbeth* would have said, had SHAKESPEARE wished him to do so. How is it that Mr. FRITH has never employed his goose-quill before? Sometimes it is soft-nibbed, and occasionally hard-nibbed, but it is almost always well pointed; and, though he writes with an overflowing pen—for he frequently has to check his impulsive waywardness—yet there is scarcely a blot on the paper throughout the two volumes.

MR. FRITH is, first and foremost, a humorist, and, in his humour, so like THACKERAY, and so unlike DICKENS, that it is no wonder, considering the consistent inconsistency of human nature, he should have loved the latter, and disliked the former. Yet, with all his aversion to THACKERAY, personally—and "all his works" too, apparently, as he hardly mentions them—he records something very remarkable about the Satirist of the Snobs which could not be guessed at from THACKERAY's own letters, nor from the anecdotes told about him. And it is this; that THACKERAY could make, and on occasion did make an excellent after-dinner speech. At the Macready banquet with BULWER LYTTON and DICKENS present, Mr. FRITH tells us, "THACKERAY also spoke well and very humorously." And there are three other instances; so that THACKERAY, who has recounted his own failure at the Literary Fund dinner, and whose utter collapse at the Cornhill Magazine dinner is a matter of Literary history, was not always a mistake as an after-dinner speaker. The modesty exhibited by Mr. FRITH in this autobiography is an exhibition as novel and attractive as was FRITH's other exhibition in Bond Street,—because few autobiographers possess so keen a sense of humour as to be able to laugh at themselves, and to be candid about their own foibles and follies. Indeed some persons may think, and indeed he inclines to this opinion himself, that he goes too far in his frankness when narrating the practical jokes of that unscrupulous and cruel *farceur* SOTHERN the actor, in some of which the autobiographer appears to have played a small, but not altogether unimportant part. In his way Mr. FRITH is as frank and open in

his revelations as to his past career, as was Cardinal NEWMAN in his straightforward *Apologia pro sua vita*. In fact in these SOTHERN latitudes—there was a great deal of latitude in that quarter—Mr. FRITH's work is suggestive less of an autobiography than of a naughty-biography. He owns that he feels "humiliated and pained" at recounting THACKERAY's rude jocularities towards himself, and from the apologetic tone with which he introduces some of SOTHERN's caddish practical jokes, in which Mr. FRITH had no share, and of which he was not the victim, it may be inferred that he had already begun to feel "humiliated and pained" at having given so much space to such stories. How glad he must now be that he kept a "dear Diary," which has been an invaluable aid to his memory.

Another great merit in the book is that, without ever sacrificing its character as an Autobiography, it is never egotistical; egoism being the great "I-sore" of such works. Should the humble individual who writes this necessarily brief notice ever arrive at the time for publishing his Recollections, he is perfectly sure that the book will be unequalled as a work of imagination. Mr. FRITH tells us how he improved his pictures by touching them up,—some people, too, are occasionally improved by the same process, if the "touching up" is only done judiciously,—and his self-restraint is therefore really admirable when he rejects the temptation to embellish, or spice, a story which no one is likely to contradict. For instance, in what may be called the Sass-age portion of his early life, he has some amusing anecdotes about Mr. JACOB BELL, then an Art student. BELL drew a man hanging, and SASS, the master, told him to leave the studio, "as such a career," as the man hanging, "is a bad example to your fellow-pupils." Now Mr. FRITH ought to have given BELL a triumphant exit speech—he ought to have said to SASS, "Sir, I was only illustrating what should be the fate of every one of your successful pupils—to be hung on the line. Good day." Exit BELL. Then he recounts how JACOB BELL, who, like SOTHERN, had a taste for such practical jokes as are utterly indefensible on the score of good taste and gentlemanly feeling, dressed up as a woman, and went to a Quakers' Meeting House, where he sat among the female portion of the congregation. Thinking he was discovered, this nice young man "took fright," and bolted. Here Mr. FRITH should have made the jovial JACOB subsequently explain that "he left because the women were all jealous of him, as he was the only 'BELL' among them." Mr. FRITH, full of his fun, jests, and humour, must be congratulated on having stuck to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

And if anyone wants a first-rate ghost-story for the coming Christmas time, let him get Mr. FRITH's book, and read how the prosaic and sensible Mr. WESTWOOD saw a ghost. It is simply but exquisitely told, and were it not that Mr. FRITH had previously owned to his complicity with SOTHERN in some of his "spiritualistic" demonstrations, there would be no sort of ground for suspecting him capable of joking on such serious subjects. The book is full of good stories, among which *The Mysterious Sitter* and *Beckford at Fonthill* are about the best. There is already a rail round MUDIE's counter, and in front of all SMITH's stalls, to keep off the crowds from taking away FRITH's latest production without paying. Many of us are eye-witnesses to the fact of the rails in front of SMITH's bookstalls all the way down the line wherever a train runs. Mr. FRITH's very good health, and, as his friend *Rip-Van-Winkle* JEFFERSON used to say, "May he live long and prosper."

De Omnibus Rebus, by the author of *Flemish Interiors*. An odd book to be taken up at odd times. Amusing and chatty with a good deal of shrewd observation. He who rides may read; and as it is published by NIMMO, this firm in this instance might adopt the old Latin motto, "*Nimmo* mortalium omnibus horis sapit;" i.e. "NIMMO is wise to bring out a book for the omnibus hours of mortals."

OUR OWN BOOKWORM.

MADAME PATTI's house, in some unpronounceable Welsh place, was broken into by burglars. We hope they didn't rob her of any notes. The thieves came from Town—they were not Welshmen, oh no! Mr. *Punch* has always asserted of the Welsh,—

"Taffy's not a thief."



And it wasn't Taffy who went to PATTI's house and stole a matter of seven pounds' worth of French francs. They found a box of M. NICOLINI's cigars. But the thieves knew where to draw the line, and chucked the lot away in the garden, among the other weeds. They were "up to snuff," but not to tobacco in this

form. Query, will M. NICOLINI's friends be delighted to accept cigars from his case in future?

THE Centenary of *Don Giovanni* was celebrated at the two Universities by a banquet of the principal Dons.

BARTLETT'S BABY.

WELCOME little Stranger!
You

Are the darling of the Zoo,
BARTLETT's babe, the public
Lucky, lucky Zoo to get, [pet.
At a cost scarce worth the
mention, [tion
Living proof beyond conten-
Of—oh! well, of whatsoever
Savants sage and critics clever,
On their controversial mettle,
May—or maybe may not—
settle.

Six-and-twenty years ago
(Buffs elderly may know)
Rose the great Gorilla feud;
Dr. GRAY was rather rude,
Rather on DU CHAILLU down,
And the shindy stirred the
Town. [bones,

OWEN, great on brains and
Lectured it in learned tones;
HUXLEY to the battle rushed;
Mutually they "pished" and
"tushed"

In that calm and courteous
way [in fray,

Savants have, when they're
Mr. Punch, with ample rea-
son, [son,"

Called you "Lion of the Sea-
Great Gorilla. Now 'tis plain
The old fame revives again.

Happy BARTLETT! Lucky
Ape! [shape.

Fortune comes in curious
You perchance, oh simian
child! [wild,

Might have roamed the Afric
Like a nigger unreclaimed.

Unobserved, unknown, un-
named, [dumb,
Fame concerning you quite
Even your "colossal thumb,"



"HERE'S ANOTHER GUY!"

OR, THE BABY GORILLA AT THE ZOO.

Nurse Bartlett. "HE SHALL HAVE A FIFTEEN-SHILLING PINE, HE SHALL!
AND FINEST ENGLISH HOT-HOUSE GRAPES, HE SHALL! AND GOLD-DUST TOO,
IF HE CRIES FOR IT, THE LITTLE DARLING!"

By the scribes who columns
vamp us, [campus"
Undescribed; your "hippo-
(Whatsoever that may be)
Not of notoriety.

Now!—Ah, infantine Gorilla,
Every small suburban villa
With your rising fame will
ring;

All the sort of folk who bring
Buns unto the prisoned bear,
To your cage will come, and
stare. [master sage,

Buns? Oh, BARTLETT,—
Autocrat of den and cage!—
Nothing will begrudge, I'm
sure, [cure

That may nourish, please, or
His prognathous little pet.

Half the luxuries you'll get
Would leave satiate and cloyed
Any hungry "Unemployed."
Cakes—and, if you like it,
Ale—

Oh, Gorilla, will not fail;
GUNTER's you may sack at
Or, if you prefer to fill [will,

Otherwise your dainty maw
Than with sweets and stick-
jaw,

Like the indiscriminate bear,
You may choose your Bill of
Fare. [quick;

Toys? Ah, bring them, baby,
Will a monkey on a stick
Touch a sympathetic chord?

Well, let's hope you won't be
bored,
Baby Ape, by BARTLETT's love,

And the crowds who'll stare
and shove;
Long for Afric wild but free,

And a station "up a tree,"
Watching, with prehensile
thumb,

For—whatever food may come.

VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—The People's Palace; In Building set apart for Poultry,
Pigeon, and Rabbit Show. Stream of Visitors inspecting
animals in zinc and wire pens.

Amandus Milendius (to Amanda Milendia; coming to a halt
before cage containing "roopy"—looking fowl, with appearance of
having been sent out on pair of legs several sizes too tall for it).
They've 'ighly commended 'im, yer see.

Amanda M. (who does not converse with facility). Um!

[Looks at bird without seeing it.

Amandus. Yes, they must ha' thought 'ighly of 'im before they'd
commend him like that, yer know!

Amanda (wishing she was readier of response). Ah! (The fowl
winks slowly at her with his lower eyelid). Come away—I don't like
him!

[They move on.

The Exhibitor (coming up and inspecting his bird with pride). 'Ere
—JOE! (Fowl shuts both eyes with a bored expression). B'longs to
me—that bird, Sir! (To Bystander.)

Visitor (from the West; anxious to be agreeable). Ha, a fine bird
—magnificent!

Exhibitor. Bred 'im myself, Sir—he's a bit sleepy just now.
(Apologetically). Wake up, ole chap! (Fowl half opens one eye, and
closes it immediately on perceiving proprietor.) Knows me, yer see!

Visitor (with fatal rashness). A—a Brahma, isn't he?

[Wonders what made him say that, and tries to think what
Brahmas are like—when they are not locks.

Exhibitor (in tone of pitying reproach). No, Sir—no.—Black Red
Bantam, Sir!

Visitor (wishing he had remained vague). Oh—ah, just so—good
evening.

A Cock (derisively). Crorky—rorky—roo!

AT THE RABBIT PENS.

Another Exhibitor (accompanied by Friend with Catalogue). I
ain't come across my Buck yet. He took a prize, I heerd. (Stops at
Cage.) Ah, this looks like him . . . Third Prize, yer see—not so
bad, eh? [Chuckles.

The Friend. Hold on a bit! (Refers to Catalogue.) "Number
seven 'underd and two. PARTON. Buck. Eight months." Your
name ain't PARTON.

Exhib. Then it's mine in the next. Second Prize! Better'n
Third, that, ain't it?

The Friend. They've got that down as PARTON's too.

Exhib. Well, I thought some'ow as—this is him anyway. Look
'ers! First Prize! And deserves it, though I sez it myself!

Friend (not without a certain satisfaction). No—no, you're wrong
again. I'll show you where you are. See. "Seven 'underd and
five. W. CROPPER. Buck. Ten months." That's you!

Exhib. (incredulously). That? that ain't never my cream buck!
(The rabbit remains wrapt in meditation.) I'll soon show yer.
(Blows in rabbit's face. Mutual recognition. Tableau.) It is my
buck! And only 'ighly commended! (Recovering himself.) Well,
I ask you if he oughtn't to ha' done the other—him as they've
given the First Prize to? Why, there ain't no comparison between
them two rabbits!

The Cock (encouragingly). Crorky—rorky—roo!

The Friend (losing all further interest). Well, it's all chance like.
Let's go and 'ave a look at them Lops.

Crowd of Admirers around pen containing gigantic gander.

First Admirer. That's WILKINSES' gander, that is.

Second Admirer. A fine-grown bird, I will say.

[Handsome, as if he would hardly have expected such a person
as WILKINS to produce anything as good as that.

Third Admirer. Monster, ain't he? Why, yer might ride on
him!

Small Child (pointing delightedly at the Gander). 'Ook, Mozzer,
pitty duck!

Fond Parent (admiringly). I declare it's wonderful how quick he
gets the names—it is a fine duck!

The Cock (with a touch of correction). Crorky—rorky—roo!

A Connoisseur (inspecting pigeon). Now, there's a nice pigeon—
that is a nice pigeon; but I tell yer what it is—he ain't got the space
to do hisself justice in there. Give him a bigger pen, and a brick to
stand on, and you'd soon see the difference!

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 52.



PLATFORM ORATORY. By Our Travelling Special.

[Our Politicians now, in humble imitation of the Great Original, are adopting the fashion of making speeches from railway carriages, or utilising the ten minutes allowed for refreshment by addressing constituents on the platform. The Railway Companies, in order to observe strict neutrality, should re-construct carriages to suit and carry the political leaders, and should re-build or increase existing stations on the line, so as to accommodate the public with various "platforms."]

Fellow Conn. They ought to ha' give him more room to show off his tail in—else what's the good of a bird 'aving a tail, come to that?

First Conn. (sententiously). Ah, you've 'it it.

Competitor (apparently, unsuccessful). I say, (with bitter sarcasm) 'Are yer seen the pair as take a Fust? Birds I wouldn't pick up if I found 'em in the street—no, that I wouldn't! Fust Prize to them—hor-hor! Well, the world's comin' to a pretty pass, I must say! Arter that!—

[Eloquent apostrophe.]

Amandus (tolerantly, to Amanda). Well, pidgings are pretty much alike, unless you've been brought up to know the differences. I 'ad a Uncle a breeder.

Amanda (feeling that her ignorance is no longer a discredit). Then you'd know! [They go out arm-in-arm, silent but sympathetic.]

"ENTER-TAINMENTS" are not now so much the object of our Fire-proof Theatrical Managers as "Exit-tainments." At TERRY'S new theatre everyone feels perfectly secure. It is only the Lessee, who always appears terry-fied.

DEPARTURE OF DISTINGUISHED FURRY-NERS.—The *Standard* said last week that two thousand live rabbits were on the eve of being despatched to British Columbia. Fifty thousand onions should be sent with them. What's a Rabbit without onions? *L'Onion fait la force.*

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR JOE AND JESSE.

MR. CAVE, long associated with theatrical management—re-opens Sadler's Wells on the fifth of November. We are assured that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S recent visit to Merrie Islington had nothing whatever to do with the forthcoming "good old-fashioned Grimaldi comic pantomime," with which Mr. CAVE promises to entertain his patrons at Christmas time. Perhaps, after all, the Fisheries Commissioner is not going to Canada, but is going to join A. CAVE at Islington, for what on earth is the use of a "Grimaldi pantomime" without a "JOEY?" Then what a chance for him, in the good old Grimaldi style, to sing "Hot Collings," rewritten by his faithful accompanist JESSE.

TORCHLIGHT AND GUY FAWKES DAY.—MR. GLADSTONE says that coming into collision with the Police on the subject of torches, "he would rather suffer torchers!"

MR. WILFUL BLUNT.—Whether the right of Free Speaking is permitted in Ireland or not, we would decline just now to decide. But certain BLUNT speaking was very soon stopped.

"AU PLAISIR."—Motto for AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS during the run of the present piece.

THE FOUR NOBLE BURGLARS.

A BARON, a Marquis, a Duke, and an Earl
 Were dining together one evening at White's;
 They were all overdone by the worry and whirl
 Of a long London season's amusements and sights—
 By the luncheons that stupify, dinners that tire,
 Dull rides in the Row, deadly five o'clock teas,
 At which fashion condemns you to gasp and perspire
 While draining the cup of *ennui* to the lees.
 No pleasure they took in the joys of the table;
 Though stalwart, they recked not to breakfast or sup—
 E'en to plunge at *bélique* they no longer were able,
 For the fact was these nobles were deuced hard up!
 Moaned the Marquis, "We're all in a state of depression;
 As for me, my existence is simply a bore;
 Let us strike a new line out—adopt some profession
 Which no British Peer ever practised before."



Then the Baron cried, "Listen, old chappies; I've hit
 On a notion that's brilliant and perfectly new;—
 Why shouldn't we four try to burgle a bit,
 And wrest from the wealthy what's fairly our due?
 Garotting is vulgar, and cruel to boot,
 The pickpocket oft is despised when detected;
 But burglary's just the profession to suit
 A lover of enterprise, highly connected."

A paper was fetched, and his Grace read aloud
 The following paragraph:—"Criminal Tips!
 Young Nobles and Gentlemen under a cloud
 Apply to Professor JEHOASHAPHAT FIRPS,
 At his residence, 2, Sheppard Buildings, E.C.,
 Where he nightly gives lessons, from seven till nine,
 To youngsters of spirit, from prejudice free,
 In arts which amusement with profit combine."

Next evening the Peers, fully dressed for their parts
 In moleskin and highlows and flat beaver-caps,
 Sought out the Professor with quick-throbbing hearts,
 Their courage all but in a state of collapse.
 Mr. FIRPS gave them seats; then politely inquired,
 If aught to oblige them perchance he could do,
 And replied, when they told him what 'twas they required,
 "All right, noble sportsmen!—I'll soon put you through!"

He taught them to handle the jemmy with grace,
 To frisk with the centrebit, toy with the file—
 To flourish the fitful dark-lantern apace,
 And wield the gay crowbar in elegant style;
 With skeleton-keys to pick counting-house locks,
 To ply the dumb saw and the chisel that's cold,
 To prize up the lid of a banker's strong-box,
 And the portals of burglar-proof safes to unfold.

When their Lordships were thoroughly versed in their trade,
 And had passed their exams. in a masterly way,
 They agreed that a dashing attempt should be made,
 Their expertness to test without further delay.
 Should they first try their hands at a light, easy job,
 Not too risky, but graceful, artistic and neat,
 Or essay a bold stroke the Exchequer to rob,
 Or the merry Old Lady of Threadneedle Street?

At last they resolved that the best thing to do,
 Was to try an experiment, just for a lark,
 (And to keep their hands in for a lucrative coup,)
 On a workman's abode near Victoria Park.

They hankered for something quite simple and plain,
 Both suburban and poor, for their trial essay;
 So they picked out a one-storeyed house down a lane,
 Which they learned had been empty for many a day.
 They commenced their attack in the dead of the night,
 Scaled a wall, dug a tunnel, and out through two floors,
 Wrenched a lock off with stern, irresistible might,
 And broke open some thoroughly unsecured doors.
 For booty they hunted below and on high—
 But naught could they find save a chunk of cold veal,
 Till, down in the basement, they chanced to espy,
 Near the back-kitchen sink a huge trapdoor of steel.
 In a second the trap from its fastness they tore,
 When, heaped up pell-mell, of all shapes and all sizes,
 The gratified Peers beheld score upon score
 Of grand and legitimate housebreakers' prizes,—
 Tiaras of rubies and diamond *rivières*,
 Superb jewelled bracelets and brooches and rings,
 Great emerald, sapphire, and pearl *solitaires*,
 And all manner of precious, magnificent things.

As they gazed on these treasures with glittering eyes,
 Lightly handling the gewgaws with delicate touches,
 The Duke softly murmured, "Oh! what a surprise!
 Why, some of these trinkets belong to the Duchess!"
 "By Jove!" said the Marquis, "this carcanet here
 Has been worn scores of times by my dowager-aunt!"
 And the Baron rejoined, "It seems perfectly clear
 That this squalid abode is a regular plant!"

"What a joke!" cried the Earl. "We have chanced on the ken
 Of professional brethren, our seniors in guile,
 And I think that, for young inexperienced men,
 We have collared their plunder in workmanlike style.
 Let us cull and remove these nefarious hoards—
 We can turn the whole lot into cash at our leisure;
 A delightful career is before us, my Lords,
 A bright future of usefulness, profit, and pleasure!"

The next day they disposed of their swag for a plum,
 And invested the proceeds in Spaniards and Turks,
 After nobly deducting a moderate sum
 For the Burglar's Relief Fund and other good works.
 They paid all their creditors, kept up their rank,
 Betted ponies and monkeys like regular "toppers";
 Till one night, as they'd just broken into a bank,
 These deserving young nobles were nailed by the "coppers."

The Old Bailey was crowded one sunny May morn
 With ladies arrayed in superlative frocks,
 When the jury who sate on our nobles forlorn,
 Found them guilty at once, without leaving the box.
 And it thus came to pass, I regret to relate,
 That these earnest, industrious, well-meaning Peers,
 The pride of their order, the stay of the State,
 Were condemned to pick oakum for twenty-one years!

A WORD FOR THE WAR-OFFICE.—Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM says it's
 all very well to talk about the parsimony of the War-Office; but
 she hears that the soldiers are provided with fatigue jackets, and
 thinks it's really kind of the Authorities to supply the men with
 something special to wear when they are tired.

HOW WE ADVERTISE NOW.

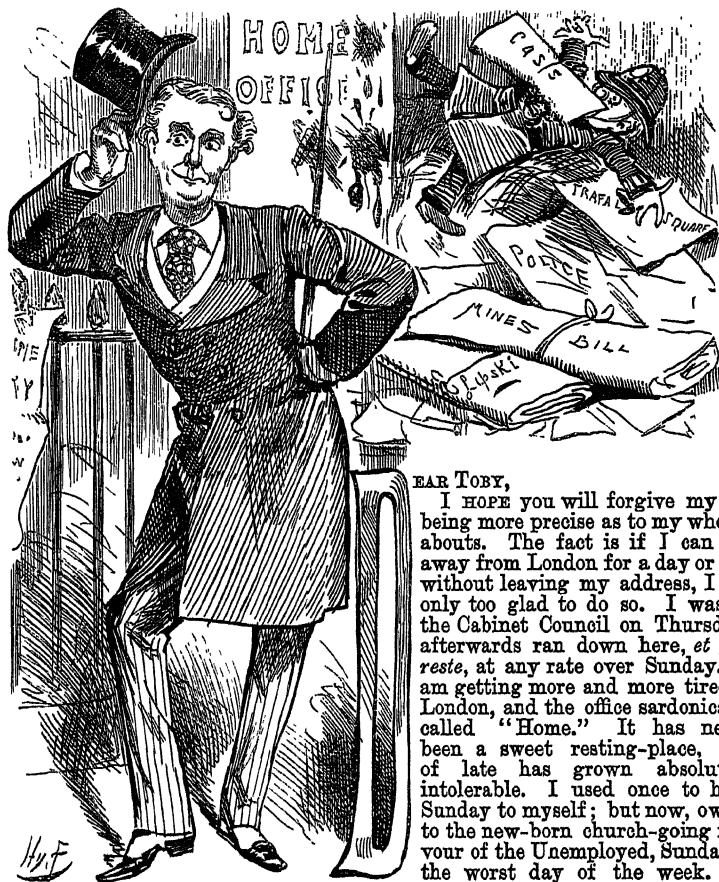


SUGGESTION FOR UTILISING A NOW WELL-KNOWN MURAL
 DECORATION (?)

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM A HOME-SICK SECRETARY.

By Guildford, Saturday.



DEAR TOBY,

I HOPE you will forgive my not being more precise as to my whereabouts. The fact is if I can get away from London for a day or two without leaving my address, I am only too glad to do so. I was at the Cabinet Council on Thursday, afterwards ran down here, *et j'y reste*, at any rate over Sunday. I am getting more and more tired of London, and the office sardonically called "Home." It has never been a sweet resting-place, and of late has grown absolutely intolerable. I used once to have Sunday to myself; but now, owing to the new-born church-going fervour of the Unemployed, Sunday is the worst day of the week. So when opportunity offers, as just

now, I cut the whole business and get me into the sweet seclusion of Surrey.

I see by the papers that I am about to resign office, and retire into that private life, upon which during the past twelve months I have looked back with increasing affection. Perhaps the statement is true, and perhaps the Markiss would say it is "not authentic." We shall see. In the mean time, at this distance from Parliament Street, I get the advantage of perspective in regarding the office of Home Secretary. Down here it seems odd enough that it should be so much hankered after by men of various temperaments. H-NRY J-M-s wanted it at the time H-RO-RT secured it. It had a strange fascination for L-W-E, and I am disclosing no secret when I mention that my old friend and patron, GR-ND-LPH, fancies it would suit him down to the ground. I only wish he would try it. If I were certain that he would come in, it might have some effect in hastening my decision on the question of resignation. Of course GR-ND-LPH and I remain on terms of friendliest regard. I am indebted to him for a sudden promotion exceeding the hopes of the most sanguine politician. Still, I would like to see him at the Home Office, if only for a short six months. He is serenely confident he could grapple with the situation. JOHNNY RUSSELL was quite a nervous, modest person, compared with GR-ND-LPH. I should really like to see my old friend in my old chair.

The post, of course, has its attractions. It is no small thing to be principal Secretary of State, with a seat in the Cabinet, and an adequate salary. But, to tell the truth, dear TOBY, the Home Secretary lives too near the People to have an uninterruptedly pleasant time. He is too close to, and too frequently under, the public eye. It is like working in a glass hive. A Foreign Secretary labours in secret in the Samoan Islands, or some equally remote quarter, and months elapse before the publication of the Blue Book places his labour under the criticism of the public. The Secretary for the Colonies works under similar conditions, whilst the First Lord of the Admiralty and the War Secretary, except upon rare occasions, have only their respective Services to deal with.

But the Home Secretary is, necessarily, always at home to impertinent lookers-in, or idle callers who have not sufficient business of their own to attend to. If anything goes wrong with the water or the gas, if a country Magistrate makes a more than usually particular ass of himself, if a policeman arrests the wrong woman in Regent Street, if there is a procession through the parks or a meeting in Trafalgar Square, it's ever the Home Secretary that is wrathfully turned to for explanation. When things go well with London or the Provinces, you never hear the Home Secretary's name mentioned. The condition of

affairs may be due to his admirable administration, but there is no recognition of his agency. On the other hand, if the least thing connected with his department goes wrong, he is held personally responsible, and the fiendish newspapers fall upon him.

That is my experience after a little more than twelve months in office, and if I am a little wearied of it who shall blame me? Why should I remain the butt of all the captious critics throughout the country? I have no hour, except these stolen ones, that I can call my own. All the pleasures and recreations of private life are swallowed up in official cares. Why should I longer submit to be engulfed in this state of slavery? I am not in the absolute prime of youth; but still, as we Statesmen go, I am not old. For example, I have seen but two summers more than that elderly young bean, H-NRY J-M-s. Someone once said of me, that for my recorded age, I had the youngest-looking body in the House of Commons. That is a subtle distinction, the value of which I cannot grasp. I know that I have been a buck in my time, and if I only get my time to myself once more, I may again become as ornamental as I am now useful. I will think it over, and probably in the course of the next few weeks you may hear what resolution I have taken.

Yours faithfully,

H-NRY M-TTH-Ws.

A BLACK AFFAIR AT HAYTI.

THE Foreign Office, whether represented by Lord SALISBURY or Lord ROSEBERRY,—two "berries," so that we are to judge of the worth of our Foreign Office by its berries, not by its fruits,—ought to be hauled over the coals—the victim's name being suggestive of this process—by the British Public. Mr. COLES was innocent of the charge brought against him, was convicted in the face of evidence; and as there was no one to screen COLES, poor COLES—COLES down again!—was shovelled into a black hole, which was, *pro. tem.*, a COLES cellar. After sixteen months of Haytian bonds, and being kept in durance by Haytian Black Guards, the energy of the British F. O. obtained for the unfortunate prisoner a free pardon! But no further redress, except the offer of £500, which COLES couldn't be "cokes'd" into accepting. Now this matter of Hayti and COLFS is a very black affair. What is going to be done? Do we leave COLES and scuttle? Surely so gross a wrong perpetrated in Hayti ought to have been put right in Hayti-seven.

THE MOST LITIGIOUS PERSON ON RECORD.—The man who had all his invitations properly stamped at Somerset House, and then brought an action against his hosts for breach of agreement if a dinner happened to be put off.

"MUMPSIMUS!"



Reminiscence of a celebrated and highly popular picture, adapted to the painful circumstance announced last week by *Truth*; namely, that the Chorister Boys at a certain Cathedral have all got the Mumps.

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE CAFÉ DES AMBASSADEURS.



OWEN MEREDITH, ALIAS LORD LYTTON, TRANSLATED INTO FRENCH.

Lord L-tt-n sings:—

LOVE'S *Metamorphoses* I sang of late,
 "My Unglenaverilled Glenaveril"
 Puzzled the Public's unpoetic pate.
 Wit, like my sire's imaginary *Vril*,
 Is thaumaturgic. I have served the State
 In various ways with elegance and skill;
 But my "last *Metamorphosis*," I opine,
 Out of Glenaveril's wholly takes the shine.

From "OWEN MEREDITH," of Servian song, [this!
 Translator (who said through the French?) to
 The course, like my Serb falcon's flight, is long.
 The proletariat possibly may hiss.
 I scorn the anserine Gladstonian throng,
 Whose mouthpiece is the *Gaily Dews*. I wis
 That nickname shows a polish and a fire
 Of wit well worthy my prodigious Sire.

When I wrote *Aux Italiens* long ago
 (And *Trovatore* rhymed with pur-
 gatory)
 I little thought Paris one day should
 know
 The bard in an Ambassador's full
 glory.
 Ah! I shall miss the Oriental show
 Of Ind—but that is scarce a pleasant
 story,
 And, after all, I fancy that my *Charis*
 Had always, more or less, a touch of
 Paris.

"*Lucile*," for instance! Well, I've
 wandered far
 From my old *Wanderer* days; *tant*
mieux, perchance.
 Better to be a diplomatic star
 Than a poetic shade. Beloved
 France,
 To ape thy *jeunesse dorée* will not jar
 Upon my spirit, which is all ro-
 mance: [finial,
 I love the blend of the sublime and
 Of chivalry, choice cookery, and the
 cynical.

CHAMBERLAIN—*did* I dub him once
 a scold, [wrong—
 A leaner, later *Casca*? I was
 Is off to Canada, and BALBO bold
 (I called him bilious once, but
 'twas in song)
 Is with us now, I hope the league
 may hold.
 Who now dubs JOSEPH—though of
 course he's strong—
 "The secret despot of a Cabinet,
 That dare not disregard his faintest
 threat?"

Forgive the thought, CÆCILICS!
 Whether JOE [more
 Has put his foot in it, and bowed still
 Your "large Olympian forehead,"
 I don't know; [bore
 But I can see that it must be a
 To have your diplomats run wild.
 I go
 With other purpose to a nearer
 shore: [win,
 And soon I hope your confidence to
 And prove no ass, though in the
 LYONS' skin!

THE "Wild West" finished up
 rather tamely. Lord LORNE and
 others, with, we presume, the Honour-
 able BUFFALO BILL COXY, palavered
 about an International Arbitration
 Court. If the Hon. and Rev. BILL—
 "Reverend" because, as he tells us,
 he once performed the part of a clergy-
 man and married a couple, pronounc-
 ing a formula which, being a close
 parody on the words of the solemn
 rite, need not be repeated here, though
 they evidently struck him as a bright
 idea,—has anything to do with it, we
 shall hear of the rules of this new
 Court (not Karl's Court) being at
 once codi-fied.

RESTITUTION WITH RESIGNATION.
 —M. WILSON gave up 40,000 francs'
 worth of postage. Will M. GRÉVY
 give up the post altogether?

ANOTHER MOTTO FOR AUGUSTUS
 DRUBIOLANUS. — He does not say,
 "Peace with Honour," but "Peace
 with MERRITT."

"THE ROUGH ELEMENT" — last
 week, was—the Sea.

Jenny Lind.

Born at Stockholm, October 6, 1821. Married Herr Otto Goldschmidt, February 5, 1852. Died, November 2, 1887.

"She never lost her interest in the two chief objects of her life, music and charity."—*Times*.

Music and Charity! Of all things mortal,
What sweeteners of our lives may match these twain?
What draweth hearts nearer the heavenly portal
Than mercy's impulse, melody's moving strain?

Well chosen, singer sweet!
Great gifts, and the large love of giving meet,
Well harmonised in JENNY LIND's career;
These made her life delight, these make her memory dear.

Punch, of well-fitting phrases ready minter,
Christened his favourite forty years ago;
Hailed as "The Nightingale that Sings in Winter," *
The Swedish songstress whom the voice of woe

Moved ever, as her own
Moved the applauding multitude; alone,
Amidst the stars of Opera's tuneful quire,
To succour ever prompt as potent to inspire!

"Dear JENNY LIND!" So then his song addressed her
Who still is "JENNY LIND," and still is dear.
Though Genius praised, and Fashion's crowd caressed her,
She sank not, like some stars, below her sphere

Into those darkening mists
Whose taint the true and tender heart resists.
Her nature fame was powerless to soil, [spoil.
Whom splendour hardened not, and puffery could not
How the crowd rushed and crushed, and cheered and
Forty years syne, to hang upon her song! [clamoured,
Of *La Sonnambula's* heroine enamoured,

Thrilled by the flute-like trillings sweet as strong
Of their dear Nightingale.

Amina, Lucia, Alice, each they'd hail
With fervent plaudits, in whose flush and stir
Love of her silvery song was blent with love of her.

And each well earned! The crowd would press and jostle
To hear their favourite warbler, from whose throat,
Clear as the lark, and mellow as the thrush,
The limpid melody would soar and float.

Now like a shattered lute,
The Nightingale who sang in winter's mute;
But long remembered that pure life shall be,
To Music dedicate and vowed to Charity.

* See *Punch*, Vol. XVI., p. 15.



"THE LABOUR MARKET."

First East Countryman. "SHALL YEAOU VOOTE FOR THE DIS'TABLISHMENT O' TH' CHU'CH?"

Second Ditto (firmly). "NO; THAR I 'ON'T, BO! WORK'S SCASS ENOW AS 'T IS—BUT IF WE WAS TO HEV ALL THEM PARSONS TUN'NED OUT, AN' GOIN' 'BOUT PLOUGHIN', AN' HEDGIN', AN' MOWIN', AN' HARVESTIN', WE SHOULD BE WUSS OFF THAN WE ARE NOW!"

"THE BEARING OF IT LIES IN THE APPLICATION."

"SPARE no efforts to maintain the magnificent inheritance which has descended from your forefathers," said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, when bidding a temporary good-bye to Birmingham.

Well, it is a magnificent inheritance, and most certainly it is our duty, as well as our interest, to maintain it. But how? Magnificent as it is, it has certain incumbrances; memories of wrongs unredressed, actualities of mismanagement unremoved. To maintain *these* is not to improve the inheritance, and enable us to hand it down better worth maintaining by those who will inherit it from us. As stewards of the splendid patrimony of empire, we must not only keep it together, but properly—that is, justly and sagaciously—administer it, which, indeed, is the only sure and safe way of maintaining it. The accumulated mortgage of our ancestors' errors and misdeeds is, unfortunately, but inevitably, a part of our "inheritance." To pay it off may seem a burdensome duty, but a duty it is, in the resolute doing, not the haughty ignoring or cowardly shirking, of which we shall be at least as truly "maintaining our inheritance," as by stroke of sword, or statute of coercion. *Verb. sap.*

WE see a book advertised by Messrs. KEGAN, PAUL & Co., called *Tertium Quid*. Ask an Eton Boy, about Christmas time, or when he is going back to school, what is the translation of *Tertium Quid*, and he will probably hold out his hand and reply, "The third sovereign—but I'll take one to go on with, or to go off with." Well, you can "owe him one" for that.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The person who ought to write a weird Christmas story is, evidently, the Author of *Bootles' Baby*, *That Imp!* &c., JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

MOTTO FOR THE NEW LORD MAYOR.—"Aut Keyser aut nullus."

THE FISHERS.

(Some way after Kingsley.)

THE Fishers went sailing North, South, East, and West,
And they raised lots of rows ere the sun went down.
Each fancied the foreigners' waters the best,
And wished in those waters to let his nets down.
And Commissions must work and Statesmen must weep,
And weary with trying the peace for to keep,
Whilst the Public heart is groaning.

The Smack-owners rush to Lord SALISBURY's side,
And genial JOSEPH's to Canada gone;
And the end of this selfishness, temper, and pride,
Will be a great big all-round fight ere all's done,
Unless men will try their hot tempers to keep,
And establish some rule of fair-play on the deep,
For which honest hearts are all moaning.

POLITICAL SEPULTURE.—The Senior Member for Northampton lately told his constituents that:—

"The Conservatives were digging their own graves, and it was about the only good and sensible thing they possibly could do."

But if they wanted an interment, the Home-Rulers could supply them with a SEXTON ready and willing to save them that trouble.

"THE SCARCITY OF HARES."—It is so stated. But it's only a bald statement.

LETT'S DIARIES.—There are two sorts of Letts: The Out-Letts for 1887, and the In-Letts for 1888. Letts get 'em.

SHOWS VIEWS.

By Victor Who-goes-Everywhere.

LAST week was remarkable for a number of *Matinées*. There were two, each with a new Play, at the Vaudeville, in preparation apparently for the disappearance of *Sophia*. The Author of one of the



pieces was, I fancy, Mr. JONES (the name fixed itself on my memory), but I am not quite so sure about the others. I rather think the first play was written in collaboration possibly by Messrs. BROWN and ROBINSON to complete the immortal *trio*. However, the morning performance *par excellence*, was the production of a new and original poetical drama in five Acts, called *Nitocris*, by CRO. GRAVES, at Drury Lane. This was really a very interesting occasion, as we were taken back to B.C. 1420, and I must admit that I too was rather taken aback when I found the Early Egyptians talking of the "Pharmacopoeia," and many other matters of a yet more recent date. I supposed this was local colouring, and when I saw the "Banqueting Hall in the Palace," I felt sure that the Egyptian Court represented belonged to the Nineteenth Century, and could be easily discovered (either by season ticket or on payment of a shilling) in Sydenham. The Author supplies a note in the official programme, in which she informs the World that AMUN-MYKERA NITOCRIS was "handsome among women, and brave among men, and governed for her husband with great splendour and much justice, though she is rebuked by several of the ancient historians for her cruelty and sensuality," and no doubt these facts have suggested the five long Acts of the more or less poetical play. What story there is shows how the adopted son of and apprentice to an Embalmer, after being left to die in the Palace of *Nitocris* for refusing to join in an unpatriotic toast, escapes, and twelve weeks later is lured back once more to the Royal realms to reject the suddenly-kindled love of the Egyptian Queen in favour of the affection of a Grecian orphan called *Soris*, who happens to be staying on a visit with her swarthy Majesty. Then *Soris* gets half-poisoned and entirely stabbed, and *Nitocris* and the Embalmer's Apprentice repair to a "stretch of desert in the neighbourhood of the Pyramids," to be drowned in an inundation which is much talked about but never seen. As the Embalmer's Apprentice, Mr. J. H. BARNES fostered the impression that he was either a very slow and dull pupil, or that the art of embalming had taken him a middle-aged lifetime to thoroughly acquire. In the last act he looked like a portly Friar of Orders Grey sadly in need of the fast rising Nile. Mr. ROBERT PATEMAN was good as a nigger *Quasimodo*, who apparently had nothing in particular to do save to murder Miss ALMA MURRAY when that popular young *tragédienne's* sorrows became monotonous and required curtailment in the interests of the audience. Mr. FERNANDEZ too was useful as Chief of the Magi, and Mr. BERNARD GOULD's performance would have been more pleasing had he really died at the end of the Second Act, instead of living to see the final fall of the curtain. But this last was rather the Author's than the actor's fault. Personally I should have been better satisfied had every one died at the end of the First Act, but I confess I am a little exacting. On Wednesday, after the "principals" had been



Full in Front.

called and received more or less applause, there was a cry for the Authoress, when to my surprise a lady in a semi-masculine costume and seemingly in her "teens," made her way before the curtain. This was young "Cro,"—a most charming person to judge from her personal appearance. There was a further "call" when a gentleman of much maturer years was seen bowing. I do not know if he was also a "Cro,"—if so, he was unquestionably a much older "Cro,"—in fact, quite an elderly "Cro." Ages ago a wonderful piece called *Nitocris* was played at Drury Lane for a few nights with moderate success. In it was represented an inundation, that, if it did not precisely resemble the waters of the rising Nile, at any rate was a capital realisation of green-coloured muslin sprinkled with spangles. I am afraid that young "Cro's" poetical play will not keep the stage much longer than its predecessor.

It was my good fortune to be present at the opening of the Manchester Exhibition (which Mr. *Punch* very appropriately christened the "Gem of the Jubilee,") and on Thursday last I again paid it a visit with about sixty-five thousand other persons. In spite of the hurricane of the preceding Monday, the building was in an excellent condition, and the reproduction of the old part of the ancient city had weathered the storm as if it had been intended to remain for a thousand years instead of half-a-dozen months. I was much struck with the extreme good-nature of a Lancashire crowd. In the afternoon a severe shower of rain, which I fancy must have come down from Town by the 10.10 Express from Euston (a train which maintained the tradition of the L. & N. W. R. by arriving to the minute) drove all the pleasure-seekers from the grounds into the building, and for a moment there was an "ugly block." Immediately the police and the other officials organised a stream right and left, and when it was found that there were many schools amongst the sight-seers, a cry of "Make way for the children!" secured the safety of the little ones. The picture galleries were as popular as ever, and I observed that the crowd generally gathered in dense masses near the paintings with historical events as their subjects. The arrival of the Princess of WALES at Gravesend was particularly favoured, and some regret was expressed that the Benchers of the Middle Temple had required the return of the portrait by HOLL of their Royal Treasurer. The splendid display of the works of Mr. WATTS did not attract much attention, one lady observing that it was "a pity that they had not been finished," and their opposite neighbours by Mr. BURN-JONES, were also a little above the heads (in more senses than one) of the average shilling public. But LANDSEER, MILLAIS, POYNTER and HOLMAN HUNT had thousands of earnest admirers, and there were always enthusiastic groups in front of "*The Derby Day*" and "*Ramsgate Sands*." It was delightful to walk through the galleries devoted to this unique, this magnificent collection of purely native Art, only saddened by the reflection that such an opportunity would never offer itself again. The machinery, from another point of view, was nearly as interesting. I have been present at many Exhibitions, but have never seen anything to equal the display of "works in operation." Both visitors and "hands" seemed to be equally in earnest; the first to watch, and the second to work. Then the music was excellent, as, indeed, it was obliged to be to satisfy the requirements of Manchester connoisseurs, who are not to be put off with second-rate bands. Lastly, the illuminated fountains were absolutely fairy-like with their colours reflected from below the water-line. And this reminds me there was also something else fairy-like—the *table d'hôte* dinner served in the Conservatory, which seemed (with its many courses, of the daintiest proportions) to be exactly suited to the wants of *Titania* and (if he took the hint printed on the *menu*, and "requiring extra quantities of any of the dishes," asked for more) of the robust *Oberon*. The captious might certainly have objected that the dessert would have been more satisfactory had nut-crackers been supplied with the walnuts. I asked for a pair, but was told by my waiter that he could get me none. No doubt this little defect will be remedied when the contractor fulfils his intention of catering next year at the Brussels Exhibition. But this is a detail. For the rest, the Manchester celebration of the Fiftieth Year of Her Majesty's reign has been worthy of the occasion; and my second visit has fully confirmed the opinion (that was expressed in May last) that the leading town of Lancashire has produced the Gem of the Jubilee.

JAW-HOLDING.

At the dinner of the Nottingham Mechanics' Institution, the other night, Mr. PHELPS, the American Minister, advocated the establishment of a Professorship of Silence in schools and colleges. Good! There is too much latitude given to jabberers and chatters in the present day. Politicians do nothing but prate, and the talking man nowadays has taken the place of the working man. We might begin our reform in the House of Commons. The Sergeant-at-Arms might appoint a beadle to bridle the tongues of the everlasting talkers, and an official with a large extinguisher should make them harmless after they had bored the House for five minutes.



Hold your Jaw!

To SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.—"Fox the Quaker." It is not true that the birthday of this excellent man is celebrated in his native place by an annual "meet." Fox was occasionally hunted, but though a Quaker, it is not on record that he ever quaked. Our Correspondents' mistake arises probably from Fox having been a man of *par*. But in this case his memory would be honoured by all card-players.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE is no better form of book, providing always the print be clear and distinct, than the volume which is adapted practically in price and size to the pocket.



Handy Vols.

One man's pocket is more capacious than another's, as one man's purse is longer than another's, and the latter can purchase a volume more expensively got up than the small, useful, charming travelling companions that *Mr. Punch* has at this moment actually in view while others are in his mind's eye, Horatio. *The Handy - Volume Shakspeare* (BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co.), which in every way is the model of a pocket-volume, the model *par excellence*, is a member of a family all in one case, a perfect Christmas present. But if one volume is lost, the set is spoilt, and the missing book cannot, in the ordinary course of bookselling nature, be replaced. Consequently only a very careful and methodical person can venture upon travelling about with one of these volumes as his pocket-companion. A little Shakspeare is a dangerous thing. And this is why the small books belonging to *Cassell's National Library*, price threepence apiece, ought to find favour in the eyes of those who can read in a cab, in a coach, in a train, or even walking. As to a man running and reading the thing's almost impossible, and whoever saw a man on horseback reading a book, except in an old print of *Doctor Syntax*? As the snail carries his shell about with him, so every Englishman can carry his own *Cassell*, and get rid of it too—which is more than the snail can—and can lose it—and can replace it for the small sum of threepence, or if secondhand (for being in limp covers they soon become "secondhand" in appearance) for considerably less. With a volume from this library carried always in the tail-pocket of his coat—the very place to carry a short tale—no one need ever be idle, and every spare moment, as long as he is wearing the coat, can be well occupied. These bits of books are our modern *Curiosities of Literature*.

Nor must we forget the DICKENS series of MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE, who have just brought out a dainty little edition of the *Cricketer on the Hearth*. This is a lasting work got up in a lasting manner. And so whether the tale be long, or short, pointed or not, every man for a small sum, in some instances a very small sum, can be his own tale-bearer: only the tale isn't his, it is somebody else's, but his by purchase.

Among the handiest of handy books must be included the Pocket Diaries for 1888, numbered, respectively, one, two, three,—of which No. 3 is "A. 1."—brought out by JOHN WALKER & Co. of Farringdon House, and admirably adapted to all walkers, who can now bring them out for themselves every day in the new year. One novelty there is in WALKER & Co.'s division of pages, and this is that two are set apart for "Addresses"—not political ones, of course—and two others for "Visits"—(such an idea could only have struck a Walker who wanted an object for his walk)—these being subdivided into columns headed "Name," "Reception Day," "Visit Received," "Visit Returned," which in itself is quite a little manual, or *Walker's Dictionary*, of politeness. To "Cash" is devoted a great deal too much space; but, of course, if there is sufficient cash to fill it, so much the better. If we might suggest a "rider" to WALKER, it would be that, as many persons, who pay nothing else, are often most assiduous in "paying their addresses" and in "paying visits," an equal space might be given to business as represented by "Cash," and to pleasure as represented by the two other items. The pencil is a triumph of ingenuity, and the binding of No. 3 proves the truth of the old adage, that there is nothing like leather, specially when the leather is Russian.

HUMILITY.—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in its account of the consecration of Truro Cathedral, stated how—

"The Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the Bishop of TRURO received the Prince of WALES at the Phillpotts porch, and conducted His Royal Highness to a footstool placed for him in the choir. Every available inch of space was crowded."

Poor Royal Highness! only a "footstool" to sit upon. He was His Royal Lowness on this occasion. If, however, for "footstool" we read "faldstool," His Royal Highness's apparently uncomfortable position becomes intelligible.

MORE REALISM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WILL you not help us to make a stand even now against the encroachments of realism in the pronunciation of Latin? My evening paper has been full of it lately. Why, Sir, it is well known that the Britons understood the Romans, and the Romans the Britons, and if the Romans had said their repetition in the absurd foreign fashion that a few modern-side pedants advocate, is it likely that the Britons would have understood them, much less that they would have had so much respect for them as to admit their garrisons, and their Mayors, and their Corporations, and what not for four or five hundred years? And if our early ancestors had spoken Latin in this eminently unmanly un-English fashion, why should we naturally and instinctively pronounce it in our own way now, as if there were no natural piety linking the chapters of our rough island story together?



The Cambridge Augustan Johnnies (Dr. SANDYS at least, being a Johnian, may excuse the term) set great store upon the fact that all over the Continent the language is pronounced in the foreign manner. Why, Sir, it is well known that the Norse tongue in Iceland, being isolated, has remained nearly unchanged since its introduction in the ninth century. And England is an island; therefore the Latin tongue, introduced by the Roman colonists, must have remained unchanged also. For my own part, I own I have no patience with this degradation of the hallowed traditions of our school-days to the level of languages which can be got up in *Ollendorff* and fluently pattered by couriers and waiters. "Wenny, weedy, weaky." Good gracious! Is that the language of a conquering, masterful race? The matter does not admit of serious argument.

Yours, wondering what next, ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

THE LAST OF THE GO-HE-CANS.—The *Times* for November 1, in giving a list of the Masters of Foxhounds, mentioned the Rev. E. M. REYNOLDS as "the only clergyman who can append M.F.H. to his name." Of course this does not mean that no other clergyman "can" do so, or the Clergy would indeed be an uneducated set, but that the Rev. E. M. REYNOLDS is the only successor of the Rev. JACK RUSSELL who has the right to append M.F.H. to his name. How often does his pack meet? Is it *Reynolds's Weekly*? If the hounds are a trifle mixed, it may be known as *Reynolds's Miscellany*.

CAPTAIN STOKES, who peremptorily ordered Mr. O'BRIEN off to prison, seems to be the sort of a man that CHARLES DICKENS described as a "Harbitrary Gent." Quite a despotic Turk. As the Nationalists call the Castle Officials "Bashi-Bazouks," let them allude to the gallant Captain and Magistrate as "STOKES BEY."

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.—Should difficulties ever arrive at this peaceable solution—(so likely!—ahem!—but



International Punch.

always a Bright Dream)—then there could not be a name of better omen for a representative of British Interests than "LYON PLAYFAIR."

TRAFALGAR Square may be "the finest site in the world," but the Mob in it isn't.

A ROW IN THE GALLERY.

WHAT does it all mean? "Pitch 'em over!" cries Sir COUTTS-LINDSAY of his "salaried assistants," and perhaps Sir COUTTS would like to pitch Messrs. COMYNS CARR and C. E. HALLÉ all over, and make them come out uncommonly black after the process. But apparently the "salaried assistants" have thrown over their munificent patron of the Arts, and turned themselves out. But this is "no new thing," for whenever we have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. CARR or Mr. HALLÉ, they have always been uncommonly well turned out, and not a speck on either of them. Evidently the CARR has been upset, and HALLÉ has walked off, showing himself a "Hallé Sloper." The two "salaried assistants" will not go to swell the ranks of the "Unemployed," and, in order to prevent the re-entrance of the "salaried assistants," Sir COUTTS now keeps guard at the Gallery door, armed with a Pike.

*SUMMARY OF THE ENDACOTT-CASS AFFAIR.—A Miss-take.



HAVING A GOOD TIME.

Mamma. "IT'S VERY LATE, EMILY. HAS ANYBODY TAKEN YOU DOWN TO SUPPER?"
Fair D butante (who has a fine healthy appetite). "OH YES, MAMMA—SEVERAL PEOPLE!"

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

No, no! A natural alarm, but needless!
 'Tis true subversive dolts in these sad times

Do call on you to flourish and to feed less,
 And hint that pomp and turtle soup are crimes.

The sour fanatics! [their attics.
 Scribblers who'd set the world straight from
 But they will never dare—the dastards, No!—
 To stop the Lord Mayor's Show.

Your fright, my Lord, 's a pardonable error.
 The Proclamation can't apply to you.

No one, I'm sure, can take you for a Terror,
 Red, white, or any other tint or hue.

Are you "disorderly"? [lie;
 No; you within legality's trim-kept border
 From touching you even almighty Law
 Would shrink with utter awe.

True you "perambulate the streets." What
 noddly

Objects? You do not "break into a run,"
 And as to "terrorising" anybody,
 No one could hint at that, except in fun.

"Hooting and yelling"
 Are not your vocal habits. WARREN's belling
 The Cat of Anarchy; he'll tell you that.
 You are not quite that Cat.

Its claws are showing, and they may want
 clipping,

And shindy in the streets is just a pest;
 But Law, though lately once or twice found
 tripping,

Won't interfere with the calm Civic nest.

MATTHEWS seems heedless,

And "shoves his oar in" in a style most
 needless;

But even he would hardly raise his clutch
 The sacred Ninth to touch.

No, a good rule may have a good exception.
 You're popular, pass on! Rowdies and raff
 Need raps. Let him in civism adept, shun
 The spouter's bawling, and the Bobby's staff.

Mad mobs in Town
 Are a vile nuisance that must be put down;
 But you're not a "Procession," don't you
 know,—

You are—a "Show"!

"CHARLES OUR FRIEND."

BRAVO, SIR CHARLES WARREN! The
 roughs may consider you a Rabid Warren,
 but what does that matter to you, or to us, or
 to any lover of order, peace, and quietness in
 this vast Metropolis? You're not a weasel to
 be caught napping, and your recent Procla-
 mation is admirable, if its provisions be only
 justly and exactly carried out. Your arrange-
 ments too—talking of provisions—for housing
 the houseless, seem to be remarkably judicious.
Mr. Punch trusts that the Processions which
 you mention, and "the wandering bands per-
 ambulating the streets," which you are going
 to consider as disorderly, will be taken to
 include those disturbers of our Sunday Quiet,
 calling themselves Members of the Salvation
 Army, who, it is to be hoped, in every district
 wherever their presence is not welcome to a
 majority of the respectable residents, will be
 summarily dispersed and their noise stopped.

On working days let perambulating bands
 come out for air and exercise, only let them
 take care that their "air" be always in tune.
 That schools and clubs should have their
 bands is an excellent thing. But there are
 six days in the week for noise, and the Sal-
 vationists can let us have our Sunday in
 peace. *Mr. Punch* is all for freedom of
 speech, and so he speaks out freely. He is
 all for the liberty of the subject, but the
 subject must remember that he is a subject,
 and *Mr. Punch* takes the liberty to remind
 him of it. At the meeting of real working
 men of business to protest against these
 meetings in Trafalgar Square, Mr. FREDERICK
 GORDON spoke up for his Metropole-itan in-
 terests in Grand style. The HOME SECRE-
 TARY, it is to be hoped, carefully pondered the
 speeches of these practical gentlemen. Mr.
 ATTENBOROUGH, too,—*"O, my prophetic soul,
 my uncle!"*—gave distinct evidence of the
 injury done to trade in and about Trafal-
 gar Square. The Rev. Mr. KITTO moved a
 resolution, and Mr. BIDDLE seconded it,

Saying ditto
 To Mr. KITTO.

And *Mr. Punch* once more expresses his hope
 that the first Act of next Session will be one
 to regulate meetings and processions in and
 about London, whereby orderly citizens may
 enjoy their rights undisturbed. Trafalgar
 Square and all our great thoroughfares should
 be "proclaimed districts," as regards the
 loafers, roughs, and rowdies whose object is
 plunder, and whose end is—or, at least, should
 be—punishment.

PUNCH.



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

LORD MAYOR. "EH!—WHAT!—PROCESSIONS!—WHY—"

SIR C. WARREN. "OH, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, MY LORD,—YOU'RE NOT A 'PROCESSION'—YOU'RE A 'SHOW.'
YOU WON'T 'TERRORISE THE INHABITANTS'!!"



"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

Old Friend. "HULLO, DICK! HOW ARE YOU? I WISH YOU'D COME AND DINE WITH ME TO-NIGHT. BUT NOW YOU'RE A LORD, I SUPPOSE I MUSTN'T CALL YOU DICK ANY LONGER, OR EVEN ASK YOU TO DINNER!"

Noble Earl (who has just come into his Title). "LORD BE BLOWED! LEND ME A FIVER, AND YOU MAY CALL ME WHAT YOU LIKE—AND I'LL DINE WITH YOU INTO THE BARGAIN!"

SCARLETINA AT TRURO.

THE æsthetic Archbishop BENSON has an eye for colour. At Truro, the *Times* report says, "he wore his scarlet robe and train, which, as he moved from place to place in the Cathedral"—very restless of him, by the way—"was upborne by two little acolytes clad in scarlet cassocks and dainty surplices of lawn, and wearing tiny scarlet caps upon their heads." The Archbishop is the big scarlet, and the tiny acolytes might be called the scarletini. And to think that years ago this sudden outbreak of archiepiscopal brilliancy would have been inveighed against as trifling with the "Scarlet Lady." H.R.H. made an excellent speech on the occasion, and, with the effect of colour still in his memory, he could not resist reminding the æsthetic Dr. BENSON that "seven years and a half ago"—nothing like being exact—"he (H.R.H.) was enabled to lay the foundation stone of this Cathedral with Masonic honours." "Archbishop in scarlet, forsooth! scarlet tiny acolytes!" (such was evidently the rebuke conveyed in H.R.H.'s speech)—"you should just see Me as Most Worshipful Grand Master, with my Wardens, Deacons, Chaplains, and Tylers! Why, in comparison with that blaze of splendour, you and your scarlet are nowhere. However, Ladies and Gentlemen, I came here on this occasion, not 'to oblige BENSON,' but to visit this ancient Duchy in my popular character of Duke of CORNWALL. *Au revoir.*"

MONSIGNOR PERSICO, *Truth* says, stayed with Archbishop CROKE, and dined with the witty and popular Father JAMES HEALY, P.P. of Little Bray. Well, Monsignor PERSICO must have heard a great deal of croke-ing, but let us hope he has got some remedies for healy-ing the wounds of the distressful country from Mr. *Punch's* good friend, Father JAMES, of Little Bray, and precious little bray about him.

A MYSTERIOUS PAPER.

THE near approach of Christmas, with its fireside stories, has suggested the following list of questions for examination that may be put to himself by any intending *raconteur*. As he may be sure that if he can tackle them satisfactorily he will be able effectually to enchain any family circle he may come across during the coming festive season, he may be safely recommended to go at them in all confidence:—

1. What is a "spook"? Have you ever met one in society? Define "telepathy." Can you send a "telepathigram"? If so, do you think it would cost more than a halfpenny a word?

2. Write a short biographical notice of Messrs. MYERS AND GURNEY. State which of the two you would rather be, and give, if you can, your reasons for your answer.

3. Furnish a brief abstract, that must not exceed 300 pages, of their joint work, *Phantasms of the Living*. What would be the present price of the two volumes on MURDIE'S Second-hand List?

4. A certain Mr. BROWN knew a Captain JONES, who knew a Major ROBINSON, who one night sitting at Mess at a hill-station in the Central Provinces of India, thought he saw a figure on the verandah and felt a sudden dig in the side as if somebody had pushed him with his elbow. He had been mixing his wines rather freely, but turning to his neighbour, he said, "I am almost sure something has happened to my Uncle JAMES." He subsequently wrote a dozen letters to England on the subject, but could never get any answer; and to this day, though his Uncle JAMES is known to be alive and quite well, the matter remains a mystery. To what class of "inconsequent warnings" could you refer this experience?

5. At Bansbury House, Buckinghamshire, a phantom omnibus full inside and out of headless passengers, drives three times round the central grass-plot on the eve of the day on which the heir orders a new dress-coat. Account for this, if you can, and compare it with the reported apparition of the famous luminous elephant said to be visible to the Laids of Glenhuish whenever the amount of their butcher's-book reaches the sum of £20.

6. Detail the circumstances that are said to explain the curious conduct of the celebrated little old man in the bagwig and faded blue velvet coat, that haunts the principal guest bedchamber at Tokenhouse Manor. To what is he supposed to refer when after mournfully shaking his head three times he says, "It's the mustard that did it!" Examine this, and give some reasons to account for the fact that he invariably disappears in the linen cupboard.

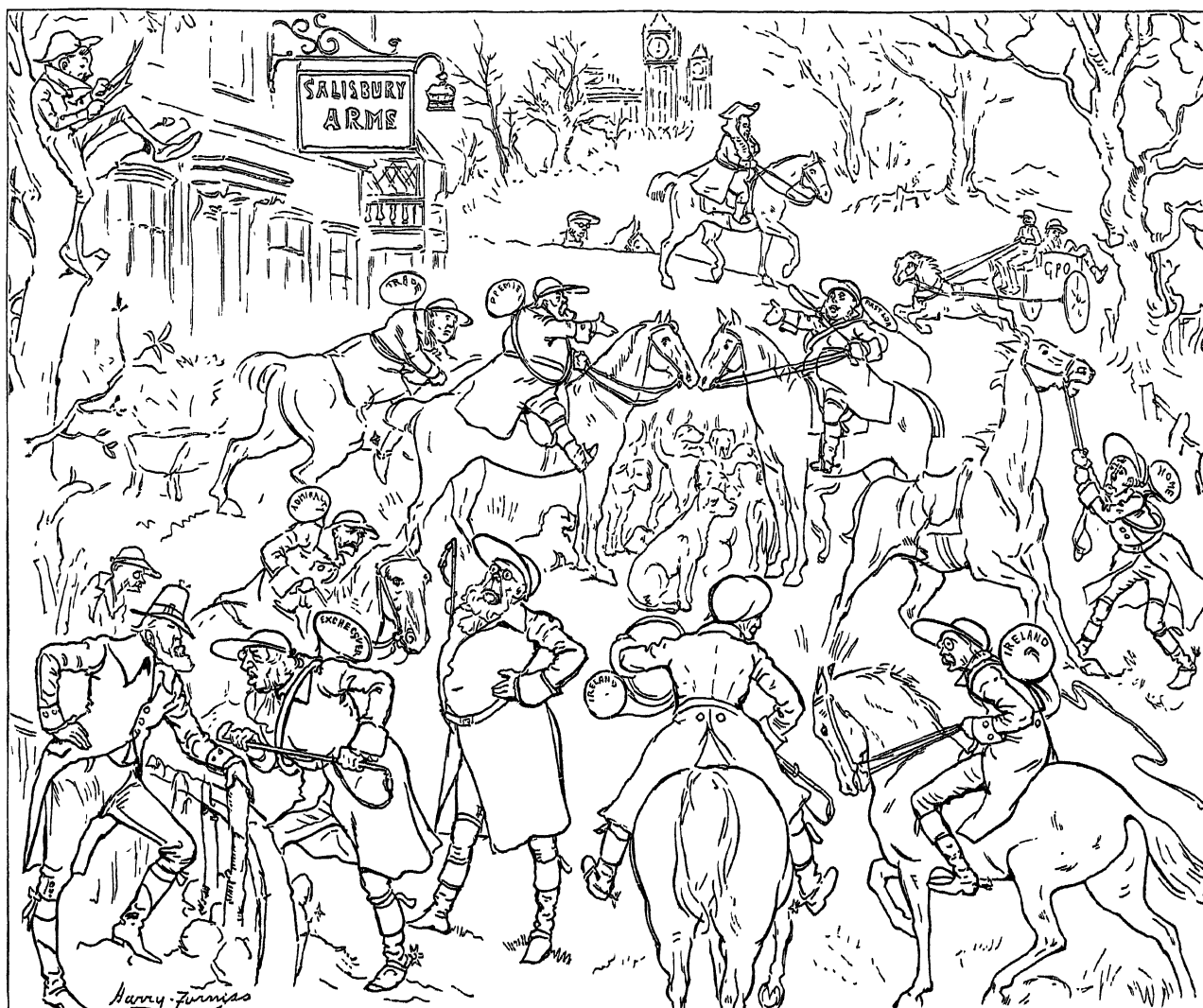
7. Give the various popular versions of the secret which imparted at Rheims Castle to (1) the heir, on his attaining his majority, (2) the family butler, and (3) a select circle of intimate friends who may have chanced to attend on the occasion regarding the matter as an excellent joke, instantly turns their hair white, causes them to look thirty years older, and makes them talk in whispers, and wear an expression of melancholy terror for the rest of their lives.

8. The hall of a well-known modern villa at Brixton is haunted by the spectre of a coal-heaver, who carries his head under his arm; and, whenever it is opened, he is visible on the mat, just inside the front door. Tradesmen, therefore, calling with their accounts, rush away, terror-stricken, without waiting for payment, and visitors coming to five o'clock tea are carried off in violent hysterics to the nearest chemist's. As the landlord cannot induce any bailiffs to cross the threshold, the tenant who is, notwithstanding their ghastly condition, quite cheerful on the premises, is several quarters in arrear with his rent. State, under the circumstances, what proceedings, if any, you would take to "lay" the ghost.

9. It is well known that the celebrated gallery at Bingham Place, Somersetshire, is haunted, after midnight, by the apparition of a knight in full armour, who heralds his approach by the clanking of chains and cannon-balls, and who, after flinging about the boots and hot-water cans standing at the doors of the various guest-chambers, tumbles head-over-heels down-stairs, shrieking the refrain of a thirteenth century hunting-chorus, and having thoroughly awakened everybody sleeping on the premises, finally disappears with a loud unearthly wail, in the butler's pantry. State what you think would be the probable result of waiting for the appearance of this spectre, and then suddenly hitting it hard over the knees with a cricket-bat.

10. Give the story of the well-known "haunted house" in Belgrave Square. How would the unconscious tenant who had taken it furnished be likely to account for the punctual appearance, at half-past nine every evening, among his guests in the back drawing-room, of the eyeless baronet, in a dressing-gown, dragging the two elderly females by the hair of their heads about in a deadly struggle, and, after continuing it for three-quarters of an hour, ultimately vanishing, as if exhausted, apparently into the grand piano? Would you advise him to take his guests into his confidence, and apologise for the intrusion, or pretend to notice nothing unusual in the phenomenon, and simply ignore it? Examine the situation, and conclude your paper by dealing with it in the shape of a short essay on "the position of the Ghost considered in relation to Society."

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 53.



THE FIRST MEET OF THE SEASON.

Open carriages pass, containing Aldermen in tall hats and fur-coats.

Critical Crowd. Brush yer 'ats! There's a nose! Oh, ain't he bin 'avin' a go at the sherry afore he started, neither! 'Ere comes old "Sir BEN"—that's 'im in the white pot 'at!

[They cheer Sir BEN—without, however, any clear notion why.]

Allegorical Cars pass.

Crowd. Don't they look chilly up there! 'Old on to your globe, Sir! Don't ketch cold in them tights, Miss! They've run up agin somethink, that lot 'ave. See where it's all bent in—eh?

Lord Mayor's Coach passes.

Crowd. 'Ooray! That's 'im with the muff on. No, it ain't, yer soft 'ed! It's 'im in the feathered 'at a-layin' back. Whoy don't yer let 'im set on yer lap, Guv'nor? &c., &c.

A block. Lady Mayoress's Coach stopping.

Crowd. There's dresses! They must ha' cost a tidy penny!

Agitator. Wrung out of the pockets of the poor working-man! I'd dress 'em, I would! Why should sech as you and me keep the likes o' them in laziness? If we 'ad our rights, it's us as 'ud be riding in their places!

Artisan (after a glance at him). Dunno as the Show 'd be much the prettier to look at for that, mate.

After the Procession.

Practical Pleasure-seeker (who has been pushed into a back row, and seen nothing but the banners, to DUGGIE and WEEBIE, miraculously recovered). Thank Heaven, they're found! Children, let this be a lesson to you in future never to—What? Seen the Show beauti-

fully, have you? (*Boiling over.*) Oh, very well—wait till I get you home!

The Female P. Now, don't say another word, JOHN,—anyone but an idiot would have known that that cart would be turned down a back-street! If I hadn't insisted on getting out when I did, we should have missed the Show altogether. Policeman, is the Show ever coming? Shall we get a good view from here?

Policeman. Capital view, Mum—if you don't mind waiting till next November!

[*Tableau. Curtain.*]

The Ingratitude of Grandolph.

MANY terrible things have our patriots seen;

They have seen their dear DIZZY extending the suffrage,
And versatile GLADSTONE a-wearing the Green,
And HARCOURT defending Home Rule and the rough-rage;
And Disintegration approaching our realm,
And Rads—so they fancy—inviting invaders;
But that which their souls must with woe most o'erwhelm
Is—Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL a-chaffing Fair Traders!

"JAM' satis," as our Schoolmaster had just breath enough to murmur when he escaped from out of the midst of a Socialist Meeting in Trafalgar Square.

UNFORTUNATELY, the great enemy of the Teetotal Temperance Societies is—the British "Public."

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

(A Contribution towards a Future History, by Macaulay Stiggins, C.C.)

THE LORD MAYOR was the first Privy Councillor created, and has remained so ever since that auspicious event. On the death of the Monarch, he presides at the meeting that is immediately summoned, and appoints the new Cabinet, generally from the members of the



late Government, but on one memorable occasion he appointed all the members of the Court of Aldermen who had passed the Chair, and although they were afterwards induced to resign, it was noticed that during their short administration matters went on much as usual. This was called the Cabinet of Absolute Wisdom, after Alderman Wood, the Prime Minister,

who was the First Lord of the Treasury who ever left more in it than he found there. His beautiful daughter, MARIA, was the reigning Toast of those hard-drinking days, and gave her well-known name to the magnificent City Barge that periodically conveys the City Fathers, together with the City Mothers, on their several important inspections of the Silver Thames, in the neighbourhood of Richmond and Twickenham. The matters they have to discuss on these occasions are of so weighty a nature that they are compelled to have five or six horses to draw them. On one occasion, and one only, they managed to get as far as Oxford, an account of which celebrated voyage was written by the Lord Mayor's Chaplain of the time, under the title of "Alderman WENABLES' Voyage to Hoxford," a copy of which is still preserved in the Bodleian, among their most cherished treasures, and can only be seen on special application, as fabulous sums have been offered by the Court of Aldermen for its destruction, it being the only copy that escaped when the whole edition was ordered to be bought up and destroyed. This unique volume is said to contain such astounding revelations as must be seen to be believed, and would possibly not be believed even then.

Before the newly-elected Lord Mayor is sworn in, he has to produce a Certificate from a Wine Merchant, "residing in ye Cittye," and a Freeman of the Vintners' Company, that he has placed in the capacious Cellar at the Mansion House, provided for that purpose, ten Tuns, or one thousand dozen of good wine, for the year's consumption, and whatever is left, if any, is distributed among the Royal Hospitals, the quantity being carefully recorded by the learned Recorder, which record is placed under the control of the equally learned Comptroller, and remains for all time, as a witness to the liberality or stinginess of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of that particular year.

The Sheriffs are the most ancient officers of the Corporation, having been first elected in the reign of King NEBUCHADNEZZAR. A singular custom still prevails, originating, it is said, in their association with the grass-eating monarch. They are entitled, by virtue of their office, to the first six bundles of sparrow-grass—as it was originally spelt, and is still called by Members of the Corporation—that are brought into Covent Garden Market: and his Grace the Duke of BEDFORD is always courteously invited to partake of it, at a sumptuous banquet called "the Grass Festival." (*Vide Stow*, cap. 23 of BELL's ed.)

The City Marshal was formerly a personage of great importance, being in fact of the same rank as a Field Marshal, the only difference being that one acted in the City and the other in the Field, whence their names. The City Marshal was the City Champion, and always rode into Guildhall, fully armed, on Lord Mayor's Day, at the commencement of the Banquet, and, throwing down a glove, dared anyone to mortal combat who disputed the rights of the Lord Mayor. If no one accepted his challenge, he quaffed a flagon of sack to his Lordship's health, and then cleverly and gracefully backed out of the Hall. It is recorded that on one occasion his challenge was accepted by a gallant Common Councilman who had been fulfilling the important duties of Wine-taster, and who, when called upon to name time and place for the deadly encounter, said, in the memorable words of the great ALFRED, "Here and now!" which so astonished the Champion that he pleaded sudden indisposition, and withdrew. The custom has since been discontinued. The gallant Common Councilman was made Deputy of the Ward of Port-soaken.

In ancient times the LORD MAYOR, as every one knows, had a Fool all to himself, and he was the only Fool permitted in the City. The appointment was open to all by competitive examination. On the occasion of a LORD MAYOR making a Fool of himself the office was abolished by the Common Council from motives of economy. In memory of this ancient privilege the LORD MAYOR once in the season has a fool—a gooseberry fool—all to himself.

A NAPPY HOLIDAY.

Any Time in August.—Just been reading capital article in *Nineteenth Century*, by Dr. JAMES MUIR HOWIE, on the "Nerve Rest-Cure," which says—"For those who cannot get a sufficient holiday, the best substitute is an occasional day in bed." Why not several days in bed? In fact one's whole summer holiday? "Better than climbing toilsome mountains," he remarks. Quite so—and much better than toilsome trip to Ramsgate with one's whole family in tow. (Think of the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe. *She* had all her family in *toe*. Laugh feebly at my own joke. Really my nerves must be *very* bad.) Best feature of new holiday plan, however, is its *cheapness*. Was quite at a loss how to afford our annual trip till HOWIE came to rescue with his "(y)early to bed" cure. Announce to family that I intend following Dr. HOWIE's advice. Family seems too stupefied to say anything.



Going Nap.

Evening.—Family has found its voice. Protests unanimously and quite fiercely against new holiday plan. Wife "sure I can afford trip to sea-side." If not, *where* does my money go to? Argument forcible, but unpleasant.

First Day.—Holiday begins. Sleep till 11 A.M. Scrumpshous! Should have slept longer, but two hurdy-gurdies stop outside, playing different airs. Not only murder the tunes, but "murder sleep" as well. Listen for ten minutes—nerves terribly shaky. Oughtn't to get out of bed, HOWIE says, but must. See my eldest boy, HENRY, giving Italian fiends money! What does this unwonted generosity mean?

Afternoon.—Dinner in bed not a success. Everything underdone. Tell wife. She says, "Cook and servants in bad tempers; thought we were all going to Ramsgate, and they would have rest." Rest means clandestine kitchen parties. Feel angry—bad for nerves, but can't help it. Sleep impossible, as bed full of crumbs. Wonder HOWIE didn't think of this. Send HENRY for evening paper—perhaps it will soothe me.

It doesn't. He brings back one three days old. Says shopman gave it him! Send him again, and shop closed for night. Nerves actually *worse than ever*.

Second Day.—Had disturbed night, owing to lack of my usual exercise yesterday. Still must stick to HOWIE's prescription. Terrible row in house. Wife comes up after breakfast (in tears) to say children, deprived of sea-side trip, are ungovernable; pretend to be buffaloes and Cowboys in *drawing-room*! Already two valuable vases wrecked. Hang the children! Hang Colonel COY too! Still even paying for new vases cheaper than Ramsgate lodgings. Read morning paper. Just dropping off to sleep over somebody's important speech on Ireland, when—

Three hurdy-gurdies outside! Rush to window, open it, and bid men avaunt. They won't avaunt. Say "they've been ordered to come every morning for a month by the young gent." This must be HENRY's "Plan of Campaign." Send for him, and find he has prudently gone out. Nothing for it but to stuff cotton-wool into ears till men go. Cotton-wool in ears for a whole hour *shatters* nerves.

Third Day.—Much worse. Though I've given strict orders that no letters or bills are to be sent up to my bed-room, find Tax-Collector's little "Demand-Note" wrapped in fold of morning paper! Annoyed. Perhaps, after all, HOWIE wrong. Hullo! what's that? Somebody on my window-sill! Burglars? No, can't be. How bad all this is for my nerves. Spring up in time to see HENRY disappearing down rope-ladder, which he and his brothers have let down from roof. How horribly dangerous! Ring violently. Hear heavy thud in garden. Talk of "Nerve Rest-Cure"—rest of my nerves gone long ago, none left to be cured.

Wife (in tears again—awfully bad for nerves this) says the thud was not HENRY falling; boys have pulled down part of chimney, which has smashed the front steps—that's all. She suggests that perhaps, after all, this holiday plan in bed is not so good as—

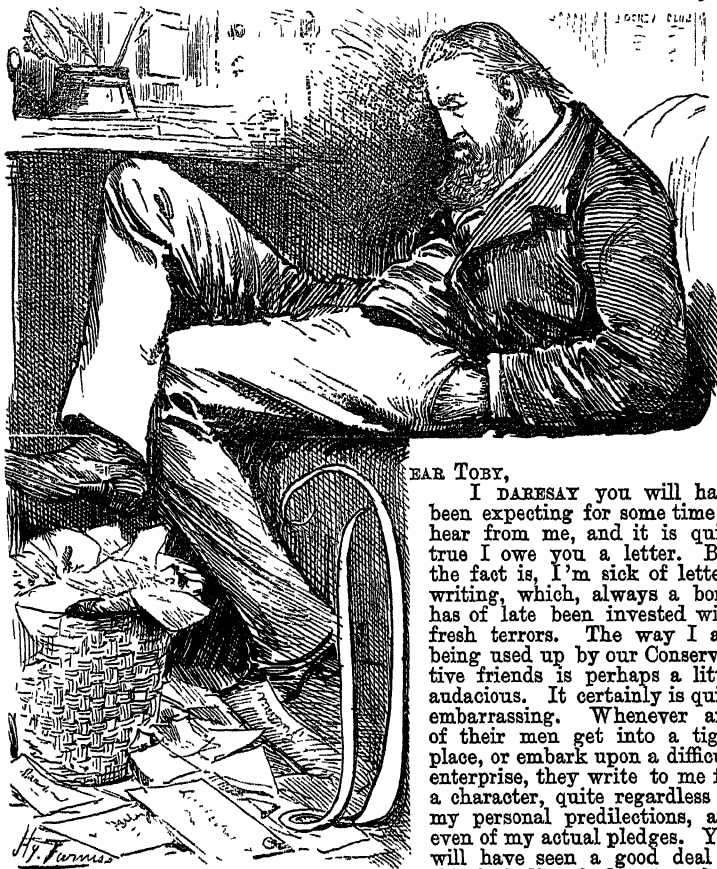
Five hurdy-gurdies to-day! Maddening! Hired by HENRY, wife says. Send him to bed for whole day; we'll see how he likes "Rest-Cure" for his nerves. Get up gloomily, dress, and go downstairs. Pitch *Nineteenth Century* into waste-paper basket. Feel nerves better after it. Decide on Ramsgate, as usual, and so ends my holiday in bed—my "Sleepy Hollow" day!

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM A DEFECTED LETTER-WRITER.

D-v-nsh-re House, Saturday.



DEAR TOBY,

I DARESAY you will have been expecting for some time to hear from me, and it is quite true I owe you a letter. But the fact is, I'm sick of letter-writing, which, always a bore, has of late been invested with fresh terrors. The way I am being used up by our Conservative friends is perhaps a little audacious. It certainly is quite embarrassing. Whenever any of their men get into a tight place, or embark upon a difficult enterprise, they write to me for a character, quite regardless of my personal predilections, and even of my actual pledges. You will have seen a good deal of this, including the latest production

touching the Aberdeen University Election, where G-SCH-N hopes to ride in on my back.

But that was nothing to the letter they got me to write about the Glasgow University Rectorship. That was, unhappily, not my first production on the subject. Months ago I was asked what I thought of R-S-B-RY as Rector, and I let them have my opinion straight. A better fellow, take him all round, there isn't in either House. Just the man to be Lord Rector of a Scotch University, if he cares to undertake the office. Since then, however, L-TT-N comes along, and with that stupendous ambition for personal distinction which I don't understand, not satisfied with being Ambassador to Paris, wants to be Lord Rector of Glasgow University. Of course they come to me to back him up,—a peculiarly hot corner to put a fellow in. It happens not only that I have published my opinion about R-S-B-RY, but all the world knows what I think of L-TT-N. Still, as the M-RK-SS says, we must keep out GL-DST-NE from Downing Street; and so we'll put in L-TT-N for Glasgow University. A hard pill to swallow, but I gulped at it, and the letter was written. But between you and me, TOBY, I felt nearer being mean than I ever did in my life, and would go a long way round rather than look a Glasgow University lad in the face.

Still, it is no new experience for me to be persuaded to do things I don't like. I'm swallowing hard pills in the Conservative interest now, but many a box I've cleared out in former days to make things pleasant for GL-DST-NE. You've seen me, I daresay, reluctantly brought up to the box on the table of the House, patted, pushed, placed in position, and made to support all kinds of things, which a few months or weeks earlier I honestly believe I loathed. As I write I see GL-DST-NE nodding encouragingly as I proceed. I hear the rapturous cheers of the Radicals, delighted to find me won over. I am conscious of the chilling silence on the benches immediately behind, and I am roused to more desperate declaration by the satirical cheers of my friends on the benches opposite. I recall, as it were but yesterday, the effect H-RC-RT's cheer used to have upon me—the strong temptation to turn round, publicly chuck up the whole business, and go back to the expression of my opinion on the particular topic before GL-DST-NE took me in hand.

That's all over now, at least in that particular development. But it's the same old thing over again in altered circumstances.

After I had consented to support GL-DST-NE's last Land Bill, he sent me a gushing letter, in which he said that, turning over the pages of T-RT-LL-N, he had come upon a passage which might well be engraved on my tombstone.

I thought at the time it was, in chronological circumstances, rather cool his preparing a tombstone for me. But that by the way. Here is the epitaph:—

"Sic vita erat; facile omnes perferre ac pati;
Cum quibus erat cunque una, his sese dedere;
Eorum obsequi studiis; adversus nemini,
Nunquam prapponens se aliis."

But that was, of course, before I bolted on the Home-Rule question. I fancy he has found another passage since.

I know I'm not a person of any conspicuous ability. If I had not been born a C-V-ND-SH I would never have been even a CH-PL-N. But as things fell out, I am like the boy in the middle of the balanced plank, at the end of which two others sit. According as I move to the right or to the left, one end of the plank goes up, and the other down. So the friends on either side constantly shoulder me one way or the other; which is all very well for them, but rather a nuisance to me.

It is part of this perpetual little game by which I am used for the convenience of others, that you get all the talk about my being Premier. I am not at all sure that I should not be shouldered into *that* by-and-by, if it were not for GR-ND-LPH. I do not pretend to see further through a ladder than an ordinary passer-by; but it is clear to me that you can never have a Government rival to the regular Liberals (observe, I do not say a Conservative Government) without GR-ND-LPH. It is no secret that I have never hankered after GR-ND-LPH, neither liking him, nor believing in him. You know what Dr. J-HNS-N said about C-LL-Y C-BB-R. I don't exactly, but it was something to the effect that "as for CBBB-R, if you take away from his conversation all that he should not have said, he is a poor creature." That is a way of putting it curiously applicable to GR-ND-LPH. If you take away from his political speeches all that he should not have said, he is a poor creature, a presumptuous rattle-trap, the *gamin* of Conservative politics. But if I undertake the titular headship of the Conservative Party, I shall have to deal with him, and that, as they say in a circular space of which I now see too little, is not good enough.

That is my present opinion. But, bless us all! I may be talked round on this point, and used by a Party as I was when I made my first appearance in the House of Commons nearly thirty years ago, and, a mere stripling, was made the instrument of turning out a powerful Government.

Yours dejectedly,

H-RT-NGT-N.

SUSPIRIA.

(By a Disappointed Sportsman.)

THE plane's broad plates of weather-beaten gold
Lie shrunk and sodden in the miry way,
Never around the dappled trunk to play
Again with tricky beams, and breezes bold.

Night swathes the sober light in thickening fold,
Like a grey moth, webb'd in a prison grey,
And the wan willow to the dying day
Gleams like despair, unsolaced and untold.

Now from the village tow'r the bells begin
Their sad-soul'd chiming, as a sullen boy
Wails on in wantonness. Oh, to greet again
Thames's bright Strand, his theatre-studded joy,
The postman's frequent rap, the newsboy's din,
The constant cab, the ever-circling train.

"IN THE SO-CALLED NINETEENTH CENTURY,"—When giving three Bishops a little touching up in Mr. KNOWLES'S *Nineteenth Century*, why does the playful Professor always write "*a priori*," instead of "*a priori*?" As no one would accuse Mr. HUXLEY of falling into a "clerical error," the explanation must be that he had nothing to do with it, or didn't know any better, or his printer would have it so, or the Printer's Devil possessed him, or Bathybius got loose and played the mischief with the type. Perhaps it is we who are wrong, if so, we ask has it anything to do with the new accent which is to be used in the pronunciation of Latin? A trifling matter—but for a Professor so "acute" such an accent may be considered a "grave" mistake.

THE GLADSTONE BAIT.

„As regards Home Rule for Ireland, I may say I am prepared to go as far as Mr. GLADSTONE'S own words warrant," &c., &c.—*Times*, Nov. 9.



Joe, the Incomplete Angler (to himself). "I THINK I'LL CATCH 'EM WITH THIS!"

The Incomplete Angler singeth:—

It was all very well, when afar from the "swim,"
With tackle unready, and plans rather dim,
To go in for splashes and plunges.
Though, whether Lord S-I-SB-RY thought it so well,
I am not quite assured. How the papers did yell
At my whirls, and my whisks, and wild lunges!

But now, on the spot, with the fish all about,
The Waltonian rôle, there is not the least doubt,
Befits a diplomatist Angler.

I must not dance war-dances, shy heavy stones,
Or talk in the strident stentorian tones
Of a partisan public-house wrangler.

I frighten the fish with my shindy? No, no!
I will show there's a fisherman's tact about JOE.
I make a *flasco*? No, thankee!
I'll be as discreet as *Piscator* could wish,
In a style will enchant the Canadian fish,
And utterly ravish the Yankee.

But now, as to bait? Well, ahem!—yes, I fear,
The Gladstonian minnow is popular here,—
It's a bait I abominate wholly.
And yet—if I fish as I fancy—I feel
I perhaps may go home with no fish in my creel,—
And that would be most melancholy!

I am sure my own patent assortment of flies
Ought to make *any* fish in the universe rise;
My spoon-bait is terribly killing
In some Irish waters. But here,—well, my hook
Must be hidden with something from Hawarden's old book,
Though to use it I own I'm unwilling.

Ha! ha! Yes, I have it. I've made up a bait
That some will think Old, and that some will think Great,
And all will deem Grand—if it nicks 'em.
It's green—shot with orange; the fins have a look
Of a pair of big collars. Great Scott, what a hook!
Yes, this, I am certain, must fix 'em.

It is—and it isn't—the very same bait
That the Nottingham fellows—as anglers so great—
Consider the pink of perfection.
Why, WILLIAM himself might well capture a dish
With this bait; did he use it, I'm sure, not a fish
Would so much as think of rejection.

Now, my Starred-and-striped beauties! Canadian pets!
Crossed-Irish, so doubtful of hooks and of nets!
I drop it in—so! Won't it rummage 'em?
Some sneer at my angling. How savage they'll be
When the secret of my great success they will see
Is Gladstonian bait—*à la* Brummagem!
[Left winding and winking.]

By GEORGE!—A first-rate speech was made by the
new Patent Commander-in-Chief GEORGE RANGER, Duke
of CAMBRIDGE, at the dinner of Volunteer Sergeants,
Justice COTTON,—Gun-Cotton on this occasion—in the
Chair. "I have always stated," said the Brave old
Chief, "that the best way to avoid war, is to be so
strong that nobody would think of attacking you."
Hear! Hear! *P. M. Punch* likes this sort of strong
language from GEORGE RANGER, and hopes that His
Royal Highness will be made Patent President of the
International Arbitration Court.



THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

"WHY DID THAT POLICEMAN TOUCH HIS HAT TO YOU, AUNT? HAVE YOU
GOT ONE AS WELL AS NURSE?"

NOTICE!

IN consequence of the great success attending the sale of Mr.
GLADSTONE'S "Chips," the Grand Old Chief is in future to be known
as "the Last of the Ochipaways!" But he refuses to bury the
hatchet.

New Version.

O'BRIEN the thin his own breeches would wear,
And have nothing to do with the Government pair.
"If my patriot legs they those pants would thrust in,
They must do it themselves," said O'BRIEN the thin.

On the 22nd, the *Edipus Tyrannus* is to be produced at Cam-
bridge. One of the members of the A. D. C. wanted to bring out
an old burlesque on *Edipus* at the Club Theatre on the same night,
but Mr. J. W. CLARKE of Trinity, General Manager and University
Entrepreneur, immediately objected that it would be irreverent to
turn the awful story of *Edipus* and *Jocasta* into a jest, "For,"
said he, "you certainly cannot 'joke as ta' that." The Master
of Trinity has summoned the Fellows to consider what ought to be
done to the other Fellow.

A NEW LIFE.—MR. JOSEPH HATTON, author of *Clytie*, and quite
recently of *The Gay World*, a novel which has created a consider-
able sensation, is coming out as the biographer of "Friend TOOLE."
Author and Actor have been about together a great deal lately; in
fact so much so, as to give rise to the report that Mr. J. L. TOOLE was
dreadfully afraid of catching cold, as he was never seen anywhere
without his Hat on.

THE British Mission in Abyssinia seems to have got into difficul-
ties. The Negus won't listen to the Queen's English as contained
in HER MAJESTY'S letter. This Negus evidently is not so sweet as
usual: a little punch-in' his head would do him some good. At all
events this Negus must be stirred up and taken down pretty sharply.

THE TOWN MOUSE'S TRIALS.

[Dr. MILNER FOTHERGILL has published a pamphlet on *The Effects of Town
Life upon the Human Body*.]

O DOCTOR MILNER FOTHERGILL, it's hard to hear you state,
That people who must dwell in towns will all deteriorate;
We all live at too fast a rate, and ought to be more placid,
And, like the Ichthyosaurus, we develop too much acid.

Moreover the good Doctor, too, this sad assertion makes,
The dweller in the country can enjoy his Banbury Cakes;
But here in town he warns each man his constitution's undone
By flour and fat, and so adieu to pleasant cakes in London.

We're getting smaller, too, in size: our Mentor bids us go
And pit ourselves 'gainst effigies we see when *chez* TUSSAUD;
And then he ventures on what seems a terrible assertion—
He says we're ta'en a lower form, and calls it "retroversion."

Our nervous system's too much forced, like early hot-house peas—
Our children are inferior to bumpkins, if you please;
In fact this pamphlet quite enough to give a man a fright is,
With all its nasty prophecies of childish *meningitis*.

Town life is most unnatural; but, hang it, Doctor, you
Know somebody must live in town, and so what shall we do?
Why, just forget your catalogue of city-bred diseases,
And let each fellow eat and drink exactly what he pleases!

MR. CHAMPION (not one of the Seven of Christendom) writing to
the *Times* in defence of the Socialists—and writing very effectively
too—said, "Of OLDLAND, who has been committed for trial, I know
nothing, except that he is a total abstainer." Is he? Then why
didn't he abstain from attending a disorderly meeting in Trafalgar
Square?

MORAL GOVERNMENT REQUIRED.—We are always reading of
Vice-Presidents everywhere. Are there no Virtue-Presidents?

SHOWS VIEWS.

By Victor Who-goes-Everywhere.

The Arabian Nights, at the Globe, is a piece chiefly remarkable for the performances of Messrs. HAWTREY and PENLEY, and Miss



Rather a Close Shave.

Our Club. The part now taken by Mr. HAWTREY was, I believe, originally intended for Mr. WYNDHAM. The plot is of the usual character. A married man, in the absence of his wife, gets involved in a more or less innocent flirtation with some one else, and, to escape from this entanglement, on the return of his better half, has to trust to his power of invention as a substitute for a plain statement of facts. Mr. HAWTREY, as the embarrassed husband, was guilty of verbal equivocation (to use a pleasant substitute for "lying") with an earnestness that insured success. This is very like somebody's piece called *Truth* at the Criterion. *The Arabian Nights* is a kind of piece that will be the better for "working up," and indeed it is a joke which will be improved by repetition. Some of the lines are so daring, that only a male GRUNDY could have written them. If the well-known lady of the same name had heard them, I fancy they would have been erased by request. On the first night, however, all went well, and I can only trust that every succeeding audience will be equally appreciative, and not more exacting.

I frankly admit that the Royal Westminster Aquarium has a terrible fascination for me. It is not the fact that years ago it was opened by the Duke of EDINBURGH, as a tribute to the memory of the late lamented Prince Consort, that attracts me, nor do I think that the recollection that the Survivors of the Balacava Charge take their annual dinner in commemoration of the battle of the 25th of October on the second-floor back favourably impresses me—no, I imagine that I am drawn towards it by the posters. Certainly the hoardings persuaded me to see *La Belle Fatma* and to assist at a *séance* with the Wolves. The other evening I was lured within its highly illuminated walls by the announcement that those who were present in the stalls in front of the Central Stage at ten o'clock would see a Shaving Contest. Two barbers were to shave a number of members of the public for the stakes of £50 or £100 (I forget which) a side. I arrived in good time and was told (I fancied rather contemptuously) that the contest was to come off in "the Balloon Room." I made my way to this mysterious apartment, which proved to be a hall decorated with charts and maps and not too brilliantly lighted by one gas-jet. A small man, assisted by a smaller, stood in front of several chairs, behind which were ranged toilet necessaries. A mildly-spoken gentleman in evening dress and a neck scarf then addressed the audience (chiefly composed of persons in pot hats), and told them (so I understood him to say) that "the Management" had considered it better to have the entertainment in the Balloon Room instead of the Central Stage as more appropriate. He then was loud in his admiration of a patent American razor, which was passed from hand to hand for inspection amongst the audience. After a while some youths were induced to come up to be shaved, and were shaved by the small barber whose eyes had been covered with a bandage before the commencement of the operation. When the first youth was "done," the mildly-spoken gentleman observed that he had great pleasure in announcing that the gentleman had been shaved by Mr. So-and-so, (I forget the barber's name) blindfolded, without having been cut! This encouraging information was received with cheers, but I could not help fancying that the audience was not subsequently quite so eager to assist by submission to the razor in contributing to the blindfolded barber's triumph. Then the mildly-spoken gentleman announced that the contest would not come off, for some reason that was not quite clear to me. Hereupon a rather aggressive person claimed to be shaved—and shaved he was, also another person of an older growth than the first applicants. The

aggressive person turned upon his co-shavist (if I may be allowed to coin a word) and feeling his chin declared him to be only half shaved. Then several other persons felt the man's chin and expressed the same opinion. Then there was a "scene," which I understood the mildly-spoken gentleman to declare to be "an unseemly altercation," and officers of the institution in uniform were introduced. The aggressive person continued his aggressiveness, and claimed to be the Champion Shaver of a large territory including (I think) both the inhabited and uninhabited portions of the globe. Then a gentleman in morning dress, connected with the Management appeared, and we were all requested politely to leave. I followed with the crowd, for I had an idea (no doubt it was a foolish fancy) that if I had not I should have been "chucked out." I spent the rest of the evening in admiring a lady who claimed to be one of the strongest women, if not the very strongest woman in the world, and wondering why, before having a cannon fired off, from the support of her shoulder, she should think it necessary to wave the British flag and appear in the costume of BRITANNIA.

The Lord Mayor's Procession was also a "Show," and a very important Show of the week. It has been so fully described that it requires only a passing notice. The cars on their return were more pleasing than on their first appearance, for when seen with the horses' heads turned westwards the poor creatures, engaged to grace our London holiday, were shivering in the heavy downpour. Even Father Thames (who should have been in his element) seemed dissatisfied. When dismissed at the Royal Courts, and told they might make the best of their way home, the thinly-clad representatives of Music, Prosperity, and Commerce, were allowed to assume shawls and wraps, and other protections from the weather. Why before starting were they not all supplied with umbrellas? It is true that BRITANNIA would have looked a little incongruous with a *parapluie*.—I put this in French in honour of the Brave Belge Mi Lor DE KEYSER,—but, on the other hand, she did not seem *much* like England without one. The Show was like all its predecessors, inasmuch as it served once more as an excuse for a subsequent luncheon party in pleasant company, and again afforded the populace a glimpse of the LORD MAYOR and Corporation in their not very frequently assumed characters of the wealthy Unemployed.

Strictly Private.

(From Mr. Secretary B-lf-r.)

STOKES! STOKES!

No more of your jokes,

In sending O'BRIEN to gaol.

For what we're to do,

With him—all through you—

Is a puzzle; you've shown *trop de zèle*.

More Reminiscences.

We've scarcely done with
Our bright Mister FRITH,
When out comes a dollop
By T. DOLLY TROLLOPE.

PROFESSORS OF THE "DECORATIVE" ARTS.—General CAFFARELL and Madame LIMOUSIN.

A BURLY GENTLEMAN.—The Moral out of the Hurly-Burleigh affair is this, When an Editor commissions one of his "salaried assistants," as Sir COUTTS-LINDSAY might term them, to report the proceedings of such a meeting as that held in Trafalgar Square, he should apply to the Chief Commissioner of Police for a *pass-partout*, which would serve as a trump card to be played when in doubt. It was rather hard on the doughty Soudan Correspondent, who is every inch a soldier—round the waist included—to be Soudanly "run in." It is one thing to be taken up by the Proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, and quite another to be taken up by the Police. Still as Mr. Weller Senior persisted in asking, "Why worn't there an Alleybi?" so we cannot help regretting that Mr. BENNETT BURLEIGH had not been furnished with proper credentials.

Rather Mixed.

Pugilist Enthusiast (to *Musical Ditto*). I'm glad they gave SULIVAN a bouquet.

Musical Ditto (on the wrong tack). He deserves it. I see they've put his *Pinafore* on again.

Pugilistic Enthusiast (puzzled). His pinafore! What's that for?

Musical Ditto. To give him breathing time, I suppose, before he makes his next hit. Ta Ta!

[Exit *Musical Ditto* without further explanation.]

MR. WALTER BESANT wrote to the *Times* last Saturday to deny having signed a petition in favour of the Chicago Anarchists. He admitted that he had received such a petition, to which he had not returned any answer. Mr. BESANT, in his dealings with "all sorts and conditions," should remember that "silence gives consent"—an aphorism (is this all right, Mr. MORLEY?) naturally attributed to TACITUS.

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

Monarchs I Have Met, by BEATTY KINGSTON (CHAPMAN & HALL), is a title which recalls the old story in SMITH'S *Irish*



Diamonds, and reproduced in another form by CHARLES LEVER, of the little crossing-sweeper who ran home to his mother and recounted how he had met WILLIAM THE FOURTH. "Mother, sure I've met the King this mornin'! An' he spoke to me!" "Did he now? Bless his Majesty! An' what might the King have said to yez, PATSY?" "What did he say to me, is it? Sure, he said, 'Get out of the way, ye dirty little blackguard!'" Not that the Monarchs were so rude to Mr. BEATTY KINGSTON, whose entertaining society was rather thrust on the Monarchs by his employers than sought by the Royal Personages themselves. If Mr. KINGSTON was entertaining in one sense, so were the Monarchs in another. The first volume is especially festive. Within the first 183 pages there is more eating and drinking than in any other book I can call to mind since *Pickwick*. These pages must be not only read, but well digested. The writer congratulates himself on "not having let anything escape him;" and certainly nothing eatable or drinkable seems to have done so. He seems to be always smacking his lips over reminiscences of the savory and the succulent—"Savory and More" should be his motto—and it is sad to record that apparently—but I trust I am mistaken in my deduction—he glories in iced champagne, which is rank heresy, and an abomination to the true epicure. His stories are told in an amusing, rough-and-ready, barrack-like, swagger-Germany-soldiery style; and *rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur*. He witnesses the ceremony of anointing the King of Hungary, and describes the function as the Primate "oiling" his Majesty, as if the latter were having his locks Macassar'd, and the Archbishop were the hair-dresser. Mr. BEATTY KINGSTON, according to the Book of B. K., or "the B. of B. K.," seems to have been generally entertained in the "most sumptuous manner" wherever he went in Germany and Hungary—he is very German, and always very Hungry—and writes of his sojourn in these countries with a full heart. Then, in the second volume, he finds himself in Rome, where there was "nothing fit to eat," "food bad," "cookery abominable, and the wine worst of all." If the perusal of the first part of the B. of B. K. causes many a mouth to water, his wretched plight in the second will draw tears from the eyes of the least sympathetic. He complains, indeed, it is his first and most important grievance,—"Imprimis, there was not a bit of clear ice to be had in the Eternal City. Whatever liquid was cooled at all had to be inserted in salt snow." What a cruel hardship for any man to bear, especially a rollicking epicure who revels in "Roederer carte blanche of Alpine coldness." However, there was a good deal for him to swallow in Rome, and for lack of better food, he seems to have taken it in with all the alacrity of a dutiful Special with an appetite for gossip. The book finishes with less solid eating, but there is smoking perfumed golden tobacco, preserve-tasting, hot coffee drinking, an interesting account of LESSERS, and also of Prince MICHAEL of Servia. Altogether, these are the volumes of a Voluble Voyager, containing the amusing tales of a Talkative Traveller, who can run on by the hour, with no one on the spot to interrupt or contradict him.

I received, some time since, a charming little book, daintily bound in vellum, called *The Joyous Neighbourhood of Covent Garden*, for which I have to thank Mr. CHARLES EYRE PASCOE. It is styled "a literary souvenir," and, I fancy, is not intended for publication. It was brought out early this year, but at the time of its first appearance I did not see it. If still unpublished, it is to be hoped that it will not remain so for long. His account of EVANS'S in the days of PADDY GREEN must revive in not a few of us whose memory is still "green," the reminiscences of many a cheery evening, though Mr. PASCOE seems only to have visited EVANS'S when it was enlarged, and not in the good stuffy old days, when PADDY GREEN himself took the chair. The author says that Mr. JOHN GREEN was "the personification of a stout, cheery, open-hearted, kindly English landlord." Not "English, you know"—"PADDY" GREEN could not well be that, though he might, I admit, "personify" the character. Anyone wishing to learn as much as he can possibly carry away with him at a sitting should get Mr. PASCOE'S book, and if it is not published, I only wish he may get it.

In the *Dublin Review* (BURNS AND OATES) for this quarter, there is a most interesting review of the various Jewish and anti-Jewish books, which within the last two years have made a considerable stir on the Continent, especially in France. The Ancient Hebrew Race are, it appears, to possess the earth,—ultimately. In all persons with a spark of genius, may even with only a talent for music, for drama, for any whatsoever, there is—nay, say some enthusiastic Judaizers, there must be—Jewish blood. Most Christians will be inclined to grant the artfulness of the race, traditionally. The Jews claim

every great Genius. At this, Mr. Punch will put his finger to his nose, and meditate whether he too has not his share in the *damnosey hereditas*. A footnote to the article quotes G. DE PASCAL as stating that, "CROMWELL proposed to sell Ireland to the Jews for 2,000,000 sterling a year." Then why didn't he do it? Because the Jews wouldn't buy it, I suppose. If they had, at this present time the English Government would have been dealing with the O'ROTHSCHILDs, the O'LEVYs, and so forth, and on the National flag, the Harp of Erin would have become the Jews' Harp. That SHAKSPEARE was a Jew, and that his real name was MOSES, is a theory which the notes of the new edition of SHAKSPEARE, now being brought out by Messrs. HENRY IRVING and FRANK MARSHALL, will probably go some way towards establishing.

YOUR OWN BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Brief Tragi-Comedy for the Times.

ACT I.—*A West End Club Smoking Room.* Philosophic Philanthropists discovered disposing of question of the hour.

First Philosophic Philanthropist (putting down Times). Well, I'm sure nothing could be more satisfactory, and it's all clearly set down here. Not a single soul in the Metropolis need pass the night in the streets. Here's the whole thing set out, chapter and verse. It seems the Police take the matter in hand, and there's a decent night's lodging provided for every single tramp who's in want of it.

Second Philosophic Philanthropist. Just so. Of course one knows there's no end of exaggerated clap-trap talked about the matter. The thing's as simple as can be. They're drafted off to the Casual Wards, where there is clean, wholesome, and comparatively comfortable accommodation; and the system works perfectly, and is capitally organised.

First Philosophic Philanthropist (warmly). Capitally!

[Are left mutually congratulating each other on the ample provision made by the Authorities for the nightly shelter of the homeless Metropolitan poor as the scene closes in.]

ACT II.—*Exterior of a Casual Ward. Time 9 P.M. Thirty Shivering Creatures in charge of Practical Policeman, discovered waiting outside in the wind and rain.*

First Shivering Creature. I say, Bobby, d'you think we shall git in 'ere? I'm almost froze, and am that drippin' there ain't a bloomin' dry rag upon me.

Practical Policeman (who has already been to three other Casual Wards with his "charges," but has found them all full). You wait a minute; perhaps we shall have luck here. (The Master appears.) Well, Mister Master, have you got any room?

Master. No; full as we can hold. (Surveying the shivering crowd.) How many are you? Twenty or thirty! Hum—well, I might squeeze in five. Pick 'em out.

[First Shivering Creature and four others are passed into a damp close, stone-paved room, crowded with human beings, some of which are lying on a few wooden benches, the majority being huddled in heaps upon the floor.]

First Shivering Creature. Wot! Call this a night's lodging? Why, quod's a pallis to it! [Sinks down in a corner, and huddles himself to sleep with the rest.]

Master (concluding his address to Policeman). Well, good-night to you. Your best game would be Wapping, I should say—not, though, that I think they'll be able to help you.

[Shuts door on Policeman and his "charges," who try Wapping, from which place, being "full," they are directed in turns to several other Wards in different parts of the Metropolis, but after trudging about for hours and finding no room anywhere, they eventually draw up outside a Casual Ward in the Bermondsey district at 1 A.M.]

Practical Policeman (coming to the point). Well, as I can't get you in 'ere, nor, as it seems, anywheres, I must leave you to shift for yourselves. [Retires pensively.]

Second Shivering Creature. Well, mates, there ain't then nuffink for it but the "Square" agin; so I'm hoff.

[Straggles aimlessly westward, followed at intervals by other Shivering Creatures as Curtain descends on "capitally organised" Tableau.]

MOST APPROPRIATE EVIDENCE.—Mistress MARGARET DILLON, Midwife and Monthly nurse, who brought an action against the Irish Secretary for slander, had determined to produce in Court several most respectable wet-nurses to character.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS advertise *Jack the Fisherman*, by Miss PHELPS. A catching title, and which sounds like a continuation of *Exchange for a Sole*, by Miss LINSKILL.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Her Ladyship. "I'M SO GLAD YOU ARE COMING TO OUR CONCERT IN THE SCHOOLROOM TO-NIGHT, PRICE! MISS DAVEY, THE GREAT CONTRALTO FROM LONDON, IS COMING TO HELP US, YOU KNOW!"

Old Servant. "YES, MY LADY, WE WAS A SAYING IN THE SERVANTS' 'ALL AS WE FELT VERY HANXIOUS ABOUT 'ER. 'THEY DON'T APPRECIATE ANYTHING REALLY FUST-RATE DOWN 'ERE. NOW YOU AND MISS HEMMAR ALWAYS TAKES BEAUTIFUL, MY LADY!"

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF THE FUTURE.

Skilled Mechanic of Old School logarithm:—

It's a nice pretty state of affairs, if you look at the business all round!

If someone don't alter it somehow, Old England must come to the ground.

I've thought it all out a good bit, for it touches us home, don't you see;

It puzzles the swells, so, no doubt, it's too much of a twister for me.

But I look at the thing from a side which they can't have their eye on,—not close,—

A fair forty year at the bench ought to give one the tip, I suppose.

If me and my mates and the masters, the Book and the Bench, could combine

To take the job fairly in hand, I suppose we could strike out a line.

Odd luck if we couldn't, at least; but we don't pull together, you see:

Pull devil pull baker's the game,—it's a mad one, as most will agree.

The Book and the Bench! There's the nip. And a fellow will see—if he'll look—

That although the three R's are good value, a man cannot live by the Book.

True, Bench without Book may be blindish, but Book without Bench may be worse,

To read penny papers won't feed you, if you haven't pence in your purse.

Men can't live on cackle not nohow, the bulk of 'em that is to say;

A few gassy spouts can, of course; for *they* prate, don't you see, and *we* pay;

But *that* rule will not work all round, thanks be!—a skilled hand, a sharp eye

Are the artisan's proper rig-out; and as for the rest of it, why

Mr. Schoolmaster there does his best with his 'ologies, 'isms, and things,

But if a man's lot is to trudge, it is small use a-fitting him wings.

No, I'm not against learning, not me; but life's battle means gumption and tools,

That is for the general ruck, and the saps who deny it are fools.

I remembered my father, old Millwright, in days as no more will be seen,

When a man put his soul in his work, a mechanic was not a machine.

It would take lots o' "technical" teaching to bring our lads up to his trim,

Or make our mere chippers and filers a match for such workmen as *him*.

He *had* been through the mill, a rare grind, for apprenticeship then meant it's name.

I have known him take ten quid a week, only wish I could earn half the same.

Times altered? Of course; so have systems, and not for the better some ways.

I've read, for I *can* read, you know, of the wild old apprentices' days,

When the shout of "Clubs! Clubs!" roused the town, and political feelings ran high,

And the stiff Spanish courtiers went weak in the hams at the ominous cry.

Wild blades!—but the youngsters could *work*, knew their craft; but yon pale, loose-limbed lout,

The sort of crammed hobbledohoy that the School-Board appears to turn out,

Who can spell out Sedition in penn'orths, and howl it out hot in the Square,

If you give him the "Work" that he yells for with so much wild blather and blare,

What sort of a fist will he make of it? Which of the blustering hand

Has a really sound head on his shoulders, a really skilled craft to his hand?

And Capital wrangles with Labour, each hating the other like snakes;

And the Foreigner creeps in and up, and the Board Agent comes and he takes

Our boys, and he crams 'em with kibosh as makes 'em too big for their breeches;

But real true bread-winning knowledge—the stuff that the Bench only teaches—

They don't find set down in their books, with their 'isms and 'ometries—no;

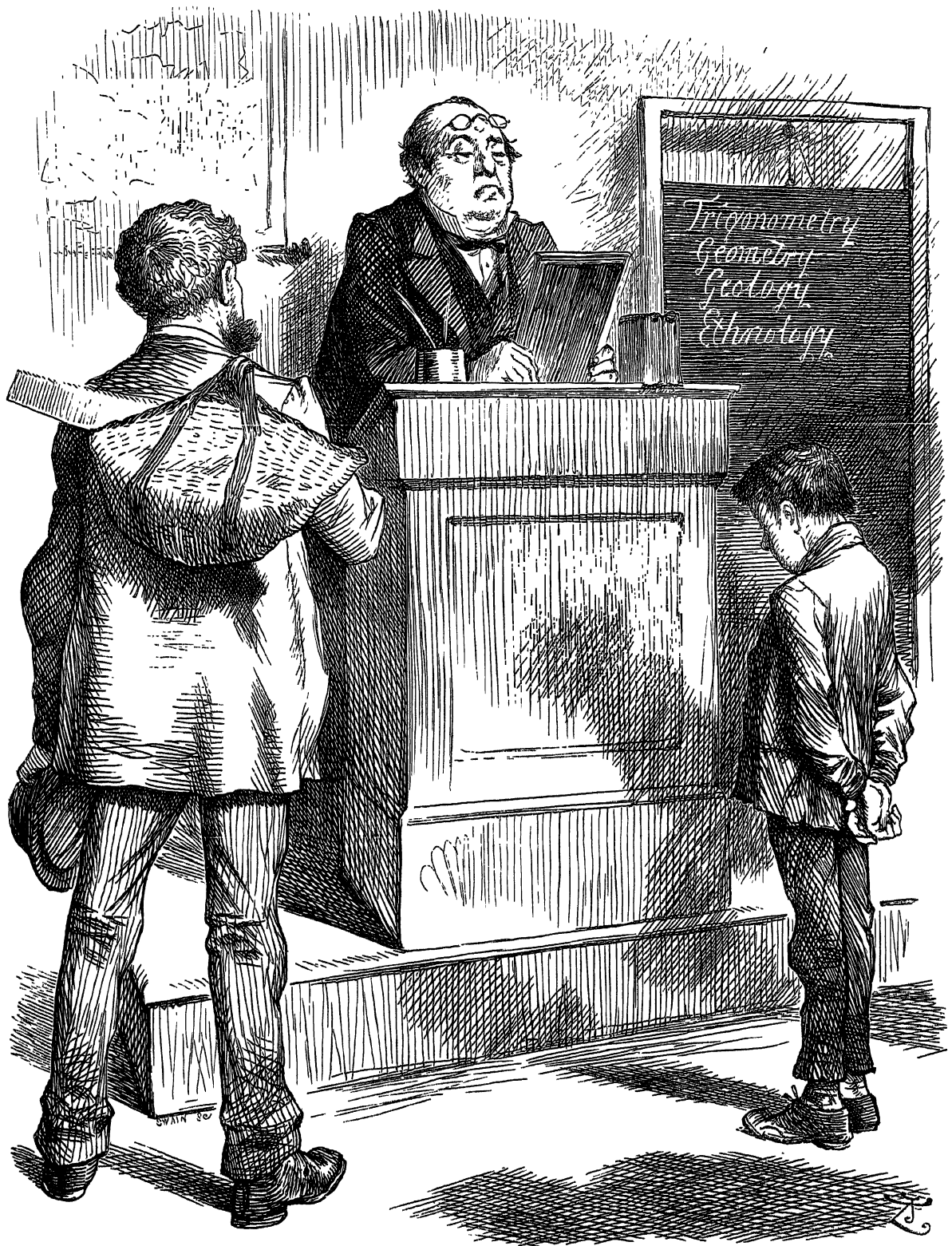
But the nipper's turned out in the world, and then what shall he turn to?—where go?

Cheap clerking, or rule-of-thumb drudgery, bands, and black flags, and that rot?

They may give it what fine names they like, but it simply means going to pot!

And the swells snarl and sneer, and the bobbies are bid to be sharp with their staves,

And the dupes who get all the cracked heads are informed if they don't they'll be slaves.



THE SCHOOLMASTER OF THE FUTURE.

(And the sooner we get him the better.)

BRITISH WORKMAN. "BOTHER YOUR 'OLOGIES AND 'OMETRIES, LET *ME* TEACH HIM SOMETHING USEFUL!"

Seems to me all a muddle all round. Half the Masters are grinders and grabs, And the men, when not cynical churls, are too apt to be shirkers and blaibs. I don't see it's a lively look out for my mates, in the country or town, With "Standards" and School-rates still rising, and most other things going down.

Nice thing for the nippers too, ain't it? The boys may be stuffed at both ends, Without "technical" knowledge they're wasters; them as tells 'em this truth are their friends.

There 'aint no true "Apprentices" now; seven years of sound teaching don't please.

But the masters and workers appear to be sweet upon freedom and ease; Old "Indentures" are too long and tight, so they just shuffle on and slop through, And it's diamond cut diamond all round, till Trade seems just a regular do. I was trained in a different school, and my motto's good work for good wage; But the sweaters and spouters between 'em spoil that in this book-learned age. Mister School Teacher just take my tip, I can tell you you're on the wrong lay; You get paid, so I've heard, by results; the results, Sir, are bad, and don't pay. Boys learning to read, and then spending their pence upon "Highwaymen" trash; Lads knowing the *pons asinorum*, who can't make a door or a sash; Louts lolloping round on the loose, spouting fragments of Socialist stuff; Mobs of "workmen," played shuttlecock with by the ranter, the "red," and the rough;

True hands by the thousand left idle, poor mouths by the myriad unfilled, Because Wealth's so hard upon Labour, and Labour's so often unskilled, These are rummy "results!" See this lad, now; he's pale; he's well-packed, I suppose

With the stuff that your "Standards" require; well, his schooling must come to a close;

To stuff him, and lots of his like, rate-collectors must put on the screw. Well, when you have done with the nipper, the question comes, what can he do? Will his bag of books stand him in stead, when he ought to have tools in his bag? Are your "Standards" quite up to the mark, if they lead to the Black or Red Flag?

Oh, 'bother your 'isms and 'ologies! Excellent things in their way; But bread-winning wants something else, and the 'isms without it won't pay. Yes—"Technical Knowledge" they call it—means practical gumption and skill, Or used to when I was a youngster; it may be a sort of a pill. But if you'll stand aside and let me teach the lad something useful, my friend, Old England may yet hold her own, which some think a desirable end!

ROBERT ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

DETERMINED to have a good long gaze at what I was told was to be a reglar stunning Lord Mayor's Show, such as they has in sum of the low countrys of Urope on werry high occasions, I got a old friend of mine, who's a reglar tribble Bob Major of a bell ringer at a Citty Church, to git me a ticket for a lovely seat in his boarded Church Yard, oppersite Newgate, and near the Hold Bayley, so there was plenty to cheer us hup afore the Show cum, and plenty to emuse us. Of course the best fun of all was to watch the poore chaps in the crowd below us a being scrowged and shoved and pushed about, while we sat in our bootiful crimson seats just like so many hement swells in the theatre, a looking down on the common fellers beneath 'em.



I don't think, upon the hole, if I had my choice, that I woud choose to be a Policeman on Lord Mare's Day. Ony to think of the diffrence betwixt them and hus! They begins hurly, we begins late; they is, aperiently, on their poor feet all day long, we merely spends a hour or two in the hvening on them useful xtremes; they has to snatch a bit of quite plane food and drink anyhow and anywheres, while we—but no! I draws a whale over the thrilling contrast; there's sum things as is best left to the emadgination, speshally such things as them things. And when at length they seeks their tired homes, what has they to console 'em for their long day's pushing and scrowging? Nothink! What have we, for our day of ministering to the luxyurious wants of the helegant and refined? Sumthink, but how much, depends upon suckemstances over which unfortunately we haven't not no control. And I thinks that upon the hole, the libberality of mankind is not a increasing helement, more's the pity!

What a percession it was when at full length it came at last! It begun with the flags and the principle officers of no less than 8 City Washupfool Companies. And which of the Officers was it as first fixt my gaze, and held it firmly? Need I say it was the Beedles in their butiful Clokes of office. There was a quiet dignerty, not to say a degree of subblimity in their demeener, as quite affected me, and I at once confess, amost arowsed my henry. Wat a termination to my great career! But keep quiet my throbbing buzzom, and pass on. Of the four bootiful Cars drawn by 6 strong horses, I gives my wote without no hesitation to the Epping Forest one. It was xactly like life, specially the gents a pretending to carry partridges on their fistes, which was all probubly washed off by the rain.

The late Lord Mare was in werry good time, and passed by amid our shouts, looking jest as good-tempered as he did last year, when he was our Rising Son of power. At last came the Ero of the day in his grand old Coach of State, and then came one of the principle ewents of the journey, for the Carridge and all

its six horses was stopt, and about harf-a-dozzen most respectabel looking gents, all of whom I was told was Churchwardens and Owerseers of the werry hiest quality, all drest in their werry best close, and wearing butiful reel gold Badgers, went bang up to the State Coach and sed something werry kind to the LORD MARE, and gave him something for hisself, at which he seemed werry much pleased, and said sumthink werry nice in reply, and then we all cheered so artily that the 6 horses got impashent and insisted on going on. So on they went, and I seed 'em no more.

There was a good deal of grumbling about the rain, and it suddenly *did* rain. I did try to pass it off as a mere passing shower, but that didn't do after about two hours of it. Sum of the wet higneramusses wanted to make out as it was all the LORD MARE's fault. Well, I wasn't a-going for to stand that gross injustice while I was comfortably a setting in my rheumatic churchyard, so I boldly said as how as all the derangements for the weather was always left to the Hed Waiter, and that after giving my whole mind to the subject, I had decided that, of the two, rain and peace and quietness was far more better than sunshine and row, at which they all larfed, but it put a stop to all the grumbling, so I reckoned that was one to me.

Perhaps the most saddest specktle as was seen by any one pare of eyes on that orful wet day, was the poor gennelmen of the Lord Mare's ousehold a picking their delicate way through the middle of the muddy road with their butiful wands of office, and striving in wain to keep their lovely pink silk stockings from being soiled by the vulger mud. What their feelings must have been how few can no, specially when they found themselves the sport of the ribbald jester. I didn't think as the frantic efforts of the hundreds of children to sing "*Rool Britannie*" was werry much helped by the accompanymment of the passing Band playing werry lowdly, "*All Werry Fine and Large*;" but then, in coarse, tastes differ.

The Bankwet was werry much as usual; that is to say, about the werry grandest thing in the world; but I cannot report the speeches, coz we was all on us all turned out of the All directly as they begun, more's the pity, but I was priviledged to hear some of the shouting and hollering.

I'm not quite sure whether it's right even of Com-mittee Gentlemen to make fun of one of the werry sacredest of human hinstitootions, wiz., the nessessery refreshment of the exhausted body, and yet I heard one on 'em say to a reel fine tall Cabbinet Minister, who asked him the werry nateral question, whether they had their dinner afore or after the gastes? "Both, and a little snack after breakfast, and a quite life supper when it was all over." Fraps the xaggeration wasn't werry great, but still there was xaggeration, and xaggeration is the Waiter's cuss!

It rained as I went to my reserved place in the frendly church-yard, it rained as I went to the Bankwetting All, and it rained as I sort my nupshal couch at about one o'clock, Hay. Hem., and it recalled to fond memory the words of the Royal Hanthem, "Long to rain over us!"

ROBERT.

A Line for Browning.

Who'd write an epic for the age
Would need a title for his page.
For one he'd not have far to look—
"The (Prize) Ring and the (Betting) Book."

A CHANCE FOR THE SOCIALISTS.—Parliament Hill and other lands adjoining Hampstead Heath to be turned into a People's Park for ever. Five hundred acres in which to congregate and speechify. How delightful for Hampstead!

Obviously.

RASCALITY would break the peace,
Would insolently do and dare;
Its motto is "Square the Police,"
And ours must be "Police the Square."

SWEETS OF OFFICE.—To be appointed one of the British Delegates at the Conference on the Sugar Question.



"INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY" IN IRELAND, WITH "INSTANTANEOUS RESULTS."

[A Letter to the *Times* recommended Instantaneous Photography for the purposes of detection and evidence at proclaimed meetings.]

NEGATIVE RESULTS.

From the Diary of an Irish Instantaneous Photographic Detective.

Monday.—Arrived in Dublin. Consider the first thing to do is to get the goodwill of the Authorities. Make for the Castle. Stopped by a Sentinel. Focus him in two positions, and rush past him before he has time to recover himself. Hurry along corridors, and through passages and ante-chambers, knocking over domestics and Equerry, and two Private Secretaries, and finally burst in upon the Viceroy. Find him at breakfast. Instantly focus him. Take him in the act of putting a piece of hot kidney in his mouth, while Lady LONDONDERY stands in the background pouring out a cup of tea. He shifts his position, puts down his knife and fork, and stares at me in mute surprise. Lady LONDONDERY also pauses with the teapot, and regards me with astonishment. The pose is graceful. I at once focus them again. A couple of lovely pictures! They seem even more astonished. Explain my mission, and say that I thought it as well to look in at the "Castle," and see that "things were going on all right." They ring the bell, and give me into custody. Manage, however, to convey to the people at the Police Station that, acting on a suggestion made by Mr. W. H. MALLOCK in a letter to the *Times*, I had come over in the interests of the Government, and didn't think there was any harm in introducing myself familiarly at head-quarters. Add that I think BALFOUR knows what I'm up to. This seems to influence them. Am let out with a caution.

Tuesday.—Determine next to look up the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and see how he is getting on. Make for his official residence, hurry upstairs, and present myself. By way of introduction, say I've

already been to the "Castle." Jumps up at this, and shouting out "the devil ye have!" seizes the poker and makes for me. I whip out my camera and focus him. Succeed in taking him in five positions. (1) Yelling at me and jumping over a chair. (2) Throwing an inkstand at my head. (3) Tumbling over a table in pursuit. (4) Bounding out after me on to the landing. (5) Kicking me downstairs. Capital pictures, all of them. Fancy they'll come out well. Escape with my life.

Wednesday.—Hear there's to be a popular meeting at Ballymoonin. Take the train there at once. Find the place crowded. Platform opposite the Town Hall, with speakers on it. Capital subject. Proceed to take an instantaneous photograph, when somebody cries out, "Begorra! shure he's a spy!" Am assailed with a shower of brickbats. Focus several of them. Hit over the head. Appeal to Mounted Policeman. His only reply is to back his horse on to me. Horse plunges and kicks out at my camera. Manage with a little manoeuvring to take a fine picture of his hoofs. Riot begins. Am pelted out of Ballymoonin, and rush to station taking occasional instantaneous photographs of rabid pursuers as I fly.

Thursday.—Attend a proclaimed meeting of the Land League at Kilhoolish. Manage to get inside room, and focus the Chairman, when somebody asks me what's my "business there at all." Explain that I've just come to take an instantaneous photograph of the proceedings, in a friendly way. Chairman takes off his coat, and jumps on to the table. Focus him again. Shouts out to me, "Is it a frind ye call yerself? Thin, bedad, me boy, it's jist out of the window we'll put ye." A rush is made at me. Seize camera, and hurriedly take pictures of scuffle in seventeen positions. Am ultimately



STARTLING!

He (rapturously). "AND NOW THAT'S ALL SETTLED, DARLING, WHAT KIND OF ENGAGEMENT RING WOULD YOU LIKE?"

She. "OH, GOLD THIS TIME, I HOPE, DEAREST! I'M QUITE SICK OF WEARING IMITATION ENGAGEMENT RINGS!" [Tableau!]

hurled out of window. Camera thrown after me. Never mind. Have secured several excellent pictures of legs, arms, flying chairs, and shillelaghs. Limp off as fast as I can, to develop them.

Friday.—Turn up at Glencree to witness an eviction on Lord DOLLIBANNIN's property. One hundred and fifty Police and two squadrons of Cavalry engaged in supporting Bailiffs. Farm vigorously defended by infuriated natives. Propose to take an instantaneous photograph of interior of premises. Approach window with camera. Am instantly covered with boiling meal, and felled by a crowbar. Endeavour to focus my assailant. Pursues me to garden-gate. Turn on him with camera. Sends me flying over the wall. Pull myself together, and creep off, not altogether disappointed. Find I have succeeded in taking a very fair negative of a pitchfork.

Saturday.—Make for Tullamore, meaning to finish up with an instantaneous photograph of O'BRIEN. Call on Governor of Gaol and explain that I should like to take his prisoner, "clothes and all, just as he is, having a meal, if possible, so as to satisfy the

outside public as to his general condition and appearance." Bids me mind my own business, and endeavours to slam the door in my face. Tell him I shall certainly photograph his attitude in the matter. Focus him. Makes a rush at me, kicks me into the street, and smashes my camera. So can't even take the sole of his boot. Pity. It would have made a pleasing and striking picture. However, on the whole, not a bad week's work. But must rest now for repairs. Am looking forward with confidence to next.

THE DUSTMAN AND THE BARGE-OWNER.

(A River Carroll.)

"MR. AKERS DOUGLAS assured Baron HENRY DE WORMS that a system had arisen of London barges, laden with tin kettles, old iron, pots, crockery, and even iron bedsteads, emptying this refuse into the sea near the Isle of Sheppey, and that the Whitstable oyster-beds were in consequence being ruined."—*Daily Paper.*

The Dustman and the Barge-owner
Were very fast allies;
They wept like watering-pots to see
Such rubbish-heaps arise,
Including iron bedsteads, and
Pans of enormous size.

"If any householder in Town
Told me to move this 'ere,
Do you suppose," the Dustman said,
"That I should get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Barge-owner,
"Unless they gave you beer!"

"But I've some barges on the Thames;
So here's a jolly spree—
We'll take this lot of tins and pots,
Also the crockery;
And when we're out of sight of land,
We'll drop 'em in the sea!"

The Dustman and the Barge-owner
They loaded barges four,
And when they got to Whitstable
They anchored near the shore;
The Barge-owner said nothing but
"Why should we voyage more?"

"But, wait a bit!" an Oyster cried,
Turning quite blue with dread;
"You surely would not empty here
Your refuse on my head!
I do not want a bedstead, though
This is an Oyster-bed."

"The time has come," the Barge-owner
Remarked unto his mate,
"To talk of Barking outfall, and
Our Vestry's last debate,
And whether pots or liquid slush
The Oysters most do hate."

"It seems a shame," the Dustman said,
"To spoil the Oyster breed,
Considering that, when nice and fat,
They're very good indeed,
Eaten with bread-and-butter, brown,
And flowing bowls of mead."

"I weep for them, I do, I'm sure,"
The Barge-owner replied;
Then sorted out the nastiest things
His rubbish-ship supplied,
And, winking to his dismal friend,
He chucked them o'er the side!

"O Oysters dear!" the Dustman cried,
"Our business we have done.
I hope you'll find the bedsteads fit."
But answer came there none;
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd perished every one!

THE SHRIMP CURE.

(By Pegwell Bey.)

SIR,—My title is Oriental; but I am a British subject. I address you as an expert. This is the time of Cures—you have the Grape



Cure, the Whey Cure, the Water Cure, the Bath Cures, the Cures by German waters—another and a shorter Whey Cure—and the Cure by French watering-places. You have the Hom burg Cure, the Wiesbaden Cure, the Royat Cure; indeed, every kind of Cure, except the only Perfect Cure, which I assert to be the "Shrimp Cure!"

I know that the pages of *Punch* are read by all, and, for the benefit of all mankind, I give these

notes from my note-book, which is that of a physician who has had great experience all over the world, and especially in the East End of Europe, in order that rich and poor, prince and peasant, may read, and happily find that true balsam, which will so far purge his complaints, that he may become whole and well, and a comfort to his family circle, and the pride of his country. Yes, Sir, come to PEGWELL BEY for a cure, and P. B. exclaims, "In the name of the Profit! Shrimps!"

A few explanatory words about my installation in the locality. I wanted a Sanatorium. An unfinished row of villas about a mile-and-a-half distant that had long been on the hands of a local speculative builder struck me as the very thing. I took the whole terrace forthwith, speedily instituted a bathing machine fitted up as an ambulance to meet the down-train, and here I am in three months literally turning patients away. I may as well add that to enable me to procure a fresh and constant supply of shrimps for the necessities of my establishment, I have managed to secure the services of a Retired Smuggler, who says he knows the coast, and thinks with a lawn tennis net cut up into pieces, and the assistance of one or two donkey-boys, or even patients, he can undertake to keep me supplied. But to revert to my experiences.

No. 1. I commence with one of my first cases. I wish to be truthful. It was not a successful one at first. A. B., æt. 45, of nervo-bilious temperament, complained that his nights were fearful; no sleep, pains everywhere, an uneasy sensation as of billiard-balls being poured down his back, a horror of society, and distaste for pastry. I had him placed in the establishment, and began by giving him three pints of shrimps every four hours. For the first twenty-four hours he improved wonderfully, he increased in weight and strength, and his appetite was greater—no other food than shrimps is allowed; but on the second day I found him with a temperature of 205° Fahrenheit, a pulse of 270, respirations 76 in the minute, and in fact in a critical state. I remained with the patient, I sent for my electric lamp and other instruments. I made an examination—a careful scientific examination—and I found that he had eaten the *heads* and *tails*. What was to be done? I called in the Retired Smuggler, and asked his advice. He immediately suggested warm greengage jam. After many anxious hours, this had the effect of completely soothing the system, and my patient breathed again. What relief! Having learnt by experience, I sat with that patient days and days, saw each shrimp carefully peeled and dipped in weak solution of carbolic acid—the result was wonderful. All his hair came off, he looked twenty years older, and completely lost the use of his legs, but he is now able to pursue the laborious occupation of an Art Critic with pleasure to himself and gratification and edification to his numerous readers.

No. 2. The case of a woman in an active stage of consumption is also remarkable. She consumed everything, from a periwinkle to a Perigord pie. In other respects appetite normal. Received her into the establishment—fed her on shrimp-sauce, in quart pots. She came back like the rebound of a watch-spring. She only remained three days—said she was quite well, and suddenly left, unfortunately without giving her address, and so her account remains unpaid. I do not think she will return. The Retired Smuggler is of the same opinion.

No. 3. My next case presents singular features of interest. My patient in this instance was an aged Duke, whose symptoms were unique and peculiar. He had deafening noises in his head, like the explosion of heavy foot artillery, coupled with a continual sensation of descending rapidly, as in a diving-bell out of order, accompanied by sudden and unexpected seizures in the spine, as if he were violently run into in the back by an omnibus-pole. His sight was also affected, magnificent displays of fireworks taking place between him and his morning paper whenever he attempted to look at the leader. I saw at a glance that there was congestion in the case, and at once ordered a *massage* bath of hot potted shrimps. This was followed at first by the exhibition of some feverish symptoms, but, by a persistent recourse to it uninterruptedly for six consecutive months, they gradually disappeared, and I consider him now in a much improved condition. It is true that his faculties appear to have left him, and that he addresses me as "King of the Coloboo Islands," and, whenever he gets a chance, puts things on the sly across the railway lines to upset the trains, and eats his newspaper; but I fancy the noises in his head have disappeared. I have lately sent him out in charge of the Retired Smuggler, who assures me that, beyond bonneting a middle-aged lady on a donkey with the shrimping-net, beginning a war-dance in a neighbouring public-house, and pushing a short-sighted naturalist who was collecting zoophytes at the end of the pier into the water, there has been nothing at all to distinguish his behaviour from that of any ordinary nobleman making a short stay at the sea-side. I have him now watched, for I think it as well, by six attendants night and day, but I consider him quite my show-case. The more I look at him the more it is brought home to me what wonders the shrimps have done for him.

I could, of course, continue my extracts, but my space is limited, and I must stop here. I think, however, I have revealed enough of the new treatment to induce any wayward to no longer hesitate, but to get it at once, and put himself or herself unreservedly under the careful charge of your highly scientific and circumspect correspondent,

PEGWELL BEY.

"MI LOR MAIRE."

THE new Belgian Lord Mayor of London, Monsieur POLYDOR DE KEYSER, is, it is said, a proficient in several languages.

"English as she is spoke," being one of them. Let us rename him "POLYGLOR DE KEYSER." Every dog must have his day, and so must a Lord Mayor, and a precious bad one Poor POLYGLOR had for making a show of himself on the Ninth. It is rather hard on any Lord Mayor, Mi Lor Maire le Brave Belge not excepted, that the ninth should follow so close upon the heels of the fifth of November. But if a British Lord Mayor must take his chance of the weather, even so must the Brave Belgian



A Brussels Sprout.

Who in spite of all temptation
To belong to his own nation,
Did become an Englishman!
Yes! an English Alderman!

Even as our latest Lord Mayor, he cannot expect to be exempt from the penalties which a British climate enforces from all citizens of London. During the twelve months reign of POLYGLOR it is probable that the tune of *The Roast Beef of Old England* will not be heard at Civic festivities, but instead, a new Waltz will be performed entitled *Brussels Sprouts*, which, as a matter of course,—third or fourth course,—will be a favourite dish at the Munching House.

VERY POLITE.—A certain Civic dignitary who enjoyed the Guildhall Feast on the Ninth, felt uncommonly unwell the next day. Out of compliment to the New LORD MAYOR's nationality, the worthy citizen, in answer to kind inquiries, sent to say that he was only suffering from *Mal de Maire*.

IN GOOD HANDS.—"Electric lighting," it is said, "is still in its infancy"—for which fact we could not have better authority than its NURSEY,—we mean the Past-President of the Society of Engineers.

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

A Recollection of the Long Vacation.

DURING the Long Vacation (now happily over) I have been present at my chambers a great deal more frequently than some of the men with whom I share my rooms. In fact, I may say that I have been constantly the sole occupant of the entire set. CHUCKBOB, the well-known authority on International Law, has spent September and October in the Highlands, and my other friends have been on the Continent. Even PORTINGTON, my excellent and admirable clerk, has taken a fortnight's rest at East-end-on-Mud (a pleasant watering-place not many miles from Town), where I fancy he spent his well-earned holiday in trying to get up a libel action against the Sanitary Board. It is just to say that my presence at Pump-Handle Court has not been entirely necessitated by my forensic labours. The fact is, that JOWLER, a very dear friend of mine, who has some mysterious supervisorship (sanctioned by an eccentric will) over an Institution connected with the Vegetarian Movement, was recently called away, by his duties as a trustee, to Australia, to look after a



number of sheep somehow affected and inconvenienced by the increase of rabbits in that favourite colony. Being thus for a season expropriated, he asked me to look after the Institution connected with the Vegetarian Movement, in his place during his absence.

"You will really find the work simple enough," he said on bidding me farewell. "You hold my power of attorney, and all you have to do is not to quarrel with the Committee of Inspection, who, as you know, can play the very dickens with us."

"But what have the Committee of Inspection to do with the place?" I asked rather anxiously, as I never like to accept responsibility, so to speak, with my eyes blindfolded.

"Oh, you will soon find out," replied JOWLER. "You will pick it up as you go along. I shall soon be back—perhaps in six months."

The Institution connected with the Vegetarian Movement was within easy distance of my chambers, so I came to the conclusion that I could combine the vague superintendence it apparently required with my ordinary legal engagements. I found, on a visit to the Institution about a fortnight after JOWLER had left, that all seemed to be right, and the head *employé* assured me that if my services were needed, he would send round to me.

"Fortunately since Mr. JOWLER'S departure, Sir," said the head *employé*, "we have seen nothing of the Committee of Inspection."

He lowered his voice to a tone of the deepest awe as he spoke of the mysterious body.

"I am very glad to have seen you, Sir," he continued; "the fact is, there may be a number of things I should like to consult you about, and I was loth to worry you."

"Oh, not in the least," I replied, airily; "consult me at any time; only too glad to give you every assistance in my power."

Upon this, I took my leave, saying as I did, to show that I really knew what I was about, that whoever had broken the hall-lamp, which I noticed was damaged, should have been made to pay for it.

On my return to my chambers, I found PORTINGTON in a great state of excitement. He had actually got a brief for me! A real brief marked with a real fee and endorsed by a real firm of Solicitors! I was actually retained! MORDAUNT JONES, BROWN AND SNOBKINS! Perhaps the best firm in the profession! I was delighted!

"PORTINGTON," I observed when I had regained sufficient control over my feelings to speak calmly, "I do not think you will find the names in my fee-book?"

"I fancy not, Sir," replied PORTINGTON; "they wanted Mr. CHUCKBOB, only I said he was in Scotland, and persuaded—I mean told them you were in, and would be glad to look through the papers instead."

"Thank you, PORTINGTON," I answered, as I took the bundle into my own special room; "thank you, if they come for them, let me know."

"Certainly, Sir; MORDAUNT JONES, BROWN AND SNOBKINS seemed most anxious to have them back."

Once alone I undid the tape and found the matter resolved itself into a most delicate point of international usage. I went to my book-shelf and hunted for authorities, and was soon deep in Mexican Maritime Law. I was searching in its statutes for one dealing with a ship detained by stress of weather in quarantine, when I was disturbed by PORTINGTON ushering in the head *employé* from the Institution connected with the Vegetarian Movement.

"Very sorry, Sir," said my visitor, "but we are in sad distress.

We have just received twelve dozen cases of ginger-beer, when the Committee of Inspection particularly ordered that only soda-water should be supplied, and I really don't know what we shall do."

"Can they not be exchanged for the required liquid?" I asked, looking up from my work, a trifle annoyed at the interruption.

"I am afraid that is impossible, Sir. You see that the Committee of Inspection are so opposed to any alteration of procedure."

"Well, well, you must do the best you can," I replied. "You see I am very much engaged at this moment."

The chief *employé*, seeming greatly surprised at my lack of excitement, bowed, and withdrew. I was once more deep in my Mexican Maritime Law, when PORTINGTON put in his head.

"Suppose that opinion isn't ready yet, Sir? MORDAUNT, BROWN, JONES AND SNOBKINS are waiting for it."

"Ready directly. My compliments, and they can call for it in half an hour."

I had just got to the point where I thought I began to comprehend the Mexican method of dealing with a fraudulent bill of lading, when I was again interrupted. A small boy forced himself in.

"Please you are to come round at once. The chess-boards are out of order, and want mending, and there is something wrong with the lift, between the kitchen and the dining-room, and—"

"You had no right to intrude, sirrah!" I exclaimed, with haughty impatience. "Begone!"

Murmuring something about the Committee of Inspection, "kicking up a shindy" the urchin withdrew. Again I dived into Mexican Maritime Law, and nearly got hold of the rules governing a sale of cargo for the benefit of ship-repairs. I had jotted down a line or two upon the brief-paper before me, when the door was again thrown open, and a gentleman of immense presence entered.

"I believe you are Mr. JOWLER'S substitute?" he began, without removing his hat. I inclined my head and made a gesture with my pen which was intended to convey to him the joint ideas that he was to take a chair and not to disturb me until I was less preoccupied. He ignored my dumb-show. "And that being the case, it is my duty to call your attention to the unsatisfactory condition of the chimney-pots of your Institution, and to mention the fact that a pane of glass in the pantry has been broken, and is still unrepaired."

"Really," I replied, "I am exceedingly busy with a matter of the greatest importance, and I must ask you to be so very kind as to call again on an occasion when my time is more my own."

The gentleman rose with an air of astonishment so profound that it nearly approached an aspect of absolute terror. He gasped for a moment, and then asked, in a bone-freezing whisper—

"Do you understand that I am a Member of the Committee of Inspection?"

"I shall be delighted to make your acquaintance on some future occasion," I replied, with that easy courtesy that I hope is one of my characteristics, and I opened the door for him to pass out.

He got up and with the same expression of profound astonishment left my chambers. Once more I dived into Mexican Maritime Law, and was only disturbed by a letter sent by hand from the Institution, which I did not open, but threw carelessly on the desk before me. I had just got to the last point in my opinion when the door was again dashed open and JOWLER himself rushed in.

"Why, my dear fellow," I began.

"No time to explain," he cried, "Australian visit deferred. Presentiment of evil. Come back. What about the Institution?"

I gave an account of my stewardship.

"And this is a letter I got a few minutes ago," I said, when I had finished my story, handing the document to my friend who hurriedly opened it.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, "why it is from a Member of the Committee of Inspection complaining of the hall-lamp! Oh! what have you been doing?"

"They are all there, Sir!" cried the urchin, returning at the moment out of breath from running, "and there's a nice row at the Institution!"

"What the Committee of Inspection!" exclaimed JOWLER, seizing his hat, "Oh, what have you been doing? Why the place will be ruined!" And he hurried off followed by the urchin.

The next morning I got a letter from JOWLER, saying that he would never forgive me, as, by my "want of tact with the Committee of Inspection, I had ruined a widow and five small children," and, to make matters worse, I have been subsequently informed, in a satirical communication signed "MORDAUNT BROWN, JONES AND SNOBKINS," that my opinion is not one they can conscientiously adopt without further advice, "as my knowledge of Mexican Law seems to be of a superficial description."

It is a painful experience, and none the less painful because I have to add it to a number of experiences of a not entirely dissimilar character.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

"THE GRAND OLD MAN" IN DECEMBER.—Father Christmas.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY. M.P.

FROM QUIET QUARTERS.

By-the-Sea, Saturday.

EAR TOBY,

I HAVE been intending to write to you for some weeks past, but, really, life passes so quickly here, with such gentle rotation of days and nights, that a week is over before I realise that I have well entered upon it. Besides, I find, in practical experience, that the writing of a letter usually involves the receipt of one; and, though I am not bound by any rule involving the necessity of reading, or even opening the letters that reach me, it is as well to avoid, as far as possible, little annoyances of that kind. I write to you because, in your case, I make an exception to the rule of my epistolary conduct, and really want to hear from you.

The occasion of this solicitude is, that I find chance references in the local weekly paper (I never see a daily) to the Irish Question, which seem to show that it is in a somewhat unusually perturbed state. I daresay if I could make up my mind to open the pile of letters that have been accumulating on my desk for the last month or so, I should be able to inform myself on the subject? But, if I once began that practice, whither would it lead me? I have found, in the course of my public life, that the last thing to do with a letter received through the post, is to open it. My correspondence, conducted in the main upon that principle, answers itself, and thus much labour, and possible friction, are saved.

From the source of intelligence already alluded to, I gather hints that the Government are "being firm" in Ireland, that evictions have been going on, that there have been conflicts between the police and the people, and that even some of my colleagues in the Parliamentary Party have been arrested. One paragraph goes so far as to mention the really interesting circumstance, that W-L-M O'B-R-N, has been cast into gaol, where he sleeps on a plank bed, and that ARTH-R B-L-F-R, emulating a historic political feat, has stolen his clothes whilst he was sleeping.

This thing is probably an allegory, but it serves to support an opinion I have always had with respect to the future of the Conservative Government, and which enables me from time to time to stand aside from the hurly-burly of active politics. I suppose that what the paragraphist really means by the story of stealing O'B-R-N's clothes, is that ARTH-R B-L-F-R, as representative of Lord S-L-S-B-N-Y's Government, is coming out as an advocate of Home Rule for Ireland. If I misread the allegory, the error has but temporary effect. If it is not true to-day it will be true to-morrow, or the day after, if only the Liberals have the ill-luck to be deprived of precedence in the opportunity. If I never stirred finger or raised voice again, Home Rule would be granted to Ireland by whatever English Party chances to be in power when the moment is ripe. The ball is set spinning, and it would be a mere accident, of no great import to me or the Irish people, whether it is the M-R-K-S-S or G-L-D-S-T-N-E that kicks it into goal.

Hence you will see that though it may strike a superficial observer as odd that I, of all men, should, at such a juncture, absent myself from the field of battle and hide no one knows where, the course is not so unreasonable as it appears. Why should I run the risk of burning my fingers by pulling chestnuts out of the fire, when the foremost men in English politics vie with each other in the effort to do it for me? Amongst the few people with whom I come in contact here I

pass for a curate of Evangelical views, who, for private reasons, has quitted his family and congregation, and tries, ineffectually they silyly think, to disguise himself by dispensing with clerical garb. I encourage this self-deception, and am left free to sit in the sun when there is any—and there is really an astonishing amount on this Southern coast in November—and when it rains I put up my umbrella. Sometimes I hear on it the patter of distant conflicts in Ireland, and open revolt in London. These echoes of wild disturbance only make the sweeter my retirement. I know that I am foolish to imperil my pastoral peace by inviting a communication from you which may confirm the vague reports I have alluded to. Still, I am a little curious to know is it *really true* that W-L-M O'B-R-N sleeps on a plank bed; that W-L-F-R-D B-L-N-T, wearied of the long repose of Egyptian affairs, has had his head broken by the Royal Irish Constabulary; and that, with a refined cruelty which testifies to the innate fiendishness of the Saxon nature, the presiding Magistrate at Bow Street Police Court has ruthlessly refused to commit for trial that truculent, dangerous personage, Mr. S-N-D-R-S, whom I remember in the House as formerly Member for Hull?

Yours serenely,

C. S. P-R-N-L-L.

THE WAIL OF THE WIRE.

(With apologies to the Poet.)

"It is stated that Mr. SWINBURNE's new poem was cabled to New York."

HAD I wist, wailed the wire in sea's hollow,
That thousands of lines I should list,
Pumped forth by a son of Apollo,
I would not have lain here, not I,
'Twixt Briton and Yankee a tie:
No messages through me should fly,
Had I wist.

Had I wist, they would make me swallow,
Huge poems all moonshine and mist,
In addition to "speeches" all hollow;
They shouldn't have cabled a thing,
They shouldn't have used me to wing,
Leagues of rhymes that the word-spinners sing,
Had I wist.

VALUABLE OPINION.—We understand that the Authorities have consulted Mr. BRIEFLESS, Junior, Q.C., (Queer Counsel) on the right claimed by indifferent passers-by to stand between the police and the mob, in view of the Chief Commissioner's statement that such passers-by cause the chief difficulty in quelling disturbance; The learned Counsel has given a lucid opinion to the effect that any mere sightseer may be arrested and imprisoned, unless he or she can prove the having come to the spot for a riotous or other unlawful object.

May in November.

(At the Royalty Theatre.)

PIECES French they're playing,—
JANE's a pretty player,—
Come with me a-Maying,
Gaily sings the MAYOR.

THE LESSON FOR THE DAY.—At Lowestoft Mr. MUNDELLA spoke well and wisely on certain fishery questions. "With regard to outrages," said he, "in the North Sea, I counsel English fishermen to suffer wrong rather than do wrong, as then they could demand the protection of their industry by Government." Why not get the start of the HARTINGTON and GOSCHEN Travelling Co. (Limited), and deliver these excellent sentiments in Ireland?

"THE Grosvenor 'Split,'" ought at once to be adopted by the Restaurant of that establishment as a title for a special mixed drink. Let Sir Courts patent it.

"SPECIAL CONSTABLES."—Those belonging to the Collection in the National Gallery.

"IN THE PRESS."—Mr. O'BRIEN's clothes.

'TWILL ILLUME.

(Poe applied.)

"MR. WALT WHITMAN has just sent to Mr. ERNEST REYS, a preface and some new material for a second 'popular' volume of prose, to consist of 'Democratic Vistas' and other pieces"

Athenæum.

THEN I pacified PSYCHE, and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom,
With the latest Walt-Whitmanish "Vista,"
Which Democracy showed as our doom;
Our unwelcome but obvious doom.
And I said, "How's it written, sweet Sister?"
"Is it bosh? Will it be a big boom?"
She replied, "'Twill illume, 'twill illume."
It is bosh, but quidnuncs 'twill illume!"

* * Mr. POE, and not Mr. Punch's Poet, is responsible for this Cockney rhyme.

"CHRISTMAS IS COMING!"—"Tell me not in *Christmas Numbers*," that Christmas is coming. We wish the good old gentleman would not announce his intended arrival so long beforehand. Everybody knows, that, like one of his own Christmas books, he is "bound to appear" at a certain fixed date. Among the first of the heralds on the bookstalls is the Christmas Number of the *Penny Illustrated*, price threepence, and well worth the money. Mr. LATEX, Junior, arranges a Christmas Literary and Artistic Banquet, and every plate has a plateful of Christmas fare. The picture entitled "Spoons" and representing two persons in evening-dress slipping downstairs—"such a getting downstairs"—in a sitting position, probably two amateur Tobogganists, is distinctly humorous. The coloured illustration, called *The Christmas Ball*, will be a great favourite with boys. If the Early Bird still catches the worm, the Latex one who is first in the field with this Christmas number ought to pick up the three-pennies.

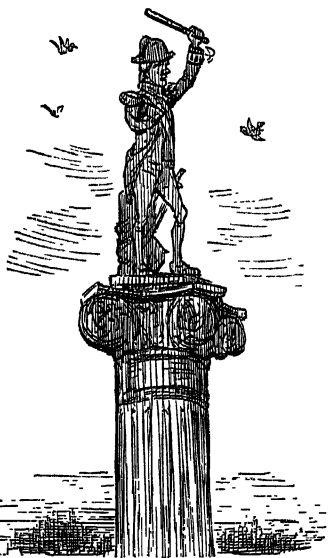
LITERARY.—It is announced that Mr. Snodgrass has "thoroughly revised his translations from HEINE." We expect next to hear that Mr. Tracy Tupman has "Englished" *Catullus*, and that Mr. Winkle is preparing a new edition of the *Book of Sports*.

FLORAL APPEAL TO NOVEMBER.—"Fog-get-me-not!"



THE NE PLUS ULTRA.

James I. "VERY DANGEROUS PARTIES THESE HUNEMPLOYED! WHY, THEY'RE A BEGINNIN' TO DENOUNCE HUS!" James II. "No!"



"'Twas in Trafalgar's Square."

Nov. 20, 1887.

Nelson (as Special Constable) sings:—

"England expects that every man
This day will go on Duty!"

THE LAST OF THE SOLOMONSES.—The final knock-down blow was given to poor TUPPER's *Proverbial Philosophy* by Mr. JOHN MORLEY, who, in his admirable discourse on Aphorisms, described it as a "too famous volume," which "had immense vogue, but it is so rapid, so wordy, so futile, as to have a place among the books that dispense with parody." Alas! poor TUPPER! Mr. Punch bids thee adieu for ever!

WILL Mr. LOCKYER turn his attention Eastwards, and inform us if the Corporation of the City of London is a "Self-luminous Body"? If so, couldn't it be utilised in a fog?

DESCRIBING the state of mind her Nephew was in on not being able to find a stud at the last moment to put in his shirt-front, Mrs. RAM said, "Oh, he was awfully iterated."

"SPECIAL" REASONS:

Or, Why They were "Sworn In."

Paterfamilias. "Because I think it's my duty, as a law-abiding citizen, to set a good example."

Mister Tom (his son). "Because I must look after the old Governor, and see he doesn't come to grief."

Mr. Brown, Q.C. "Because I'm not going to let those fellows, JONES and ROBINSON, think that I shirk the responsibility."

Messrs. Jones, M.D., and Robinson, R.A. "Because we don't mean to be outdone by that fellow BROWN."

The West-end Young Man. "Because, you know, I think, on the whole, it's the correct thing to do."

The Primrose-League Young Man. "Because I should very much like to have a real chance of giving a Social Democrat a good whack on the head."

'Arry. "Because it's such a prime lark."

The General Person. "Because everybody seems to be doing it."

Mem. by a Hater of Premature "Christmassing."

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year"—

But it lasts three months at a stretch, that's clear.

I should like to pass the whole quarter in slumbers,

To dodge the infliction of—Christmas Numbers!

THE Great Oohipaway Chief says that he intends to continue selling his chips. But he has a log by him with which, as he has kept it for many years, he will not part on any account.

ON A RECENT CASTING VOTE.

WHAT! How did LYTTON get into the chair!
The usual way—he mounted by the STAIR.

A MESS.—What's on the *tapis* in France? GRÉVY. M. WILSON, who speaks Latin with English pronunciation, throws all the blame on his father-in-law, and says it's a "*Grévy delictum*."

THE REPORT ON THE FIRE AT THE EXETER THEATRE.—"Slow, but SHAW."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

For the library shelves of those whom "Providence has not blessed with affluence," and who cannot afford first editions or expensive bindings, and for the working Journalist's library, the most useful books, the most handy, though not belonging to the regular "Handy Volume Series," and the best adapted to the pockets of most men, specially of the class above mentioned, are those forming *Morley's Universal Library*: published by ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, which now number about fifty-five volumes. BUTLER, BACON, CAVENDISH, COBBETT, DANTE, GOETHE, GOLDSMITH, THOMAS-A-KEMPIS, SOPHOCLES, and DE QUINCEY, are all well represented; and, following the fashion of the day, were I asked to provide "the young man just beginning active life" with a list of the best set of books for his study and perusal, I should have no hesitation in referring him to *Morley's Universal Library*; and I know of



no more useful present at this Christmas time, or at any other time, than the neat and convenient oak cases, a guinea each, made on purpose to contain fifteen of the MORLEY volumes. I trust they will go on from year to year, and so continue to deserve the title first given them by *Mr. Punch*, of the "More-and-Morely Series," which fully expresses a constant supply to meet a growing demand.

Long expected come at last! The HENRY IRVING and FRANK MARSHALL *Shakspeare*, Vol. I., produced by Messrs. BLACKIE (one of which Firm ought evidently to come out as *Othello*) as the Manager of the Lyceum always gets up his plays "regardless of expense." The prefaces and introductions will delight everyone who acknowledges the force of the common-sense opinion, emphatically expressed more than once in *Mr. Punch's* pages, that SHAKSPEARE if acted just "as he is wrote" would not suit the taste of an audience of the present day. The taste of the modern audience is corrupted by Sensationalism and Materialism in every shape and form—and at some theatres Materialism in shape and form is one of the main attractions—and so impatient is it of anything like development of character by means of dialogue, that it would have most plays, no matter whether comedies or melodramas (there are no tragedies now, except SHAKSPEARE'S), reduced as nearly as may be to mere ballets of action. For the maxim of our audiences in this last quarter of the "so-called" Nineteenth Century, as regards the drama, is *Facta non verba*; before which imperious command those "who live to please," and who "must please to live," are compelled, be they authors or actors, to bow, and do their best, speaking as little as possible, so as not to give offence.

"Break, break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue,"

is the cry of any author nowadays who aims at writing a true Comedy. Mr. IRVING marks clearly enough all the passages usually omitted in representation, which of themselves would make a small volume, but we are not shown the arrangement of scenes necessitated by the exigencies of the stage, or rather by the taste of the audience, and so in this respect the plays remain pretty much as their author left them. Some stage-directions have been introduced, but as Mr. FRANK MARSHALL denies that this is in any sense an "acting edition"—while Mr. IRVING in his preface rather seems to imply that in some sense it is so,—I should be inclined to describe the work as "a contribution in aid of an acting edition," and I am delighted to add, a most valuable contribution it is, at least so far. *Ex uno disce omnes*, and if the other volumes are only on a par with this first instalment, IRVING and MARSHALL'S—it wouldn't do to put MARSHALL first in the Firm, because it would at once suggest "and SNEEGROVE" to follow—or this HENRY and FRANK'S edition of SHAKSPEARE will be one of the most perfect and the most serviceable to the ordinary reader that has as yet been given to the public. In order to illustrate the Messrs. BLACKIE'S judicious liberality, Mr. MARSHALL tells us that, with the view of making the work more complete by the introduction of certain explanations, "they (Messrs. BLACKIE) entirely recast all the notes to *Richard the Second*, though they (the notes, not Messrs. BLACKIE) had been already stereotyped." Oh, that Theatrical Managers would be as wise in their generations as were even these poor publishers, and when they see that a piece, SHAKSPEARE'S or anybody else's, is in an unsatisfactory state for representation, at once "recast it entirely, in spite of all the old 'stereotyped' tie-wig objections. Mr. IRVING in his preface makes a sort of apology for the luxurious extravagance of modern stage decoration. There is no necessity for this. The Stage reflects the



"Hist, Romeo, hist!"
R. & J., Act II., Sc. 2.

fashion of the day, and that fashion is Materialism. Mr. MARSHALL'S critical remarks on *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Henry the Sixth*, Part I., are admirable, difficult subjects being most delicately handled. He has no note on the appearance of an "Abbess," and on a scene "in front of a Priory," in the first of these plays, of which the action takes place about 300 B.C.; but I suppose that, though seldom risking anything in a case of importance, he on this occasion consulted the DYCE, and concluded that there was some "a priory" argument in favour of the existence of Abbesses three hundred years before they were invented. A genius like SHAKSPEARE is above time and place. Mr. MARSHALL is of opinion (in a footnote, and I think he has here put his foot in it) that SHAKSPEARE never descended to sycophancy for the sake of pleasing his royal patroness. I shall be curious to see what he has to say on this subject when he comes to tackle the characteristic speech given to *Cranmer* in the last scene of *Henry the Eighth*. Mr. MARSHALL dealing with *Joan of Arc*, in *Henry the Sixth*, notices how SHAKSPEARE halts between two opinions, but decides as a courtier and a man of business would have done. The courtier remembers that *Joan* was not the only heroic virgin who had cheered her troops on to victory, but that the masculine Queen Bess had also mounted a cock-horse, like the lady of Banbury Cross, and had encouraged her soldiers with brave words at Tilbury Fort. Where the full-flavoured British Queen had succeeded, evidently the humble Gallic peasant maid must fail, at least, on the stage. If *Gloriana* was to be the pride of Old England, *La Pucelle* must be held up to *Gloriana's* subjects as a vile impostor, and a witch. SHAKSPEARE would not allow sentiment to interfere with business. Most of Mr. GORDON BROWNE'S illustrations are charmingly designed and executed, and the prefaces, introductions to SHAKSPEARE'S family (managed by F.A.M., Master of the Ceremonies), and critical remarks, ought to satisfy the most exacting of Shakspearian students.

Prince Lucifer (MACMILLAN & Co.) by ALFRED AUSTIN. I do not wish to make an ostentatious—or rather, in this instance, Austintatious—display of my unpoetic nature, but I cannot understand why ALFRED the Less chose this name of *Lucifer* for his hero. The title, for advertising purposes, certainly arrests the eye. Of course, as ALFRED the Less would say, in his light Lucifer manner—

"Lucifer," I own to liking; | Names are nothing, if not striking.

And *Lucifer* is nothing to speak of, if not intended to serve a striking purpose. A second title might perhaps have assisted the public to an explanation, *Lucifer*; or, *The Love Match*. *Prince Lucifer* suggests something naughty, and worse—or naughty in werse—for there is nothing to assure us beforehand that Mr. AUSTIN'S "Prince of Darkness is a gentleman" who wouldn't shock our religious or moral sentiments on any account, not even on his own. But though the book could not, perhaps, be recommended by Mr. PODSNAP to the "Young Person," yet I should carefully consider the intelligent capacity of the Young Person before presenting her with such a specimen of "light and misleading" literature as *Prince Lucifer*, to judge it only from its title, might Austintably be. It contains some of Mr. AUSTIN'S best work, and when, in this foggy weather, I call for "Light! More light!" I shall be perfectly satisfied if they bring me Mr. AUSTIN'S new patent *Lucifer*.

YOUR OWN BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

Albert Hall Concert, Wed., Nov. 16.

WITH PATTI, and SANTLEY, and LLOYD,

The attraction was great, and it drew

An audience muchly annoyed

By a fog they could scarcely see through.

"Big House"—it was choke-full . . . of fog,

Which kept a good many away.

Too bad, for a "dead-head" is fog,—

Comes in free. Mister Fog doesn't pay.

A CONFESSOR'S COSTUME.—Under a system of prison discipline admitting of no distinction of prisoners, Mr. W. O'BRIEN, confined in Tullamore Gaol, complains that he has been deprived of the clothes which he prefers to the prison uniform. Some sympathy is due to a misguided gentleman divested of decent habiliments; but the grievance which he has injudiciously brought upon himself is one for which he will sooner or later, at least if he pleases, be enabled to obtain redress.

L. C. & D. v. S. E.

SAYS WATKIN, "This, FORBES, Makes us open our orbs!"

"Your orbs," FORBES replies, "And your pockets likewise."

OUR DEBATING CLUB.

WITH the fall of the leaf, and the first touch of fog in the atmosphere, it has been the time-honoured practice of the "Gargoyle" Club, ever since its establishment eighteen months ago, to resume the sittings, temporarily suspended during the Summer. The "Gargoyles" are, I should explain, an assembly of earnest, thoughtful young men, who arrange to meet upon one evening in the week for purposes of mental friction, and the discussion of the social questions of the day. We have a President, an Honorary Secretary, a ballot-box, a balance-sheet, a printer's bill, and, in short, everything handsome about us. It is the custom to consume tobacco, in some form, during our meetings—except in the case of a member who is actually upon his legs addressing the house, when etiquette, and indeed convenience, require him to abstain for the time being. It is, perhaps, this rule which restricts several of us (including the writer) from expressing our sentiments in any sustained form. For myself, indeed, I am the victim of a diffidence at present unconquerable; it costs me an inconceivable effort to say even as much as "hear-hear" and accordingly I listen and learn, making copious notes for future edification, and coming away on each occasion with a strong flavour of tobacco, and the consciousness that, intellectually speaking, the evening has been by no means wasted. These notes I am now enabled, by the express sanction of a majority of the members (who considered it only right that some suggestive crumbs from our feasts of reason should be conceded to the outer world) to communicate through the medium of *Mr. Punch*. We could, perhaps, have preferred a journal with a higher reputation for seriousness, but the truth is that the daily papers declined, by common consent, to report our proceedings, on the plea that they were "not of sufficient public interest;" and we therefore decided to waive the obvious disadvantages of association with a paper of whose tone we do not always or entirely approve, in consideration of placing ourselves in touch with a section of the public who are too little apt to give any serious attention to improving topics.

The Editor, somewhat autocratically, has reserved the right of condensation and selection, although it has been pointed out to him that—without adding a single extra sheet to his number—ample space could be afforded for a full report (which I would undertake to furnish) of our debates were the simple expedient adopted of temporarily discontinuing the Cartoon in our favour. Popular as we cannot but think such a step would be, we gravely fear that it will not be taken—unless some pressure is brought to bear from outside. It is something, perhaps, even to have gained as much as we have; something that, amidst the shrill squeak and frivolous chuckle of *Punch*, will be heard from time to time the deeper, graver notes of the Gargoyle Club. We are not enemies of fun; we only think that there may be many, like ourselves, who consider it possible to have too much of it. The Editor, we are glad to admit at once, seems quite to recognise the sincerity of our desire to raise the tone of his periodical, and is willing to allow us to try the experiment—though he expresses a doubt whether these contributions will have quite the effect we anticipate. We shall see. In the meantime, I must preface my first notes, taken last Session, by a short sketch of

PINCENEY, OUR PRESIDENT.

PINCENEY possesses a mind, perhaps the most comprehensive in all Paddington. I have known him—I wish I could say intimately—now for over nine months, and I can confidently assert that I have never yet heard him confess to ignorance of any department of human knowledge, of any branch of modern thought! In intellectual stature he towers miles above us all, and weekly increases that altitude under our very eyes by drinking two bottles of some sparkling beverage composed of phosphates. He is coldly tolerant of the world's failings, and is understood to confine himself to a fish diet. He speaks little, but that little falls with immense weight. PINCENEY is not genial, or, indeed social of manner—he suffers us, but not gladly—listening to each speaker with conscientious attention, as if it was always possible that he might utter something not immeasurably below contempt before he sat down. He has a little bell by which he warns the wanderer, and paralyses the prolix, and his preliminary caress of this bell is a rebuke in itself. It would be too much to say that PINCENEY is popular amongst his fellow Gargoyles; he neither courts nor desires popularity. Indeed, he ranges somewhat too much apart, and goes home alone by the Underground the moment his duties are concluded. But he is greatly respected, and if we feel, as we sometimes do feel, that his standard is rather too high and exacting, at other times the consciousness acts upon us as a decided incentive.

OUR VICE-PRESIDENT.

HARTUPP, our Vice-President, is of a very different mental calibre and disposition. He is of a warm and enthusiastic temperament, and endowed with a lava-like flow of eloquence. HARTUPP is showy, but, as he would be the first to admit himself, a trifle superficial.

He is at present articulated to a solicitor, but he is more calculated to shine at the Bar, where fervour has a freer scope than in an office. He melts and thrills us by turns, speaking without preparation and without notes, for which he apologises in carefully constructed sentences. Altogether, HARTUPP is one of our most distinguished Gargoyles. I may add that he lives at Notting Hill with his mother.

OUR HONORARY SECRETARY.

Mr. FREDERICK FADELL is one of our most energetic and useful members. He is the only one (except perhaps PINCENEY) who possesses anything like a working acquaintance with all the rules. He is a Barrister-at-Law, and finds his chambers very useful for preparing minutes and sending out notices relative to the business of the Club. FADELL is no great orator, though he can speak with some fluency to a point of order. What he *really* enjoys is superintending an election by ballot. During our debates he steals about with an air of mystery, conducting long conversations in a whisper with such members as he wishes to induce to join in the discussion. His whole existence is bound up in the Gargoyle Club, and he is deeply alive to the responsibilities of his position.

With these preliminary introductions, the Public must be perforce contented for the present. I hope, however, on future occasions, to be permitted to give some further idea of the work we are doing, and more especially of the manner in which it is performed—though the ruthless compression to which, as I have hinted above, I have reason to believe my notes will be subjected, may deprive them of much of their interest and value.

SO SEASONABLE, YOU KNOW.

SIR,—I read a letter in the *St. James's Gazette*, signed "PAGE HORPS." The gentleman stood for somewhere, and may be standing still, were such a contradiction in terms between "standing still" and "Hopps" reconcileable. Is he an Irreconcilable? I am no politician, and don't want to be, specially just now. But such a name as "PAGE HORPS" must stand for something, and what struck me as a sort of Christmassy idea was, what a cheery, suggestive name "PAGE HORPS" really is! What a picture it conjures up of a true old-fashioned Christmas jollification, where all distinctions are obliterated, the Masses join with the Classes, and the Misses go with the Kisses, under the sprig of mistletoe. "PAGE HORPS!" What a delightful household! Page hops, Butler skips, Footman jumps, Cook capers, Housemaid dances, Scullerymaid slides, while



Master plays the violin,
And Missus the guitar.
We are a merry family,
We are! We are! We are!!

I drink his health, the health of P. Horps, Hop! Hop! Hooray! in beer, of course. This comes hopping you're well.

Yours ever,
A. HOPPIDAN.

Spring Bank, Out of Bounds.

To the Unemployed.

"REMEMBER Mitchelstown!"	If not to get knocked down,
And do not join a mob.	And squelched, you greatly care,
But if you do, you're likely	Remember, then, both Mitchels-
to	town,
Get "one" upon your nob.	And eke Trafalgar Square!

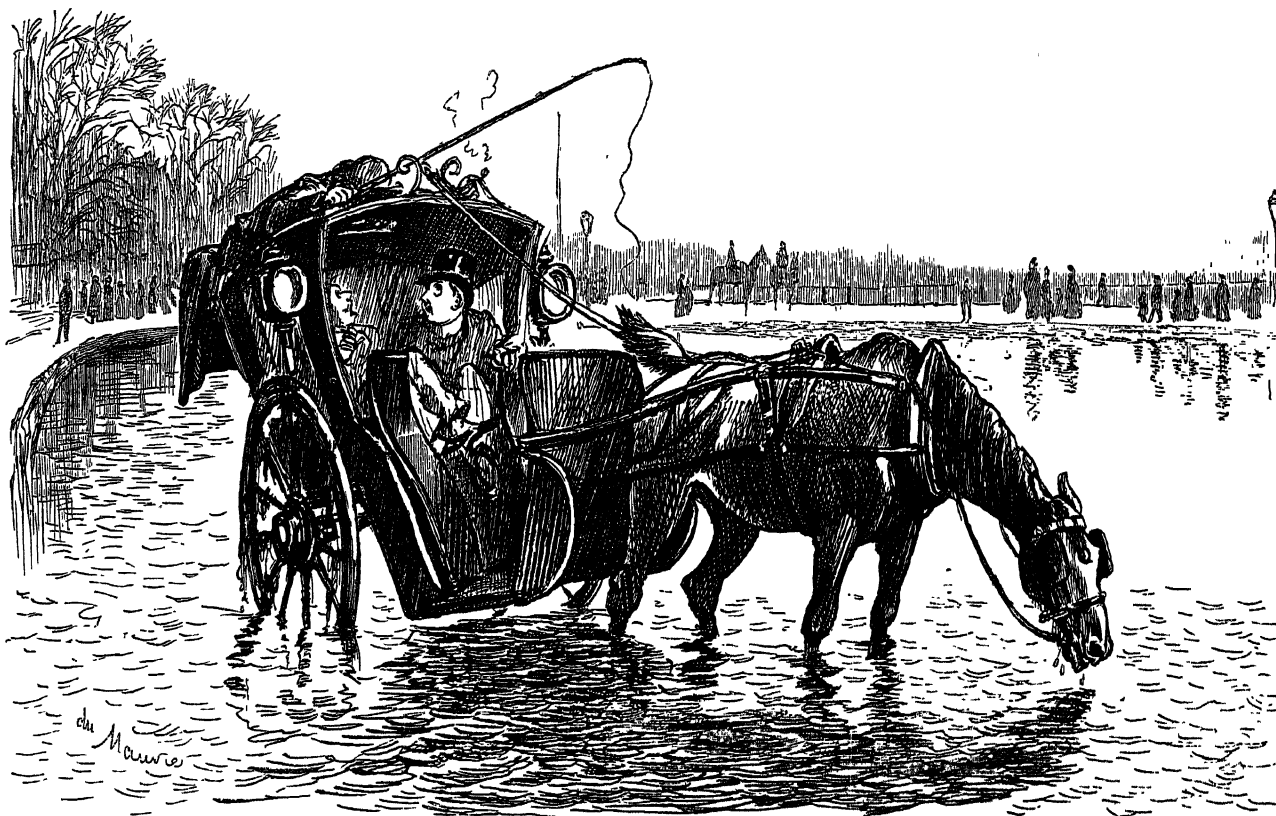
Sports and Anecdotes of Bygone Days. By C. T. S. B. REYNARDSON. Without four initials Reynard's son ought to know by this time as much about sport as sly old Reynard himself. Illustrated, too, in colours, but not with his own brush.

The Powers that Be.

AGAINST "One Man Power," the cry is now raised,
By moralists noted for meekness,
Perchance the new protest were more to be praised,
If directed against "one man weakness."
The partisan man is so given to glower,
At his bigger, or luckier, brother man,
One fears that this railing against "one-man power,"
Means craving the power for—another man.

CHIEF ITEM IN A GLADSTONIAN MENU.—"A Chop and Chips."

A PERFECT PANDEMONIUM.—Demonstration in Trafalgar Square.



THE 'PONDS ASINORUM' AGAIN!

Cabby. "OH! YER THINKS SEVEN-AND-SIXPENCE TOO MUCH, DO YER, FOR COMIN' ALL THE WAY UP TO 'AMPSTEAD! WELL—'ERE I STOPS TILL I'M PAID, THAT'S ALL!"

EXTRA SPECIAL.

As many married men have recently been sworn in as supplementary Policemen, and as ladies are usually entirely ignorant of law, it may be as well to give a list of the statutory regulations of the duties of Special Constables. Here they are:—

1. Special Constables will occasionally be expected to spend several hours every evening in the card-room of the Club in search of information.
2. Their duties may occasionally require them to pay a visit to Paris for a fortnight, or even three weeks, to study for themselves on the spot the working of the French Judicature Act.
3. It may be imperatively necessary for them to be present at the "first nights" of new pieces, when they will be expected to take supper at the Club, so that they may have an opportunity of confidentially exchanging notes with their fellow-constables.
4. At any time they may be required not to dine at home, but, for purposes of the police, join a visit of inspection to dinners chiefly associated with bachelors.
5. Every Special Constable (if not already in possession of one) must be supplied with a latch-key, under a penalty of £20—payable by his wife.
6. It is strictly forbidden (and the offence, when proved, will entail a sentence of penal servitude for an indefinite period) for a Special Constable to give any information as to his movements to any one, inclusive of his wife.
7. It will be a part of his duty occasionally to come home with the man bringing the early morning milk.
8. Lastly, on extraordinary occasions, when it is necessary that he should be ready to return to his beat at a moment's notice, it is lawful that he should retire to bed in his boots.

REASONS WHY.—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will accompany Lord HARRINGTON to Ireland, first because he thinks that the latter's stolid style of oratory will have no effect on the impulsive Celt without a good deal of gushin'; and, secondly, because he wants to have his share of the anticipated HARTY reception.

PROMENADING.

I ATTENDED the Opening Night of the Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's on Saturday week. A crowded house; everybody in the best of humours. Mlle. ELLY WARNOTS trilled her most brilliant "variations," Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN carried off the lioness's share of applause and bouquets. There was a new "Vocal valse," entitled "*Laughing Beauties*," in which a chorus of "ladies in costume" invited us to buy what the programme waggishly described as:—

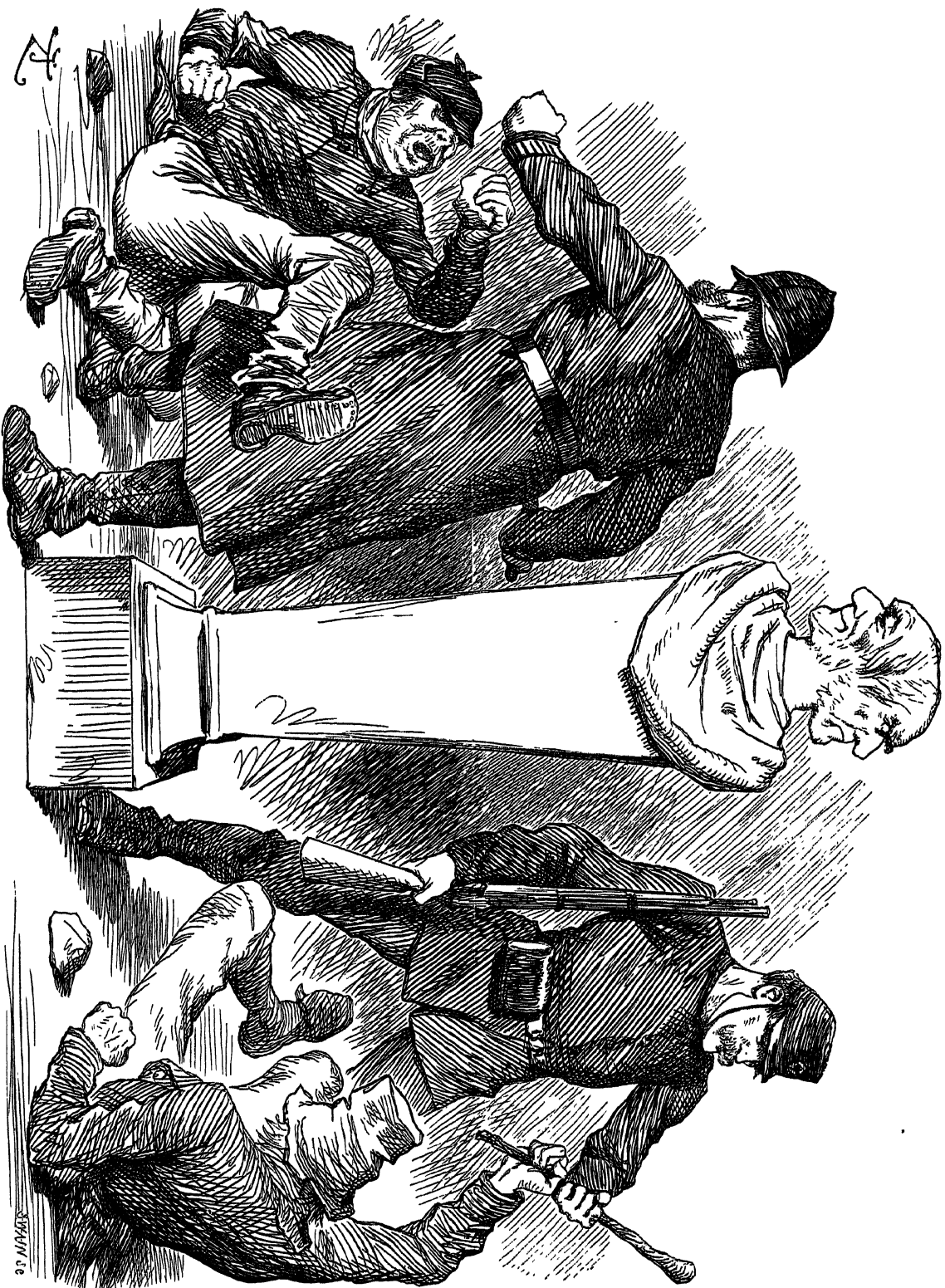
"Sweet violets for the meek, tra, la, la, la, la,
Fond ivory for the weak, ha, ha, ha, ha, ho!"

The programme, by the way, contained one or two other similar eccentricities. Miss ST. JOHN was announced as inquiring in a song of BEHREND'S, "Why do your big tears *fears* fall, Daddy?"—hardly a fair question to be addressed to any parent. Fortunately she preferred to sing the line in a less enigmatical form, but the gifted author of *Daddy*, should insist on correcting his own proofs next time. Then we had a "descriptive Piece for Orchestra,"—*The Bulgarian Patrol*, in which the melody began faintly, and came nearer and nearer with the clank of metal, till it gradually died away again in the distance. "Oh, wot a novelty!" as I heard a street-vendor remark the other day concerning the "panorammer of the Lord Mayor's Show," he was offering to a dubious public. But the public at Her Majesty's applauded the *Bulgarian Patrol* as impartially as they did his Turkish forerunner.

(Signed) A. BOUTIGO JONES.

ADVICE GRATIS.—Young HOFFMANN is Hoff! Gone from our gaze, perhaps, with a COOK'S Ticket. But, anyhow, the Juvenile Phenomenal Pianist has gone. Peace go with him—let him rest. Don't allow him to get within half a mile of a piano, or he is sure to go to pieces. All work and all play will make young HOFFMANN a dull Young Man. Beware, O Parents and Guardians, in time.

A PROPOS OF A CERTAIN ILLUSTRIOUS SUFFERER.—Who shall decide when Doctors disagree? The Patient. This is the sad Moral, MACKENZIE.



THE GRAND OLD JANUS.

"QUITE RIGHT, CONSTABLE!"

"QUITE WRONG, CONSTABLE!"



'ARRY ON LAW AND ORDER!

DEAR CHARLIE,

ASCUSE shaky scribble; I'm writing this letter in bed. Went down to the Square, mate,—last Sunday,—and got a rare clump on the 'ed. Beastly shame, and no error, my pippin! *Me* cop it! It's too jolly rum.

When a reglar Primroses gits toko, one wonders wot *next* there will come.

It wos all Bobby's blunder, in course; Mister BURLEIGH and me was "mistook."

I went jest for a lark, nothink else, and wos quietly slinging my 'ook,

Wen a bit of a rush came around me, a truncheon dropped smack on my nob,

And 'ere I ham, tucked up in bed, with a jug of 'ot spruce on the 'ob.

'Ard lines, ain't it, CHARLIE, old hoyster? A barney's a barney, dear boy,

And you know that a squeegee and a skylark is wot I did always enjoy.

A street-rush is somethink splendacious to fellers of sperrit like me,

But dints and diakkylum plaster will spile the best sport, dontcher see.

Don't you fancy the "Hunemployed," bunkum has nobbled me; not sech a mug!

And as for O'BRIEN and his breeches, I'm glad the fool's fairly in jug.

No, no, Law and Horder's my motter, but wen a spree's on 'ARRY's there;

And I thought, like a lot of the Swells, I should find one that day in the Square.

Lord Mayor's Day with a scrimmage chucked in is a hopenin' too temptin' to miss.

More pertikler wen all in "the Cause"—Law and Horder, I mean, mate—like this.

I despises the Poor and the Spouters; to see their 'eds jolly well broke is fun, but a bash on one's own—well, there, somehow it spiles the whole joke.

The Perlice wos too dashed hinderscriminate, that's where it wos, my dear boy; Wich they couldn't take *me* for a Paddy or 'umbugging "Out of Employ."

Wen that cop got his hand on my collar he ought to 'ave knowed like a shot, By the Astrykan only, that I wasn't one o' the Socherlist lot.

I 'ate 'em, dear CHARLIE, I 'ate 'em! They wants to stop piling the pelf, Wen that is wot every dashed one of us wants to be piling hisself.

No, Wealth is wot *must* be kep up and pertected, wotever goes wrong; And to talk of abolishing Millionnaires, CHARLIE, is coming it strong.

They are like prize Chrysanthemums, CHARLIE; for, if you want *them*, don'tcher see,

You must nip off some thousands of buds to let one or two swell and grow free. Jest you turn a lot loose in yer garden, and *that* ain't the way as they'll grow;

But if 'undreds weren't sacrificed daily to one, you would not get no Show.

That's Life in a nutshell, my bloater! All wants to be fust, but they can't; Most on us is wasters; the game of the snide un's to be a Prize Plant.

Then you're mugged up to-rights and made much of, but, oh, you must be a big ass,

If you fancies as daisies is dealt with like horchids, and grown under glass!

Ask Gentleman JOE. He knows better, he's finding it out more and more, And his Radical rot about "ransom" won't turn up agen; it don't score.

"Law and Horder's" the tip I can tell yer. I'm on to it fairly for one, And there's only one thing I finds fault with; they *do* rayther bunnick up Fun!

If heverythink's on the Q.T., and a Peeler is always at 'and— And *that's* Law and Horder you bet, as bekown to the rich and the grand—

It's O.K. for the 'olders of ochre, who, if they've a mind for a spree, Can always palm-oil Mr. Peeler, and do it *upon* the Q.T.

But hus, CHARLIE, hus? I likes Horder, and likeways I'm partial to Law, Wen it means keeping *my* swim all clear, and a muzzling my henemy's jaw.

Wy, nothink could easy be nicerer, then, don'tcher see, dear old pal; But supposing that game interferes with *my* larks, or *my* lush, or *my* gal?

Local Hopshun, for instance, or Betting Laws, Prize Fight pervention, and such, That some mealy-mouthed mugs are so sweet on; if they cop us, life ain't wuth much.

Contrydicting myself? Oh, well, CHARLIE, I've sech a blarmed pain in my 'ed, And life looks a queer sort of mix wen you boss the whole bizness from bed.

DAN the Dosser, who knows the Square well, 'aving slep in it night arter night, Sez the Golden Calf safely railed in by the Law is a 'eavenly sight.

Acos Horder is 'Eaven's first Law, and, in conserkense, Law Earth's first horder;

The Calf may sit safely hinside, whilst Scapegoats is kep hout of the border.



I can't git the 'ang of his lingo; his patter's all picter somehow, And wot he quite means by that Calf, mate, I dunno no more than a cow.

But the Scapegoat, that's *him*, I suppose, and he looks it; it's rough, as he says; No marbles, no lodging, no grub, and that sort o' thing kep up for days!

But the Scapegoats must not kick up shindies, and stop up our streets and our squares,

That's a moral. Perhaps there is grabbers as wants to swag more than their shares.

I ain't nuts on sweaters myself, and I do 'ate a blood-sucking screw,

Who sponges and never stands Sam, and whose motto's "all cop, and no blue."

Still, this 'ere blooming Hanarchy, CHARLEY, won't do at no figger, dear boy.

A bit of a rorty romp round in the open a chap can enjoy,

But brickbats and hoyster-knives? Walker! Not on in that scene, mate, not me!

And a bash on the nob with a batton is not *my* idea of a spree.

To bonnet a lot of old blokes and make [petticoats squeal is good biz,

But a Crusher's 'ard knuckles a crunching yer scrag? No, I'm blowed if *that* is!

Let 'em swarm "in their thousands"—the mugs!—and their black and red flags let 'em carry;

But wen they are next on the job they will 'ave to look wide-oh! for 'ARRY.

CUTTINGS AND SLIPS.—The following were extracted from the *Manchester Evening News*, Nov. 14:—

RESPECTABLE Woman WANTS WASHING, at Altrincham.

RESPECTABLE Widow WANTS WASHING for Tuesday.

The first one is not in a hurry; the second is, and names the day. Then or never. At first we thought it was a new form of advertising Somebody's Soap.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

From a Distracted Grammarian with "To Be" in his Bonnet.

WITH you, O Superlative Maiden,

There can no Comparison be;

And though Grammar makes "You" Second Person,

You are first of all Persons to me.

At Present my life is Imperfect

(Not Irregular, *nota bene*),

But with you for Auxiliary, dearest,

How Perfect our Future might be.

Considering my Antecedents,

Your Relatives can but Agree;

And since I'm Defective in Number,

You cannot Decline me, you see.

I sigh; but by mere Interjections

My Case cannot influenced be:

Then grant the Conjunction I plead for,

And so with your Subject agree.

AMONG the books with which the Prison Authorities should have supplied Mr. O'BRIEN ought to have been a copy of "The Breeches Bible." When he comes out, will he commence a suit against the Government?

AMERICAN CHORUS.

WE'LL state what we think of your Brummagem JOE. He's "so English you know,"—yes, "so English, you know."

"THE SLEEPER AWAKENED!" New Cantata, dedicated to the Right Hon. HENRY MATTHEWS, the Not-Yet-Quite-at-Home Secretary.

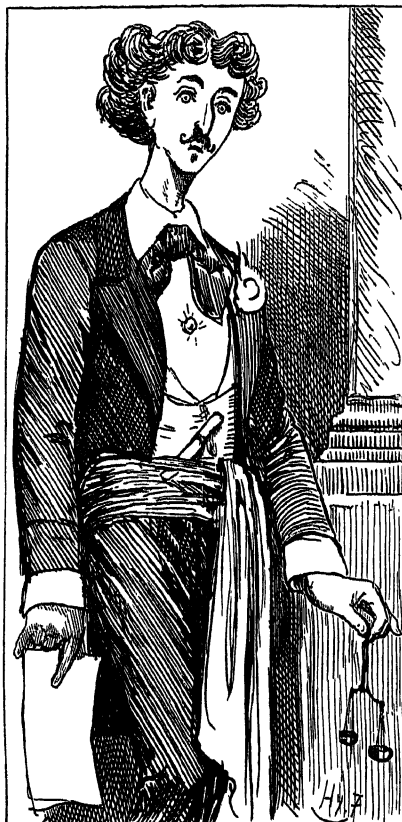
PROBABLE PICTURES FOR CHRISTMAS NUMBERS

BY SIR J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

(Suggested by this eminent "Sporting and Dramatic" Artist's "Portia" now being exhibited on all the bookstalls.)

LADY MACBETH.

"OR ANYBODY ELSE. DOESN'T MATTER.
QUITE A—J. E. M."



SHYLOCK; or, The Masher of Venice.

"COMPANION PICTURE TO MY 'PORTIA.'
A VERY BRILLIANT—J. E. M."

THE WOES OF THE WATER CONSUMER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—What Greek philosopher was it who held that Water was the beginning and essence of all things? Our modern Sanitarians appear to agree with him. At any rate, if they do not look upon water as the great essence, they declare it to be the prime essential, and present fearsome pictures of the results of any deficiency in its plentifulness and purity.

But, Sir, between the Landlord who won't put it on, and the Water Company who will cut it off, what is a poor Tenant to do? In one day I read, first, that Mr. WILLIAM CHRISTIE is summoned by the Sanitary Inspector of St. Saviour's, Southwark, for obstinately refusing to provide a suitable water-supply to twelve houses in Park Street, Southwark; secondly, that the East London Waterworks Company is summoned by a Mr. ERNEST BRANSEMER for cutting off the water at his house in Boundary Passage, Shoreditch, without lawful excuse. Looks encouraging, doesn't it? True, Mr. KEBBELL, the Company's Solicitor, assured Mr. HANNAY that the Company was really in the right, and that the man had suffered from the fault of his Landlord. Perhaps so, in this case. Anyhow it seems to be admitted that the man suffered, and suffered unjustly. In this case, too, the Company (said its Solicitor) had been "very good," had paid the man and settled the matter. Mr. HANNAY is reported to have said, "Really!" which seems almost to imply a mild surprise. Surprised at the "goodness" of a Water Company!!! Well, it is a painful fact that the prevailing faith in the proprietors of Waterworks is much of the complexion of *Sam Weller's* in the "Waterworks" of the Mulberry One. Only that the Companies, as a rule, are not quite so ready to "turn it on at the main," as was the lachrymose and deceptive *Job Trotter*.

"The Company do not fear the Magistrate's decision," said Mr. KEBBELL, loftily. "It is the trial by newspapers which follows, which is so objectionable." Doubtless: from the Company's point of view. Whether the Consumer shares that opinion may be questioned, perhaps.

Anyhow, Mr. Punch, my own confidence in the "native worth" of Water Companies and Landlords, being a plant of slow growth, which, indeed, has hardly yet appeared above ground, I should like to call attention to the dilemma which the "tub"-loving, fever-fearing Tenant is liable to fall into between the two. If this savours of that obnoxious practice, "trial by newspapers," I am sorry; but really, Sir, the Tenant has his "trials," of another sort, which are very "objectionable" indeed, and which, I fear, without the publicity afforded by the Press, neither the justice of Landlords, nor the "goodness" of Water Companies could be implicitly trusted to relieve him from. At least, such is the experience of

Yours truly,

AQUARIUS.

KEPT IN;

OR, THE LEAGUER BELEAGUERED.

A Right-thinking Radical requests information.

HAST thou seen that lordly castle,
The home of Mr. PYNE;
How round its patriot portals
The Peelers prowl and whine?

I suppose those brutal butchers,
Without the slightest fail,
Would stretch the M.P. on the rack,
And afterwards impale?

An Unfeeling Unionist answers him—

Well do I know that castle,
The home of Mr. PYNE;
But of the Peelers with their rack
There's not a single sign.

The Right-thinking Radical expresses surprise at the intelligence—

Indeed! But at some high casement
Surely you saw him stand,
Or out from a towering rampart
Waving a mailed hand?

The Unfeeling Unionist rejoins—

I did see him at the casement,
And he wore no armour at all,
But the Postman helps him haul the mail
Over his castle wall!

The Right-thinking Radical proceeds with his questionings—

And sawest thou on the turret
How he paced to and fro,
All glorious in gold and purple,
Like a Knight of long ago?

The Unfeeling Unionist replies—

He had a modern frock-coat on,
Which wasn't much of a fit;
And I think a Knight would have stopped
to fight,
And not run away from a writ.

The Right-thinking Radical plies him once again—

But do they not thirst, those Peelers,
To tear him limb from limb;
And level his antique castle,
If once they could get at him?

The Unfeeling Unionist ends the colloquy—

That would not result from his capture;
You seem to have been misled!
It would merely entail a month in gaol,
Or perhaps, like O'BRIEN, in bed.

In the *Standard's* report of Mr. LABOUCHERE's after-dinner speech to the members of the Eleusis Club, the warier of the two Northampton Members observed, "that we lived in critical times, when it was absolutely necessary that Radicals should hang together." Mr. LABOUCHERE speaks trippingly, but he is not often to be caught tripping. The *Conservative Standard* missed an opportunity.

LATEST ADDITION TO FAIRY LAND.—Mr. Irish Secretary BALFOUR must be all over the country at once. For this he requires Seven (Land)-League boots.

THE REAL "EMPIRE OF THE HITTITES."
—The prevailing passion for pugilists.

A SPORTING tandem-driving Doctor of our acquaintance calls his leader the *Hoss frontis*.



“HAD HIM THERE!”

Free Kirk Elder. “EIGH! MEENISTER, AH NO LIKE T’SEE YE TALKIN’ WI’ YON EPISCOPALIAN PRIEST!”

Minister. “OO—I JEEST OFFERED TO SWAP COLLECTIONS WI’M, AN’ HE SAID, ‘NA, NA! I KEN YOUR FLOCK OWER WHEEL!’”

ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

As an impecunious Peer, whose entire existence consists of one long struggle to provide for the necessities of a large family, need I say that my eye chanced upon the subjoined advertisement with a sense of relief and hopefulness that words almost fail to express? I quote it for your perusal. Here it is:—

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR SONS.—Journalism.—Mr. DAVID ANDERSON, 222, Strand, W.C., Author of *Scenes in the Commons*, &c., from 1879, a principal Leader Writer, Special Correspondent, and Critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, INSTRUCTS a limited number of YOUNG MEN in the practical and literary branches of Journalism. Prospectus free. An ordinary trained Journalist earns from £300 to £1000 a year.

That, *Mr. Punch*, is the question I have been asking myself for ever so long—“What on earth am I to do with my sons?” And this Mr. DAVID ANDERSON, with a message that seems almost too good to be true, comes like the radiant genius on to the scene, and says, “Send them to me, your Grace, and I’ll soon put ’em in the way of making from £300 to £1000 a year. What do you think of that?” What do I think of it? Well, all I can say is that it sounds to me like an ANDERSON’S Fairy Tale!

Why, there’s my elder son, the Marquis, just opened a market gardening business at Tooting in a small way, and though he drives his cart up to Covent Garden twice a week himself, I know he’s not making a good thing of it. PLANTAGENET, my second, I’m not ashamed to own it, shoulders a butcher’s tray; BERTRAM is a linen-draper’s assistant in the Tottenham Court Road; and ALGERNON is, *faute de mieux*, loafing about railway stations, following cabs, in the hope of picking up a stray sixpence now and then for carrying the luggage upstairs when they arrive at their destinations. Poor boy! I had always meant him to have a Commission in the Guards, but hard times have rendered that project impossible—and he has come to this!

With one hundred and seventy farms on my hands, the whole of my property mortgaged, my house in Belgrave Square given up, and my establishment confined to a couple of floors in a back street in

Islington, the family has, I need hardly say, to accept its altered fortunes with equanimity. But, if Mr. DAVID ANDERSON is to be trusted, surely a brighter prospect opens before us! How he manages his instructions “in the practical and literary branches of journalism,” is to me a mystery. How does he teach his “limited number” of pupils to report—say, an inaudible speech? Then there is their practical training for a crowd. Does he lead them at the present moment, to Trafalgar Square, and teach them, in the event of a collision with the police, to continue their labours up a lamp-post? Again, how about initiating them into the work of a correspondent mounted on the field of battle? Would their experience on a hired cab-horse let loose in the midst of a procession of the Unemployed afford the many useful experiences in this direction? Then, how about the leader-writing? I do not say that the journalist, like the poet, need necessarily be born one, yet for all that, the art of literary composition is not one that can be readily acquired by anybody.

Take my own case. I have written a *lever du rideau* in the shape of a farce, a light thing that plays only an hour and three-quarters, and though I have submitted it to seventeen managers in succession, I have never been able to induce one of them to try it even at a *matinée*. I have also written a pantomime and left it, endorsed with my title at the stage-door of a leading Metropolitan Theatre, from which however, notwithstanding that I have made repeated applications for it in person, I have never yet been able to succeed in getting it returned. But journalism is, I am aware, distinct from dramatic literature, and this inspires me with confidence. Indeed I shall lose no time in communicating with Mr. DAVID ANDERSON and placing my four sons unreservedly in his hands. Even if they did not as “trained journalists” succeed in realising that brilliant level of £1000 per annum, with which his advertisement so alluringly concludes, they might possibly touch the figure half-way, and draw their modest five hundred a-piece. Need I say, my dear *Mr. Punch*, if they did, how they would restore the fortunes of a falling house, and in so doing, gladden the heart of yours hopefully,

A DUKE IN DIFFICULTIES.

THE TOO-COMplete LETTER-WRITER.—M. WILSON.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

(A Cosmos Story.)

CHAPTER I.

MR. NOMAN LUCKIER, the eminent astronomer, was walking in his garden. Suddenly he was staggered by a sharp blow on the head. Something fell at his feet. It was not his head. He picked it up. It was a meteoric stone. This set him thinking.

"Here," said he, as he rubbed his newly-acquired phrenological development with one hand and held the meteoric stone in the other, "is a solid, ponderable body, which I can handle, examine, and analyse, and it comes to me," continued the eminent scientist, extending his arms and looking round him, then directing his gaze upwards, his eye dilating with the grandeur of the discovery,— "it comes to me direct from the Cosmos!"

CHAPTER II.

THERE was a chuckle from behind the neighbouring hedge, and, as the Philosopher returned to his sanctum to write a paper on the "Spectra of Meteorites," a small boy stepped cautiously out into the road, and hurried down the lane.

"Ooray!" muttered the small boy to himself; "the old gent don't know my name. What did he say about 'Crismas'?" And he vanished into space.

CHAPTER III.

THE Philosopher, with aching head, sat down to write, and penned these words,—

"Cosmical space is filled with meteorites of all sizes, flying about with immense velocities in all directions."

"Good Heavens! or, rather, Bad Heavens!" exclaimed a simple-minded visitor, to whom he read this statement, "why, 'Cosmical space' must be uncommonly like a proclaimed district in Ireland, or Trafalgar Square during a Socialist riot."

The Philosopher perceived that he was not in the presence of a sympathetic mind, and regretted having invited the visitor to lunch.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER lunch, MR. NOMAN LUCKIER resumed his work. The simple-minded friend followed him into his study, seated himself in the most comfortable chair, lit a cigar, and produced from his pocket a handy-volume edition of *Pickwick*. Oddly enough he commenced reading the concluding portion of Chapter XXXVIII. of that immortal work, which records how an elderly gentleman of scientific attainments suddenly observed certain extraordinary and wonderful phenomena, which he immediately concluded "it had been reserved for him alone to discover, and which he should immortalise his name by chronicling for the benefit of posterity. Full of this idea, the scientific gentleman seized the pen" and began writing "sundry notes of these unparalleled appearances . . . which were to form the data of a voluminous treatise of great research and deep learning, which should astonish all the atmospheric wiseacres that ever drew breath in any part of the civilised globe." Subsequently, after a sharp shock which "stunned him for a full quarter of an hour," produced by Sam Weller's fist, the scientific gentleman retired to his library, and there composed a masterly treatise which "delighted all the Scientific Associations beyond measure, and caused him to be considered a light of science ever afterwards."

The simple-minded friend, having finished his cigar, replaced *Pickwick* in his pocket, and, smiling gently, stole out of the study on tiptoe, leaving Mr. NOMAN LUCKIER profoundly absorbed in his "Preliminary Notes."

The boy, whose name was not COSMOS, is still at large,—and so is Cosmos, very much so.

A LITERARY FIND.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

A VERY intelligent threadbare man, evidently something of a scholar, has just put me in possession of a manuscript of incalculable importance. It is a drama called *Piccoviccius*, evidently of the Elizabethan era, though brought into harmony with modern diction and orthography by a later hand. A careful perusal of this priceless survival makes it certain that SHAKESPEARE was not only familiar with it, but that he drew very largely from it even to "cribbing" the names of many of the characters bodily. This is not so remarkable, considering the very slight right SHAKESPEARE has, in the opinion of the best critics, to the authorship of his own plays, as the fact that DICKENS also had studied *Piccoviccius*, and founded upon it his *Pickwick Papers*, with an effrontery almost worthy of the Swan of Avon himself. Here is a slightly-edited selection from the First Act, so your readers can judge for themselves.

Yours, bursting with importance, RODERICK TWEDDLE.

P.S.—I have just founded a *Piccoviccius* Society. The subscription is £2 2s., paid in advance. Members can read their own papers at any time, and have them printed, at a reduced price, in our "Transactions."

SCENE FROM ACT I.—*Romeo's Garden in Kent.* ROMEO, BERNARDO.

Ber. News, news, my ROMEO! The world's upso down.

Duke PICCOVICCIUS hath broke the law,

Is under guard, and will be banished.

Rom. Banished? Great Heaven!

Ber. Banished, certainly

As eggs dissemble not their property.

Rom. But why, how, when and where? What did the Duke?

Ber. Thou knowest the scheme he long had pondered on, To go among his people, like themselves, As went through Bagdad's streets the Caliph wise.

Rom. Yea, I remember; and the hour arrived, When, having delegated his main pow'rs To JINGULUS, and the Exchequer's charge To careful DONSON and to subtle FOGG, He, with no rites of State observ'd, set forth With TUPMAN, SNODGRASS, WINKLE, in his train; TUPMAN, who to experience in love Still superadds the ardour of the boy; SNODGRASS, the poet-treasurer of thought, And singer of an unexpressive song, And WINKLE, Nimrod's peer. These four set forth, Due to return the seventh day from hence; But I that selfsame hour came hitherward, And since have heard no news of Court at all.

Ber. Thus then I briefly tell thee what hath pass'd. There came last week with 'plaining to the Court A comely widow, who made oath that one Who sojourned as a lodger in her house Had promised marriage, but had gone away; Left her, and left his promise unfulfill'd. Guided by her, the officers had gone To seize the culprit, and had found 'twas none But PICCOVICCIUS, whom she claim'd with tears. So he and those three lords were strait convey'd Unto the Court, and put to interrogatories, When this preliminary was advanced:— The Duke had lodging in BARDELLA's house— So is the widow named; and on a day Came these lords, usher'd by BARDELLA's son, Unto his chamber, but on the threshold stay'd Still as Lot's wife, in mere astonishment. For there their staid and reverend leader stood, Silent as they, supporting in his arms The buxom widow, in a swoon of bliss. Thus had they stood, confounded and amazed, Till life returning gave BARDELLA speech, But that the urehin, in a filial frenzy, Butting like petulant kid, assailed the Duke, And with the puissance of his puny arms Avenged imagined injury. Then they, Roused by the pious howlings of the boy And agonised appeals of whom he smote, Bore off the pigmy valour, and the mother, Reviving, led away. The Duke averr'd That, breaking to her of his new-found wish To take into his service one WELLERUS, A shrewd and faithful henchman, she at once Through rapid stages of affection ran, And threw herself, in fine, upon his neck, And thus was found, he speechless with surprise, They, after, silent, striving to believe.

Rom. It is a tale incredible and bald.

Ber. Why so thought many; but this JINGULUS Is all compassion for the widow's case. DONSON and FOGG, his seconds in the realm, Albeit unus'd to the melting mood, Do keep turned on, sans intermission, Salt pity's main. The people whisper change, And what they whisper they are fain to make. The nobles huddle in uncertainty, Like sheep that meet a cart, the dog behind. On the Rialto, ere I left this morning, The hoarse-voiced makers of the books, whose leaves Are I. O. U.'s to ruin, vainly laid Long odds upon the widow.

Rom. 'Tis not death?

Ber. Nay, only banishment. Whoever breaks A promise made to wed, to exile goes.

Rom. Will not the widow take a forfeiture?

Ber. It cannot be. There is no power in Brentford Can alter a decree established. Besides, the very object of the law Is to prevent the payment of a price For feelings wounded. The stern punishment Makes flighty wooers careful, and restrains The plots of scheming spinsters, who derive No personal advantage from their suit.

Rom. Then am I shent!

But here the plot thickens, and we are plunged into the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Hamlet*, *As You Like It*, and *A Winter's Tale*, with a strong infusion of Dingley Dell, and the Fat Boy floating round, like a materialised Ariel. I ask, *Who are the plagiarists?* R. T.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

Mansion House, Dublin, Saturday.



BAR TOBY,

THE news from Ireland, not all of which finds its way into your daily papers, grows in excitement. The exploit of Mr. DOUGLAS P-N-E, M.P., of Lisfinny Castle, has taken root, and all the landed gentry among the Irish Members are fortifying themselves in their castles, and hanging themselves outside the front-door by ropes to deliver addresses to their constituents. The regular thing now is to hang out our M.P.'s on the outer wall. I do not see accounts of these proceedings in your London papers. I was, as you know, a Journalist before I was Lord Mayor; so, if you

don't mind, I'll send you a few jottings. If there is anything due for lineage, please remit it anonymously to the Land League Fund "From A Sympathiser."

Foremost in this band of heroic patriots is the *châtelain* of Butlerstown, JOSEPH G-LL-S B-GG-R, M.P., Butlerstown Castle, as everyone acquainted with Ireland knows, stands on the summit of a Danish rath, and was once the seat of an O'TOOLE. Now it is the den of JOSEPH G-LL-S. For some time he has been practising a flying leap from the eastern to the western turret, a distance of fifty feet over a yawning abyss, amid the cavernous depths of which the petulant plummet has played in vain. It is thrilling, whether at early dawn, or what time the darkening wing of Night begins to flap, to hear a shrill cry of "Hear, hear!" to see a well-known figure cleaving the astonished air, and to behold JOSEPH G-LL-S, erewhile upright on the eastern turret, prone on that which lifts its head nearer the setting sun. To be present on one of the occasions when JOEY B. reads a Blue Book for three hours to a deputation shivering in the moat, is enough to convince the dullest Saxon of the hopelessness of enthralling a nation which has given birth to such as he. As JOSEPH himself says, quoting, with slight variation, my own immortal verse,—

"Whether on the turret high,
Or in the moat not dry,
What matter if for Ireland dear we talk!"

But the affairs at Butlerstown should not withdraw our gaze from a not less momentous event which recently happened in the neighbourhood of Cork city. Mr. P-RN-LL, as he has recently explained to you, has not found it expedient or even necessary to take part in our recent public proceedings in Ireland. But this abstinence is to a certain extent illusory. It is no secret in our inner circles that our glorious Chief was but the other day in close communication with his constituents in the city of Cork. He arrived shortly after breakfast in a balloon which was skilfully brought to pause over the rising ground by Sunday's Well. At the approach of the balloon the trained intelligence of the Police fathomed the plot. The Privy Council was immediately communicated with. Sworn information was laid, and the meeting was solemnly proclaimed by telegraph. In the meanwhile, Mr. P-RN-LL had addressed the meeting at some length and met with an enthusiastic reception. The Police massing in considerable numbers and beginning to baton the electors, the Hon. Member poured a bag of ballast over them, and the balloon, gracefully rising, disappeared in the direction of Limerick. The proceedings then terminated.

I expect that the success of this new departure, or perhaps I should say this

unexpected arrival, will encourage our great Chief to pay a series of flying visits to Ireland. His adventure was certainly happier and more successful than one which befell our esteemed friend TIM H-LY, and nearly brought to an untimely conclusion a life dear to us and of inestimable value to Ireland. TIM was announced to take the chair at a mass meeting summoned under the auspices of the local branch of the Land League of Longford. A room was taken, the word passed round, and all preparations made for a successful meeting. The Police, however, got wind of it, and of course the meeting was proclaimed. But TIM, as you may happen to know, is not the man to have his purpose lightly set aside. It was made known that TIM would make his speech and the Police might catch him if they could. You know, may be, the big factory in the thriving town of Longford—the one with a tall chimney? Well, the word was passed along again that the boys were to assemble about the factory. "Would they bring a chair or a table," they said, "for TIM to stand on?" "No," said TIM, wiping his spectacles, "you leave it to me."

Meeting announced to take place at eight o'clock. On the very stroke of the hour, a stentorian voice, not unfamiliar in the House of Commons, floated over the assembled multitude. "Men of Longford," it said, "we are assembled here in the exercise of our privilege as free men." First of all they could not tell where the voice came from. Looking up, behold! there was TIM planted inside the top of the tall chimney, using it like a Bishop's pulpit. It was a capital idea, and worked admirably for half an hour, with the Police all throbbing and raging round, and TIM eyeing them quite calmly, and all the crowd roaring and cheering, and throwing up their hats, and B-LF-R getting it hot. Somehow, whether from treachery or accident no one knows and perhaps never will know, but in the middle of one of his best sentences, TIM suddenly vanished from sight, and was a clear three minutes later picked up from among the cinders in the furnace below. The proceedings then terminated.

There is a good deal more I could tell you, TOBY, my boy, if time permitted. I should like above all to tell you of Major O'G-RM-N's magnificent oration delivered from the main shaft of the sewer in Waterford, with his former constituents hanging on his lips and the grate of the sewer. But I am just off myself to address a meeting of my fellow citizens. This too, is of course, proclaimed, and equally of course that makes no difference. I get on the top of the Lord Mayor's coach, leaning on the Mace, and supported by the Sword-bearer. The horses move at walking pace, and I address the crowd. It's wonderful what a lot one can take out of B-LF-R that way.

Yours faithfully, T. D. S-LL-V-N.

AMEN!

"In deepest reverence and sincere love, the Reichstag is mindful of His Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Prince. May God protect the dear life of our beloved Crown Prince, and preserve it for the welfare of the Fatherland."—Telegram from the Reichstag to the Crown Prince.

"So mote it be!" That deep and reverent prayer

In all true hearts finds echo everywhere;
Not least in those that flush with British blood.
Prince, a loved daughter from our Royal brood,
In trouble as in joy, is at your side,
Sharing your sorrow as she shared your pride.
For her dear sake, and for your own not less,
We wish you, gallant soldier-chief, success
In a dread struggle keener, sterner far
Than those you faced in the fiercer lists of war.
We know—have you not proved it?—that 'twill be
Met with the same cool steadfast gallantry
As marked your bearing in more martial strife.
Punch joins in that warm prayer for "the dear life,"
And echoes, from a far yet kindred strand,
The pleading voices of the Fatherland!

As among the best books for a young man who had to be the architect of his own fortunes, some one in Mrs. RAM's hearing mentioned THOMAS A KEMPIS. "Oh yes," exclaimed the worthy lady, "I know. He built a great part of Brighton which was named after him."

A REAL "ORLEANS," PLUM.—The forged letters.

MR. PUNCH'S PARALLELS. No. 4.



SIR W. V. HARCOURT AS FALSTAFF.

"THERE'S NO MORE VALOUR IN THAT GOSCHEN THAN IN A WILD DUCK." . . . "A PLAGUE OF ALL COWARDS STILL SAY I!"
Henry the Fourth, Part I., Act ii, Scenes 2 and 4.

MRS. RAM, at this time of year, takes a great interest in the state of the weather, and studies the daily Meteorological chronicle. She says that she always reads the reports from Ben Nevis's Observatory. She hopes that, one of these fine days, this learned astronomer will be made a Knight. Sir BENJAMIN NEVIS would be, she considers, a very nice title. "Of course," she adds, "judging by his name, he must be a Jew. They're such clever people. And, let me see, ain't there a proverb, or something of that sort, about 'the Jew of Ben Nevis'?"

BISHOP AND PORT.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN my Autobiography, which I am glad and proud to say, has met with your cordial approbation, I have recorded how the late lamented Bishop, Dr. SUMNER, said to me, "I have drunk a bottle of port wine every day since I was a boy." Well, his son, the Archdeacon, is annoyed at this statement. Now, my memory is a very good one, and if I am wrong in one point so circumstantially narrated, why not in several, why not in all? If the Bishop did not say this, to me, *who did?* Somebody said it, that I will swear. Who said it? If my memory fails me, is it not also likely that the Bishop's memory was not particularly good, and consequently, that he was mistaken in thinking that he had drunk a bottle a day since his boyhood? I have little doubt that the Bishop only imagined it, and perhaps he was joking. Perhaps he was playing on the words "bishop" and "port." "Bishop" was a hot drink, I fancy, made with port wine. I have no hesitation in comforting his Archidiaconal offspring by assuring him that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, his father, the Bishop, did *not* drink a bottle of port every day since his boyhood. He was a very fine old clergyman—I forget whether he was exactly portly or not, or whether he resided in Portman Square,—and I should say that first-rate port, such as the *elixir vite* that made a hale centenarian of Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE, taken frequently, would have tended to make him the genial prelate he was. Had he only gone into port once, that would not have sufficed to have produced such a Bishop, for "One swallow does not make a SUMNER."

Yours ever,

W (THDRAW) P (OET) FRITH.

P.S.—The Archdeacon is satisfied, and if he will only come round to see me and bring a bottle of the port the Bishop didn't drink, why, on my word as an artist, I'll draw the cork.

"WHAT shall he have who kills the Deer?" Why, something to eat, of course. At least this was, among others, the notion of the poor starving Cottars. And they have now given up venison-eating because the food is deer.

TWO FRENCH PRESIDENTS ROLLED INTO ONE.—M. GRÉVY, on being told that he must resign, wept copiously. This showed a want of resignation. Curious sight, GRÉVY and Tears!

SIR CHARLES WARREN has been presented with the freedom of the Leathersellers' Guild. Capital motto for Policemen in a mob, "Nothing like leather! Leather away!"

ROBERT AT KILBURN.

I HAD the curesosity one day to arsk a lerned gennelman on whom I was waiting, whether the poor fellers who lived in the world ever so many hundred years ago had got any Copperashuns. He pretended not to understand me at fust, and said, with a larf, as he dared say as they was made much as we was; that is to say, sum with large ones, and some with little ones; but when I xplained what I reely meant, he told me as they had, speshally among the Romuns as lived in Ittaly. He was a werry amusing Gent, and when I arsked him what langwidge the Romuns torked, he tried to gammon me as they all spoke Latin, ewen the little children and all, but in coarse I wasn't quite such a hignoramus as to swaller that, as my son WILLIAM, who isn't by no means a fool, learnt Latin at Skool for three year and tells me as he can't speak it a bit. The lerned gent also told me as it was such a rum tung to speak that they hadn't not no word for "Yes!" So that if a Gent of those long days had bin a dining at the "Ship and Turtle" an bin a waited on by an Hed Waiter, like me, and had said to him "Woud you like arf-a-crown, Waiter?" the pore feller woodn't have been able to say, "Yessir!" I was jest a leetle shocked at his torking such rubbish to me, it was hardly respekful, speshally as he had only drunk one pint of Bollinger and one of our 63 Port, but its astonishing how heasily sum people's heds is affected. I was in hopes as he woud have tried the experty-mint on me, but he didn't, but went smiling away.

I shoold werry much have liked to have heard a good deal more about them werry old Copperashuns, and weather they was to be compared to that werry old 'un as I nose so well and respees so ighly, for good deeds as well as good living. Take their werry last one as a sample. Baring of what was a going on down at Kilburn on Guy Fox day, and finding as the return train would bring me back in time for my perfeshnal dooties, I went there and found thowsands of peepel all met in a nice little new Park, that the old LORD MARE was a coming down to fust of all crissen, and then throw open to the publick. And down he came accordingly in his full state Carriage, and his full state Footmen, and his full state Sherryiffs, and their full state Carriages and Footmen, jest for all the world as if he was a going to make a call on a few Royal Princes and Dooks, insted of opening a new Park surrounded by numbers of the reel working-classes. But he always has bin a reel gennelman, and never makes no difference atween rich and poor when he can do some good. I wasn't quite near enuff to hear what he said when he made his speech, but a werry respectable reporter arterwards told me, that the LORD MARE had written a letter to QUEEN WICTORIA to ask if he might call the Park after her. And she had wrote to him in reply, "DEER HANDSUM, as there's already a Wictoria Park, you may call this here one the Qween's Park. Pleas to remember this 5th of November. Yours trewly, W. R. I."

When the LORD MARE enounced this pleasing intelligence, thus simply exprest, lorks how we did all cheer, and a little band that had bin hid in a little tent, struck up the hole of arf a werse of *God Save the Queen*, at which we all took off our hats, footmen and all, and braved the bitter blast with our bare heds. Ah, that's wot I calls trew loyalty, and long may it continue, not the cold bitter blast, but the warm sweet loyalty, for I'm sorry to say as the unusual xposure giv me a bad cold.

I got back just in time for the Bankwet. The LORD MARE with his usual kindness had let the Chairman of the Committee, the sillibrated Mr. WOODBACON, the grate bookseller, take the Chair, and a remarkabul good un he made, setting so good a xample as regards short speeches as made ewerybody follow suit.

And now what was this hole proceeding all about? This is what I learnt from what was said:—

It wood seem then, that at Kilburn where it was wunce all green feelds, there has growed up a reglar crowd of working peepel with far more than their fair share of children and as the feelds has all come for to be bilt over, the poor little children afoursaid have been obleeged to do their playing in the streets, and the nateral or rather unnatural consequence has follered, as that numbers of the poor little deers was run over and killed. So a nice little Park has been made for 'em all to play in, where they can enjoy their fresh hair and relevee their poor Mother's minds, and grow up red and strong and harty, instead of white and weak and wan. And the old Copperashun having put it all ship shape, and promist to keep it all in order for hever, arsked the LORD MARE to go down and open it, as he did, and in sitch full state that one of the natives said as it was like a lot of sunbeams suddenly cumming out on a cloudy day. So the LORD MARE finished his long list of good deeds by adding one more to 'em, and the Copperashun added one more Open Space to the many they has either secured or helped to secure. So wenever I hears a sneer at 'em I shall say, "Please to remember that 5th of November!"

ROBERT.

BARNUM'S Show burnt. Of course he will rise like an American phoenix from the ashes. He will advertise it as Barnum's Show.



"PRAVE 'ORTS."

"BY THE BYE, DEAR PROFESSOR, WHICH WOULD YOU SAY—ABIOTEN-ESIS, OR ABIOTEN-ES-IS?"

"NEITHER, MY DEAR MADAM, IF I COULD POSSIBLY HELP IT!"

AN IMPORTANT SUMMING-UP. (*By Our Own Special Reporter in the recent case of Somebody or Other v. Another Person of the name of BARLEY*).—Mr. Justice MATHEW regretted being compelled to decide against BARLEY on the question of "quantities." Of course, there had been an error on the part of the highly respectable Corporation of Ramsgate, which might be characterised as a "sin of commission," while the neglect of their clerk to enter their arrangement with BARLEY on the minutes was a "sin of omission." All the witnesses in this case must be believed, as they had, *à propos* of BARLEY, taken their oaths—he should say their oaths. Perhaps when the present statute came to be revised, Mr. BARLEY might act for the town, for which it appears he had done good service, and BARLEY would not have to hide under a bushel. It was clear that this sort of BARLEY was worth more than the present price of 28s. a quarter. Counsel on both sides had made an eloquent display of wheat—he begged pardon, he meant "wit"—and if in this judgment he had to tread on anyone's corn, he assured them that to do so went against the grain. As an official, BARLEY would have the sack, but sack and all could be taken up to another Court, and there, as a German speaking French would say, *On beat Barley*, about it still further. (The Jury thanked his Lordship, and all the parties left the Court much pleased, humming *All about the Barley*.)

"THEY acted a Greek Play at Cambridge, my dear," said Mrs. RAM to a friend, "and fancy, it was written, as I am informed, by a young lady, Miss SOPHIE KLEES. I suppose she is a student of Girton. How clever! I couldn't write it, I'm sure."

THE "*Quart d'heure de Rubelais*," if translated into Anglo-French, may be taken to express a bad time of it with the roughs in Trafalgar Square, i.e., a *mauvais quart d'heure de Rabble*—eh?

THE Works of CHARLES DICKENS must have achieved great popularity in South Eastern Europe, where there is an entire country called Boz-nia.



THE NEW SCHOOL.

Schoolboy (aged 16). "Good-bye, old Chappies! Can't waste any more time with you. 'Good business'!"

TOM BROWN & CO.'S SCHOOL DAYS.

A Glimpse at the Commercial Education of the Future.

TWELVE o'Clock struck, and the Fourth Form at St. Dunstan's left its class-room with a rush. The old hour of leaving off the morning's studies was still preserved. Yet, in conformity with the spirit of the times, the venerable foundation of St. Dunstan's had recently witnessed great changes. The Governing Body had taken the matter in hand, and had gone to work with a will. The teaching of Greek and Latin had been entirely suppressed, polite literature eliminated, and the whole curriculum of the school arranged solely to the provision of that glaring want of the times, a sound commercial education. To effect this, some radical changes had been necessary. The Rev. JABEZ PLUMKIN, D.D., Oxford Prizeman, through whose unwearied exertions, for the past five-and-twenty years, St. Dunstan's had been gradually acquiring an increasing fame in the Class-lists of both Universities, had been forcibly ejected from the Head-Mastership, and his place filled by a leading member of a well-known firm of advertising stock-jobbers, and the Assistant-Masters had all been selected on similar lines.

"Company-floating," was taught by a late Promoter, who had had much experience in the creation of many bubble concerns, and "Rigging the Market" was entrusted to a Professor who was known, in his capacity as Accountant to a wholesale City Cheese Warehouse, to have contracted a thorough familiarity with this important subject of the new commercial education. Everything was done to foster a spirit of keen speculative enterprise in the boys. The whole traditions of the school were changed. The old idea of honour had died out. How to over-reach each other by sharp practice was the one idea that animated every youthful breast from the senior in the Sixth to the junior in the Under Third. The tape was always working at the Principal's desk. The study-tables were covered with Stock and Mining Journals. Even the playground was turned into a Money Market. Cricket had been banished to make way for the more exciting game of "Bulls and Bears," and the Principal passing through occasionally, would sometimes stop and say, "That's right, my boys, learn to do each other, and remember the motto of your School, 'Monies maketh man.'" Posted up upon the gates, communicated by telegraph hourly from the City, were every day to be found the latest prices. And it was to get a first look at this that the Fourth Form had just left its class-room with a rush.

A crowd of eager faces were anxiously scanning the latest quotations, and notes were being taken in a score of pocket-books, whipped out for the purpose. Tom Brown & Co.—he had earned this sobriquet from his companions for his shrewd business capacity—did not, however, join the throng, but stood a little way off, looking on, and waiting for the excitement to abate. Gradually it calmed down, and the boys broke up into little knots and groups, discussing the state of the market. Then he spoke:—

"Look here, you fellows," he said, "I've got a good thing on here, that, I fancy, will be more worth your attention than even the latest prices." He pulled a prospectus from his pocket. An interested crowd closed round him at once. "It's 'Old Mother Noggins, Limited,'" he went on, reading from the paper before him, "This Company has been started for the purpose of acquiring at wholesale

prices all the tarts, bull's-eyes, apples, toffy, and ginger-beer, forming the present stock-in-trade of Old Mother Noggins's store, and for retailing the same at a figure, that will, after paying the guaranteed interest on the fourpenny debenture shares, admit of the declaration of a dividend of 14 per cent. on the ordinary paid-up share capital of the Company.

A buzz of excited admiration went up from the throng. The Fourth Form at St. Dunstan's had not for a long time had such a good thing put before it.

"I know," continued Tom, producing a bundle of forms of application from his pocket, "that you fellows, would like to hear of it. Who'll go for it?"

There was a loud responsive shout of "I!" and a dozen hands were at once stretched towards the speaker. Business commenced, and sixpences, shillings, and half-crowns were pouring into Tom's pockets faster than he could cram them there. He was making a very good morning's work of it. Presently, a dull, heavy-looking boy joined the group.

"Hullo, FLOPPER!" cried Tom, addressing this last arrival, "why don't you put that ten bob your Uncle sent you into this thing? I'll be bound he told you to turn it over. You won't get such a chance every day."

"What is it?" asked FLOPPER.

A chorus of voices instantly joined in a brief explanation of the advantages of investing in "Old Mother Noggins' Limited."

"By Jove!" said FLOPPER, "I don't know that I won't."

"Not if I know it," cried an authoritative voice, breaking in upon the scene. It was SNAGSBY, the "Sharper" who spoke. There was a general look in his direction, and a disposition to make way for him as he approached. He had been mixed up disadvantageously in a recent "corner" in marbles, and had from time to time floated several concerns that had never paid any dividends, and was generally regarded as a "queer" customer in consequence. It was for this reason that he had been nicknamed the "Sharper."

"And what do you want him to do with his money?" asked Tom, stepping forward in a defiant attitude.

"He'll put every blessed halfpenny of it into my 'General Penknife Supply,'" was the laconic reply. "He signed for the allotment last night."

"But I've changed my mind," pleaded FLOPPER, helplessly, and he handed the half-sovereign to Tom.

"You give that up!" cried the Sharper, menacingly.

"You try to take it!" replied Tom, grimly.

In another instant the Sharper had flown at Tom. There was a brief struggle. Tom hit out at him, and caught him in the face.

"Oh, that's your game, is it!" shouted the Sharper. "You'll fight me for that."

"Fight you? When and where you like," replied Tom.

There was a general cheering and throwing up of hats.

"Hooray! There's going to be a fight between the Sharper and TOM BROWN & Co.," shouted the Fourth Form. They hadn't had such good news for a long time.

The whole School was there, and the third round had been fought. Betting had been fast and furious, and there had been several attempts made by the supporters of both champions to break the ring and put an end to the contest when the fortunes of the day seemed to be going against their own special favourite. But now a curious thing happened. After a little preliminary sparring in the fourth round, Tom Brown & Co., suddenly dropping on one knee, went to the ground.

In a few seconds the surprising news was known that he had given in. The sponge was thrown up, and the Sharper declared the victor. Tom was quickly surrounded by his friends, and led off the field. FLOPPER ran up to him. "I'm so sorry, Tom," he said, "that you should have fought in my quarrel, and have got licked."

There was a twinkle in Tom's eye. "My dear fellow," he replied. "Don't imagine I wouldn't have thrashed him; but business is business, and I got a good price for not doing so. Didn't you twig that I sold the fight?"

That night TOM BROWN & Co. wrote home an enthusiastic account of his day's doings to his parents. The next morning, Tom Brown, Senior, referring to the letter with a glow of pride on his commercial face, remarked to his better-half that the boy's training seemed perfect, and that he was destined to turn out remarkably well. "I can't tell you," he added, "how I long to see that boy loose upon the Stock Exchange. He will be a credit to the family."

A BOOK has been recently published entitled *The Amateur's Guide to Architecture*, by SOPHIE BEALE. SOPHIE shows us how a house should be Beale't. But just imagine an Amateur Architect!!

THE complaint of the Charity Organisation Society, slightly varied from SHAKESPEARE, is that "The quality of Mercy is not trained."

SHOWS VIEWS.

By Victor Who-goes-Everywhere.



gramme quaintly printed in "old-faced" type, and having "ye" in lieu of "the," and "Maister" instead of Mister, I made my way to the Portman Rooms in Baker Street, (formerly Madame Tussaud's) and sought admission to "Old Marybone Gardens, A.D. 1670." Outside the ex *depôt* of Waxworks, were two persons in the costume of the last Century distributing circulars, and later on I met another couple similarly apparelled heading a procession of Sandwich-men walking down Waterloo Place. In the Hall of the Bazaar lads in the same sort of dresses, were selling programmes (marked sixpence) for twopence. I entered by a small canvass-cottage "y'clept" (as the Sale of Workers would call it) "the Rose of Normandy," and found myself in the once famous "Hall of Kings" without the figures. I discovered two or three dwarf trees, some lattice-work and a lot of canvass-covering. I must confess it did not cause me much surprise to find only a few spectators. The moment I appeared, a lady advanced and asked me in a tone of authority to take a button-hole. I refused with courtesy suggestive at once of the gallant and the miser, and the Sale of Work-woman retired rather crest-fallen. Then two girls, costumed as two females of a past but vague period, dashed at me as I turned away, and breathlessly explained that if I bought a half-crown ticket I should be entitled to a chance in a raffle for a five-guinea sofa-cushion. I slightly frowned as I expeditiously refused the invitation, and the ladies disappeared into a corner—I trust more in sorrow than in anger—to read the evening paper. In the centre of the room was a "fish pond" full of presents, where a mild-looking curate was feebly attempting to secure a prize. On the whole the entertainment was scarcely exhilarating. The programme promised "from V to VI of ye clocke" (how silly!) "a *séance* of Mesmerism," in two "partes," (how really stupid!) and "Maister CHARLES BERTRAM" (Why "Maister?" was to appear later on. Then at eight "of ye clocke" (dear, dear! how idiotic!) "the Welbeck Dramatic Club" (what a name!) was "to performe ye Comic Drama by L. S. BUCKINGHAM, y'clept" (of course!) "Take that Girl away." Later still "Mistresse JARLEY" was to give her waxworks with the assistance of "Maister SIDNEY WARD" (tut, tut!) the Festival finally closing with "Music" at "X of ye clocke" (stuff and nonsense!). It will be seen that I cannot even now look at the programme (priced at sixpence and sold for twopence) without some signs of impatience. The afternoon was too young to allow of my assisting at any of these toothsome merry-makings, so after mooning about for a quarter of an hour I came away. As I left, a newly-arrived dame of mature years was putting on a nurse's cap hurriedly, evidently with the view to starting in hot pursuit of me to secure my custom for some toys. The ladies with the cushion looked at me languidly as I passed them, and then returned to a perusal of their paper. When last I had had the advantage of paying a visit to "the Portman Rooms, formerly Mme. Tussaud's," I had seen nothing but waxwork figures in eccentric attitudes. On the whole, I think the former denizens of the place looked more at home in their quaint costumes than the Sale of Workers "from Tuesday, November 22 to Saturday, November 26, inclusive!"

Finding myself in its neighbourhood, I could not help taking a turn in the present palace of the eminent "Portrait Modellist." I paid the necessary shilling and the optional sixpence, and renewed my acquaintance with "The Kings and Queens," "The Coronation Group," and "The Chamber of Horrors." A group representing a reception at the Vatican was quite new, if I except two or three funeral attendants, who, I fancy I remember, made their last (but one) appearance at the Lying in State of *Pro Nono*. After examining a rather cheerful presentment of the latest assassin in "The Chamber of Comparative Physiognomy" (as the Chamber of Horrors was once, for a short period, "y'clept"), I passed through a turnstile, and entered the Refreshment Department. Here I noticed that an "overflow meeting," consisting, amongst other more-or-less-inte-

resting exhibits of Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD's historical costume-wearers (from the Healtheries), and that now rather-imperfectly-remembered worthy, the late Sir BARTLE FRERE (from the rooms above), had been humorously arranged, no doubt with a view to provoking healthy and hearty laughter. Having refreshed my mind with a hurried inspection of this delightful, albeit, somewhat miscellaneous gathering, and my body with a twopenny Bath bun, I gracefully retired, greatly pleased with the afternoon's entertainment.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHAT a set these Emperors, Empresses, Kings, Queens, Princes and Princesses, Dukes and Duchesses, &c., &c., and all such great people everywhere seem to have been, according to the *Memoirs of Count Horace de Viel Castel* (published by Messrs. REMINGTON & Co.), who was a kind of small French PEPYS, a great snob, and a Parisian *Sir Benjamin Backbite*. Yet there is in this HORACE something of the Horatian satirist, only without the poetry.

"But HORACE, Sir, was delicate, was nice,"

Reviewing the Pages.

which is not exactly the characteristic of the writings of M. DE VIEL CASTEL, who tells us

"Of birth-nights, balls, and shows,
More than ten HOLLINSHEDS, or HALLS, or STOWES.
When the Queen frowned, or smiled, he knows; and what
A subtle Minister may make of that:
Who sins with whom?"

And such like tittle-tattle *ad nauseam*, not sparing his own father and brother. Imagine the sort of man who, night after night, could sit down and chuckle over the composition of this precious diary! "With the exception of the President and the Princess" (MATHILDE, at whose house he was perpetually dining, he says, "all the (BUONAPARTE) family are good for nothing.")

Of the *bourgeois* class he writes, "They are always the same stupid, craven-hearted, vain race." He was shocked at the production of *La Dame aux Camélias*, and considered it as a degradation of the French stage and a disgrace to the Public that patronised the performance. To have shocked M. DE VIEL CASTEL was a feat indeed. FOULD "the foxy Jew" got ten millions out of the *Crédit Foncier*; so the public was fool'd also. D'ORSAY was "a ridiculous old doll," and the Duke of BRUNSWICK "an old fool." He sneered at England, but considered at the moment that an alliance with us was the best policy. The Empress at one time went in for spirit-rapping, and consulted a table which told her a variety of lies about the result and duration of the Crimean War. Such a table must have been very black and supported by blacklegs, though it had sufficient french polish about it to be silent in the presence of a bishop. It is not until the last page of the *Memoirs*, 1864, that the name of M. DE BRISMARCK appears. I suppose that "Society," high, low, or middle-class, has always gone on in much the same way, more or less openly, according to the spirit of the Court, since what is called "Society" came into existence; and invariably with a VIEL CASTEL, or a GREVILLE, or some one even less particular and more observant "among them takin' notes" for future publication. Mr. BOUSFIELD, the translator, seems to have done his work with a judicious regard for a certain section of English readers. It strikes me that he has had the good taste to omit a few anecdotes about some of our own exalted personages which would not have been received with unmixed satisfaction in every quarter. This is only a surmise on my part, as I am unacquainted with the original work.

Let me recommend everyone who values a powerful study of character more than a merely cleverly-constructed story, to read *Marzio's Crucifix*, by MARION CRAWFORD. I do not know what special opportunities the author had for the work, but the characters are individually, masterpieces. The scene between *Marzio* and *Don Paolo*, when the latter is wrapt in devout contemplation of the artist's *chef d'œuvre*, is most striking, and would have been more so had *Marzio* carried out his intention of knocking his brother down, and disposing of him out of hand.

With Mr. SAUNDERS'S *The Story of some Famous Books* (ELLIOT STOCK) I was rather disappointed, in consequence of there not being enough "famous books," and not much more story than the needy knife-grinder had to tell. Still, I thank him for introducing me to a delightful name—"THEOPOMPUS of Chios"—whom, for this present, I will take as my godfather, and sign myself,

Yours, THEOPOMPUS, BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS.—The Specials.



AN EYE FOR 'ELECTIVE AFFINITIES.'

Sir Edwin. "HULLO, ANGY! STEW-PAN? APRON? TRIPE AND ONIONS? WHAT ON EARTH'S UP?"

The Lady Angelina. "YES, DEAREST! SINCE YOU'VE BECOME A SPECIAL CONSTABLE, I'M DOING MY LITTLE UTMOST TO BECOME A SPECIAL COOK! I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BIND US STILL CLOSER TOGETHER!"

Sir Edwin. "MY OWN LOVE!!!"

LIGHTING THE DUBLIN BEACON.

(A Ballad of the Brave Old Sort.)

"It was all for the Union
We left fair Albion's land.
It was all for the Union
We first saw Irish land,
 My Boy!
We first saw Irish land!
"All must be done that man can do.
Shall it be done in vain?
My G-SCH-N, to prove that untrue
We two have crossed the main,
 My Boy!
We two have crossed the main!"
He turned him round and right-about
All on the Irish shore.
Said he, "We'll give P-R-N-L a shake,
And make the Rads to roar,
 My Boy!
And make the Rads to roar!"
He was a stout and trusty carle.
Said he, "A flare we'll raise,
And, spite the Leaguers' angry snarl,
We'll make the Beacon blaze,
 My Boy!
We'll make the Beacon blaze!"
"Who says our friends a handful are,
Our foes a serried host?
Our Beacon, blazing like a star,
Shall check the blatant boast,
 My Boy!
Shall check the blatant boast."

"Not all are to sedition sworn,
Or shackled by the League.
Cheer up! We'll laugh their hate to
And baffle their intrigue, [scorn,
 My Boy!
And baffle their intrigue."

"Puff, G-SCH-N, puff! Like Boreas
And I the logs will pile. [blow!
The Beacon, now a slender glow,
Shall blaze across the Isle,
 My Boy!
Shall blaze across the Isle."

"Eh? What? The wood is damp, you
say?
There comes more smoke than flame?
Nay; pile, and poke, and puff away!
We'll not give up the game,
 My Boy!
We'll not give up the game."

"If we should let this fire die out
All on the Irish shore,
To Unionism stern and stout
Adieu for evermore,
 My Boy!
Adieu for evermore!"

THE TWO CANONS AND BEAN-BAGGERS.—
The Bean-baggers are likely to come badly off
with two such big guns against them as
Canons LINDON and MCCOLL. Let the matter
be settled amicably by agreeing that whatever
it was they did see was a "What-you-
MCCOLL-it."

HOW TO ESCAPE THE FOG.

Fogs? Nonsense! Fogs are always mist.
And the way to miss them is to go to the
Institute of Painters in Oil. That will oil
the wheels of life in this atrociously hibernal
weather, and make existence in a fog enjoy-
able. There, in the well-warmed, pleasantly-
lighted rooms, will you find countless pleasant
pictures—delightful sea-subjects, charming
landscapes, and amusing scenes, by accom-
plished painters, which will infuse a little
Summer into the dull, depressing, brumous,
filthy atmosphere of a weary London Win-
ter. If you cannot get away to Monte
Carlo, Mentone, Nice, or Rome, hasten at
once and take one of Sir JOHN LINTON'S
excursion coupons, and personally conduct
yourself—if you don't conduct yourself as you
ought, you'll probably be turned out—round
the well-filled galleries in Piccadilly.

SIR DRUMMOND is ordered off to Teheran.
"Well, we're successful in keeping one
WOLFF from our door," as Sir GORST, Q.C.,
observed to GRANDOLPH. "Poor WOLFF!"
sighed GRANDOLPH. "I shall write a fable
on 'The WOLFF and the Shah!'"

SARDOU AND SARA.—SARA B. has made a
hit in what is reported to be a poor play
called *La Tosca*, by SARDOU. But in conse-
quence of SARA'S acting, it is in for a run.
Che Sara sara, i.e. (free translation), "Who
has seen SARA once will see SARA again."



LIGHTING THE DUBLIN BEACON.

A DOWN-Y PHILOSOPHER;

Or, Memoirs of a Missing Link.

I'VE no particular reason to think an account of my life will interest anybody. That being so, I don't know why I write it. But



Seal making a Deep Impression.

my luck." (What a master of style old H-XL-Y is, to be sure!)

Then there was that voyage on the *Sea-Mew*. If it hadn't been that my Uncle kicked me six times round his garden at Shrewsbury, because I said "I'd be jiggered if I went," I don't believe I should ever have had courage to accept the appointment of Naturalist to the expedition. That voyage gave me an object in life. My nose had made me an object in life before that (*vide Portrait*), but Natural Selection triumphed over my nose, and so I became in due time famous, and an Ag-nose-tic!

MY SCHOOLDAYS.

At school I was an exceptionally naughty boy. I cannot conceive what induced me to tell another little boy that I had often produced crab-apples by taking a dead crab and burying it in an orchard, but I did. My little friend, I recollect, didn't believe me, and indeed pulled my nose (always a sore point with me, but he made its point much sorer) for telling what he called "beastly crams." We had a fight, I also remember. Perhaps I ought to call it a "struggle for existence." He was much the "fittest," and he survived. I got licked.

CHOICE OF CALLING.

My extreme naughtiness continued unabated when I became a young man. Nobody expected I should ever "do" anything—except six months' hard labour! At Cambridge I was so shockingly "rowdy," that my father declared, there was no alternative but to send me into the Church. But as I was hunting with the College drag at the hour when I ought to have been in for my Ordination Examination, the Bishop failed to see matters in the same light. I then decided to be a Doctor. If I had stuck to this profession I fancy that my turn for trying experiments would have landed me in some exalted position—possibly at Newgate. As it was, after attending a lecture on Surgery, I was discovered in the local Hospital trying to cut off a patient's leg on an entirely new principle, with a pair of scissors and an old meat-saw, and I was nearly "run in" for manslaughter. I decided to give up Medicine, and a slight shindy over a supposed error of mine in calculating a score having prevented my becoming a success as a Public-house Billiard-marker, I thought I would make my mark in another way, as a breeder of race-horses. Being, however, forcibly chucked out of Newmarket Heath one day for an alleged irregularity which I never could understand, I began really to wonder what profession I was fitted to adorn.

I BECOME A NATURALIST.

It was at this time that the Captain of the *Sea-Mew* offered me that post of which I have before spoken. I accepted it, and began at once to lower the record in sea-sickness, being never once well on board ship for three whole years! It was a new experience, and altered me a good deal. From being rowdy and idle I became quiet and abnormally diligent. If you don't believe this, ask H-XL-Y (who is such fun!). On returning to England I at once settled Down, and began to write books.

THE "ORIGIN OF SPECIES."

This work is my title to fame. It only took me thirty-three years and six months to write. I felt quite glad when it was finished. People who have read it tell me they feel the same. The row it caused was frightful! If you want to see "SOAPY SAM'S" slashing *Quarterly Review* article pulverised, read H-XL-Y's reply. (But, *query*—isn't this scientific log-rolling?) The remark which was made, after perusing the book, by that eminent Botanist, my friend Professor HOOKEY, was—"Walker!" But he was soon converted.

MY WAY OF WORKING.

This, also, can't interest anybody, yet I give it. I get up at 4 A.M., and take a walk. From 7 to 10 I work. After dinner—with champagne—I take another stroll. I have made most astonishing scientific discoveries at this time. I could point out the exact spot

in the road where I became convinced that *the whole country had been elevated sixteen feet since the morning*. H-XL-Y, who was with me, quite agreed, and said that we must all have been elevated at the same time, without knowing it.

MY FAVOURITE AUTHORS.

These are, of course, LYELL on *Lias*, and HOOKEY on *Herbaceous Foraminifera*. They are far superior to SHAKESPEARE, who bores me. I like novels, the trashier the better. Only let 'em end well, and I don't care how they begin, or whether they begin at all. In newspapers, the best part, I think, is the Parliamentary Debates. In reading them I have often got valuable hints as to the "Origin of Speeches," and they frequently afford conclusive evidence of the "Descent of Man." I thought of bringing Parliamentary manners in as a chapter in my book on "Earth-worms," but H-XL-Y advised me not to, and I didn't.

MR NOSE.

I think I've mentioned this feature before. It troubles me. It is undoubtedly of a low type, yet it has survived! Why have I not been fitted with a fitter one? It is another instance of the fact that everything—including my fame—has come to me by sheer luck. H-XL-Y says "there's a Dar-winning modesty about this last remark." Also says, "I've found the 'Philosopher's Tone.'" (What screaming fun H-XL-Y always is!)

MY PORTRAITS.

Perhaps I may be allowed to say one word as to the Photographs preceding these volumes. *They aren't the least little bit like me!* In Volume One I appear as the unmistakable "Country Butcher." In Volume Two I am "The Gorilla Asleep," or "Beetle-brow Napping" (after a beetle-hunt, probably). Volume Three represents me as the Typical Brigand of Transpontine Melodrama.

Why, too, has the Photographer insisted on bringing out that unfortunate feature of mine so prominently?

Why? indeed! Who nose?

THE LARKS AND THE ROSES.

(Ballad, by Milton Featherly Jonson.)

The roses were blowing, like whales in the sea

Where the apple-bloom icebergs plunged
fearless and free,
And the larks carolled madly their high jubilee

In the ether.

The daisies ran riot in sunshine and shade,
And the call of the cuckoo was heard from the glade,
Where Summer with mellow monotony play'd

On her zither.

Tempo di Valse.

Ho, larks and roses!

Hey, we rose at morning prime;

Hey, the bonny weather!

Ho, we lark'd together!

'Mid roses and larks in our shallop we glide

By Inglesham poplars, on Teddington's tide,

Where the water of Thame under Sinodun slide,

And at Marlow,

By Cliveden's green caverns, and Abingdon's walls,

Where wirls the Windrush, where Eynsham weir falls,

By Sonning, or Sandford (whose lasher recalls

Mr. Barlow).

Con tenerezza.

Oh, larks, and ro(w)ses

Silver water-lilies, love;

On the shining river;

Love will last for ever!

But the blooms turn'd to apples for urchins to munch,

And the roses were sold at a penny a bunch,

And the larks were served up for an Alderman's lunch,

Dead and cold, love;

And the lustre has faded from tresses and cheek,

And the eyes do not sparkle, the eyes that I seek,

And the temper is strong and the logic is weak

Of my old love.

Snuffamente.

No larks and roses

Ruby-red love's nose is;

In a winter gloaming;

Chilblain time a-coming.

THE WATCHWORD OF THE SUGAR-BOUNTY CONFERENCE.—"England expects that every man (and woman) will pay an import duty."

LATEST FRENCH COOKERY.—Spilling the Gravy.



HOW WE ADVERTISE NOW.

THE PALACE OF (ADVERTISING) ART.

(A Long Way After the Laureate.)

I FOUND myself a huckster's pleasure-place,
Wherein 'twas horrible to dwell.
I said, "O Soul, the object of our race
Is ever one—to sell."

A huge-walled wilderness of ways it was,
With hoardings of exceeding height,
Which no one without pangs of fear could
pass,
And spasms of affright.

Its purpose, though, was plain; 'twas simply
Whether a woman wild of glare, [pelf;
Or a colossal man shaving himself,
All, all meant money there.

"And while the world rolls round and
round," I said,
"Advertisement is the one thing
Which need concern the wise and worldly
head
Of huckster, histrio, king."

To which my soul made answer readily,—
"In patience I must fain abide
In these vast vistas of vulgarity,
Stretching on every side."

Full of long-reaching bulks of board it was,
Where, glaring forth from ghostly gloom,
Were gibbering monkeys grinning in a glass,
In a dame's dressing-room.

And some were hung with daubs of green and
blue,
As gaudy as a cheap Cremorne,
Where actors postured in the public view,
Some frantic, some forlorn.

One seemed all glare and gore—a stabbing
hand,

A woman flopping with a groan;
An ill-drawn idiot trying to look grand,
Big-nosed, and high in bone.

One showed an ochre coast and emerald
waves;

You seemed to see them rise and fall,
As infant supers—wretched little slaves—
Under the canvass crawl.

And one a full-faced, flushed comedian—low—
Showing his teeth, with nervous strain,
With queer goggle-eyes striking like a blow,
And causing quite a pain.

And one a miser, hoarding fruits of toil,
In front a bony beak, behind,
Wisps of grey hairs all destitute of oil,
Blown hoary on the wind.

And one a foreground with three hideous
hags,

Each twice as tall as life, or higher,
Medusa-monsters, clothed in wretched rags,
And crouching round a fire.

And one an English home—lantern-light
poured

On a forced safe, skeleton keys,
Whilst gloating o'er the family plate there
stored,
Glowered the murderer, PRACE.

Nor these alone, but everything to scare,
Fit for each morbid mood of mind;
Murder and misery, want and woe were
there
As large as life designed.

There was a fellow in a pretty fix,
"Tied to a corpse," all wild alarm,
Struggling across a sort of sooty Styx,
The "body" on his arm.

Or in a snow-choked city wretchedly,
Dead babe at breast, with bare blown hair,
A ruined woman crawled with quivering
Two bobbies scowled at her. [knee;



'SABLES.'

Pastor. "HOW I DO REGRET, MY DEAR MADAM, TO SEE YOU WEARING THESE SAD
HABILIMENTS OF WOE!" Widow. "'M YE-ES. BLACK NEVER DID SUIT ME!"

Or, posing in a footlight paradise,
A group of Houris smirked to see
Young fools with clapping hands and ogling
eyes
Which said, "We come for ye!"

Or else a lost and deeply wounded one,
In a wild swamp all billious greens,
Came on a corpse a bare branch dangling on;
The ghastliest of scenes!

Holloaed a half-choked boy with horrid fear,
A brute the rope about to draw;
A second with a knife and axe was near
To give the first Lynch Law.

Or in a railway-tunnel, iron rail'd,
A man lay bound; his blood ran ice
Who looked thereon, an engine shrieked; he
paled,
And fainted in a trice.

A monkey by her hair a woman clasp'd;
From her poor head it seemed half torn,
One ape-hand dragged it back; the other
grasp'd
A steel blade's haft of horn.

A hideous babe in nauseous nudity,
Huge-headed, grinning like a clown,
Advertised Soap. A vile monstrosity,
The terror of the Town!

Nor these alone; but every horror rare,
Which the sensation-poisoned mind,
Imaged to advertise vile trash, was there—
As large as life design'd.

Deep dread and loathing of these horrors
Fell on my Soul, hard to be borne, [crude,
She cried, "Why should these *incubi* intrude
And plague us night and morn?"

"What! is not this a civilised town," she
"A spacious city, cultured, free?" [said,
Why give it up to dismalness and dread,
Murder and misery?"

In every corner of that city stood,
Unholy shapes, and spectral scares,
And fiends, and phantoms, brutal scenes of
And horrible nightmares. [blood,

"We are shut up as in a tomb, girt round
With charnel scenes on every wall;
Wherever echoes of town-traffic sound,
Or human footsteps fall.

She cried, "By Jove, it is a pretty game
That Man, the Advertiser's thrall,
Should have these scenes of grimness, gore,
and shame,
Shoek him from every wall.

"The very cab-horses go wild with fears!
I rather fancy it is time
To stop these poster-terrors, placard-tears,
And advertising crimes.

"Yes, yes, pull down these pictured screens
that are
All dedicated to gore and guilt.
Not solely for Soap-vendor or Stage-star
Was our big Babylon built!

VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—A Promenade Concert. Interval between Parts I. and II.
Crowd collecting before Platform.

Highly Respectable Matron (to female Friend). As to being beautiful, it's not for me to say, but they're clean-limbed, healthy children, thank Heaven! and what more do you want? (*The Friend makes a complimentary protest.*) Well, it may be so; but, to come back to her. I don't like her present home so well as I did her first—not so tasty, to my mind. She's got nice things about her, though, I will say—a nice sideboard, a nice . . . (*Inventory follows here.*)

The Friend (darkly). All the same, it's a constant wonder to me how she can ever bring herself to sleep in that bed!

The H. R. M. I couldn't myself; but (*charitably*) we've not all the same feelings. (*Crush increases; Female Promenader with very yellow hair passes, with apologies.*) "Excuse me, Madame" (*with attempt at mimicry*); ah—and she needs it! The orchestra's coming back now. I didn't notice that young woman among them before—what's she going to play, I wonder?

The Friend. Whatever it is, she might look more pleasant over it!

The H. R. M. So she might—we can't all be good-looking, but we can all be pleasant—but they wouldn't have engaged her here, if she hadn't her gift!

The Friend. Oh, you may depend on it, she's got a gift—but I do call her plain, myself.

A Man with a very red nose (to Companion). And then, you see, I've this special advantage—my immense knowledge of the world. Think there's time for another before they begin again, eh?

[*Companion is of that opinion; adjournment to bar of house.*]

Second Part begins; Lady Vocalist retiring after Song.

First Promenader. Bravo! Engoore! What, she won't sing no more—sssh! [*Hisses furiously.*]

The H. R. M. There's the orchestra themselves clapping her—and they'd know what's good.

Her Friend. She was dressed very nice, I thought.

The H. R. M. I never care to see hair done up that style myself.

ON THE PLATFORM.

Ladies of Chorus tripping up from below Stage for the Vocal Valse.

Ladies of Chorus (all together). Am I too black under the eyes, dear? Mind where you're going, Miss, please! Treading on people's toes like that—the great clumsy thing! I'm next to you, aren't I? I do feel so funny, my dear, don't you? For goodness sake, don't go setting me on the giggle now!

[*They range themselves modestly in a row at edge of platform.*]

Rude Person (in upper box with Punch squeak). Rooti-too-ti! [*Roars of laughter.*]

Ladies of C. (indignantly). Beast! I wish they'd give him something to make him rooti-boot, I do!

Conductor-Composer (from behind). Now, Ladies, ready please—keep the laugh steadier than you did last time, and wait for me at the repeat!

[*He taps on desk: each Lady of Chorus stiffens herself perceptibly and makes a little grimace.*]

One Lady (in whisper), Oh, dear, I wish I was at home with my Ma! [*Her companions giggle.*]

The H. R. M. It's as much as they can do to sing for laughing—they're called "Laughing Beauties," though. I like this one's face up at this end—she's so quiet and lady-like over it, and pretty too; they put all the pretty ones in front, but there's one quite an old woman behind. They're having all the fun down at the other end—how they are going on, to be sure!

[*End of Vocal Valse: loud applause. Ladies of Chorus retire after encore with air of graceful dignity.*]

The Person with the Squeak. Goo'-bye, duckies!

[*Roars of laughter again: renewed indignation among Chorus. Person with Squeak feels like SHERIDAN and THEODORE HOOK rolled into one.*]

IN THE GRAND CIRCLE.

A Young Gentleman (who has set himself to form his fiancée's mind, but finds it necessary to proceed very gradually). Now, CAROLINE, tell me—isn't this better than if we had gone to the Circus?

Caroline (from the provinces; unmusical; simple in her tastes). Yes, JOSEPH, only—(*timidly*)—there's more of what I call variety in a Circus—more going on, I mean.

The Y. G. (with a sense of discouragement). I quite see your meaning, dear, and it's an entirely true observation; still, you do appreciate this magnificent orchestra, don't you now?

Caroline. I should have liked it better with different coloured curtains—maize is so trying.

The Y. G. (mentally). I won't write home to them about it just yet.

Orchestra begins a "Musical Medley" with Overture to "Tannhäuser."

The Y. G. (who has lost his programme). Now, CAROLINE—this is WAGNER—you'll like WAGNER, darling, I'm sure.

Caroline (startled). Shall I? Where is he? Will he come in here? Must I speak to him?

The Y. G. No, no—he's dead—I mean, this is from his Opera—you must listen to this.

[*He watches her face for the emotion he expects: "Tannhäuser" melts suddenly into "Tommy, Make Room for your Uncle."*]

Caroline (her face absolutely transfigured). Oh, JOSEPH, dear—WAGNER's perfectly lovely!

The Y. G. (gloomily). I see, I shall have to put you through a course of BACH, CAROLINE!

Caroline (alarmed). But there's nothing whatever the matter with me, JOSEPH! I'm not flushed am I?

[*Young Gentleman suppresses a groan.*]

IN A BOX.

(Musical Medley still in progress.)

A Lady (not much of an Opera-goer, who has been given a box at the last moment, and has insisted on her husband turning out to escort her). It was silly of you to drop that programme, ROBERT—I should like to know what this piece is, it seems quite familiar—(*Orchestra playing "Soldiers' March" from Faust*)—I know—it's Faust, ROBERT, GOUNOD's Faust!

[*Much pleased with herself for recollecting an Opera she has only heard once.*]

Robert (sleepily). I know, my dear, all right.

[*Faust melts into air from "Pinafore."*]

His Wife. Do you mean to say you don't remember that, ROBERT? how exquisite PATTI was in the part, to be sure!

Robert. Umph!

[*"Pinafore" becomes "Ia ci duren"—which transforms itself without warning into "Two Lovely Black Eyes."*]

The Lady. There's nobody like GOUNOD! [*Clasps her hands.*]

Robert (cautiously). GOUNOD's all very well, I daresay, my dear; but it don't seem to me he's altogether original. I've heard something very like this tune before, and I'll swear it wasn't by him!

The Lady. That's very likely; all the best airs get stolen nowadays, and dressed up so as to be quite unrecognisable; but that's not GOUNOD's fault, is it?

[*Fans herself triumphantly, after vindicating her favourite Composer. Robert slumbers.*]

BEHIND THE PLATFORM.

Erratic Promenader. Beg your pardon, Sir—tha' shtick, not 'tended meet your eye. Sir—nother gerrilm'n's eye, Sir.

Fair Promenader (to Lady Friend). And I'm sure I don't know how it is, but I'm always crying now for just nothing at all, whenever I'm alone.

The Lady Friend. That's because you give way to it, dear. Come and have something to cheer you up—you'll be a different person after it.

[*Advice taken: prediction verified.*]

The Err. Prom. I shay, here'sh lark! see tha' Bobby over there? he thinksh I'm tight! (*Waltzes up to him solemnly.*) Ku've pleshure nexst dansh you, Sir Charles?

The Policeman (severely). You keep your 'ands off of me, will you, and take yourself home—that's my advice to you!

Err. Prom. (outraged). You 'pear me to under 'preshionthish is Hy' Par' or Trafa—(*with an effort*)—Trafa-ralgarrar Square. I'm goin' teash you, free Briton not goin' put up with P'lice brutality!

[*Hits Policeman in the eye, and is removed, smiling feebly. Scene changes.*]

An Open Question.

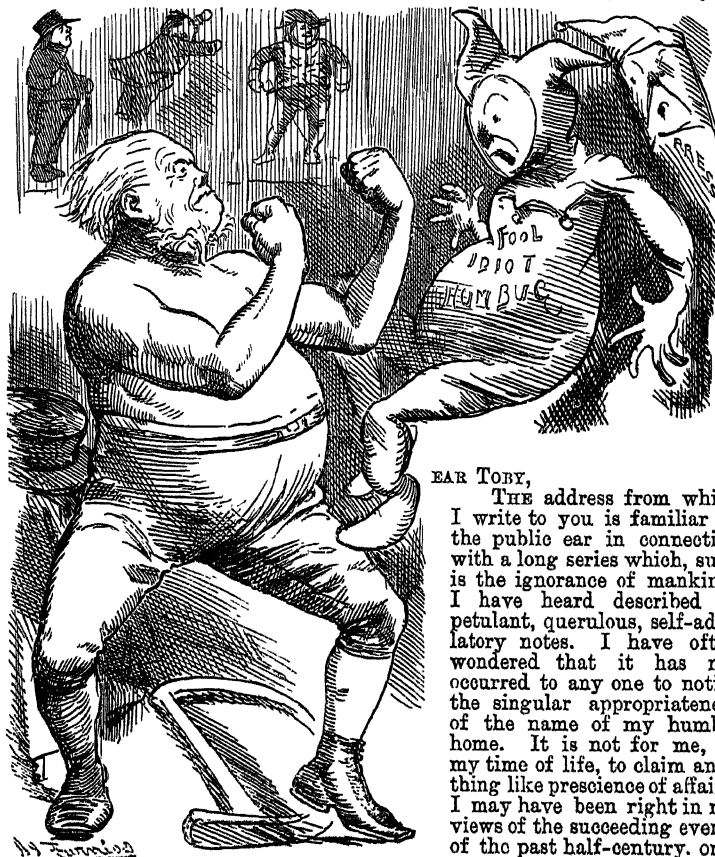
LORD SOLLY, at Paddies presuming to rail, Must sneer at their "brogue," which the Markis finds stale. Does he think a poor fellow must fain be a rogue Because, born in Erin, he speaks with a brogue? Celtic ears finds the drawl of the Saxon Swell flat, And a Cockney may chaff at the patois of PAT. But which is in fault—is it really so clear?— The Irishman's tongue, or the Englishman's ear?

IN a recent case on appeal, HAMMOND & Co. v. BUSSEY, Mr. Justice BOWEN was understood (by Our Special Reporter) to say that a judgment relating to coals must be decided by the principles of COKE. The Master of the Rolls and Mr. Justice FRY concurred; the latter observing that in winter a coal merchant must always be a BUSSEY person, though his Lordship admitted that this had nothing to do with the case. The Master of the Rolls and Mr. Justice BOWEN at once concurred.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM THE ROCHDALE RASPER (LATE THE BIRMINGHAM PET).

One Ash, Rochdale, Saturday.



EAR TOBY,

THE address from which I write to you is familiar in the public ear in connection with a long series which, such is the ignorance of mankind, I have heard described as petulant, querulous, self-adulatory notes. I have often wondered that it has not occurred to any one to notice the singular appropriateness of the name of my humble home. It is not for me, at my time of life, to claim anything like prescience of affairs. I may have been right in my views of the succeeding events of the past half-century, or I may have been wrong. I will

just mention that my friend, T-NN-S-N, who has a pretty faculty for poetry, once summed me up in a couplet which I venture to think is not without its charm. "J-HN BR-GHT," he wrote—

J-HN BR-GHT
Is always right.

He told me in confidence that he had at one time contemplated a eulogistic poem of some seventy or eighty lines, price to the *Nineteenth Century* a guinea each. But, having thrown off this couplet, it appeared in itself so sufficient, so comprehensive yet so precise, that amplification would have rather reduced than increased its value. Therefore it remains a brilliant fragment.

But I am wandering from the theme, which, in the present instance, is not myself but my country address. What I thought might be interesting to point out is the curious felicity of the nomenclature, and the remarkable foresight of which it is proof. More than a generation ago it received this singular appellation. At that time nothing seemed more remote from ordinary apprehension than that in this year I should be what we call "a Unionist," an ally and supporter of Lord S-L-B-RY, pulling in the same boat as the H-M-LT-NS, and marching shoulder to shoulder with ASHM-D B-RTL-TT. In those days I was wont to pour forth torrents of angry contempt upon the Conservative party. D-SR-LI was my wash-pot, over the Markiss I cast out my shoe; but even then my address was One Ash, Rochdale. Do you begin to see what I mean? One Empire, One Parliament, One Ash! Some of my old colleagues and disciples among the Radicals scoff at me because of my new companions. But, as usual, I have been right from the first. I have always been what the *Marchioness* called a "wonner." What has happened is that the Liberal Party and my old companions have moved away from me, whilst the Conservatives have moved towards me. I am the same to-day as yesterday, or as these fifty years past. "J-HN BR-GHT, always right," and any change of relationship or appearance is due to the ineradicable error and fatal foolishness of others.

What I feel, dear Toby, in reviewing a long and honourable life, is the terrible feeling of monotony. I sometimes find myself envying ordinary men like GL-DST-NE, who, looking back over their past life, can put their hand down and say, "There I blundered, there I was misled by circumstances." For a long time GL-DST-NE kept pretty straight—that is to say I agreed with him. But he has gone wrong lamentably on this Irish Question, and all the righteous acts of his life—that is to say, steps in which he has chanced to walk in time with me—are obliterated. It is true that, at one time, it was I who was the foremost Apostle of Irish National feeling. At this date people with inconvenient memories

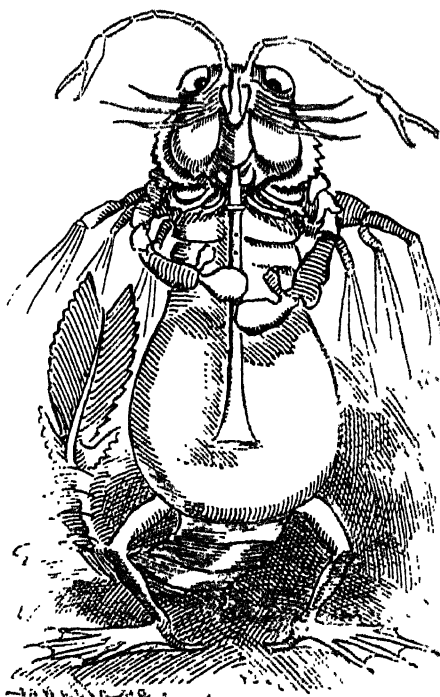
are constantly raking up passages in my speeches about Ireland, and the English yoke which, except that they are too finely cut, and of too noble a style of eloquence, would exactly suit GL-DST-NE to-day. I said these things then, it is true, and then they were right. I do not say them to-day, and therefore they are wrong. *Quod erat demonstrandum.* (You will observe that since, with a distinguished friend, I have joined the political company of gentlemen, I have forsaken my old habit of keeping to the Saxon tongue, and sometimes, as here, I drop into Latin. Occasionally I fall into French. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.*)

My nearest approach to human frailty, is, perhaps, to be found in a certain measure of absence of suavity. It is perhaps possible that my temper was,—I will not say soured, but—not sweetened by the vile attacks made upon me personally by Irish Members in Parliament during the last ten years. You remember what B-NT-NCK said about me? I don't mean Big Ben, or Little Ben, but Lord GEORGE B-NT-NCK. "If B-K-GHT," he said, "had not been a Quaker, he would have been a prize-fighter." I think there is about the remark some suspicion of lack of respect. But, also, it is not without some foundation of truth. I admit an impulse to strike back when I am hit; sometimes when I am not. Through two Parliaments the ragged regiment that live upon the contributions of their poor relations in domestic service in the United States have girded at me in the House of Commons. This was my reward for the rhetorical services I did for Ireland a quarter of a century ago. They pummelled me, kicked me, dragged my honoured name in the dust, and spat upon me in the market-place. That gross ingratitude I could never forgive, and if in reprisal, the cause I once advocated suffers, can I be held blameable?

But this seems to be running into the groove of apology, and I never apologised to anyone for anything in my life. For fear I should begin now, I will close this letter, remaining,

Your friend, J-HN BR-GHT.

P.S.—I observe that in my haste I have not called you a fool, or directly stigmatised as such anyone alluded to in this letter. I am afraid this will be regarded as a sign of growing weakness. But I will bring up the average in the next letter I write for publication.



DARWINIAN ANCESTOR

Composing the Song, "For O it is such a Horrible Tail!"

"Our ancestor was an animal which breathed water, had a swim-bladder, a great swimming tail, and an imperfect skull."—*Darwin to Lyell.*



THE BABES IN THE CHRISTMAS WOOD. "The Cry is still they come!"

THE BABES IN THE CHRISTMAS WOOD.

THE PUBLISHERS' CANTATA.

Various well-known Publishing Firms in the guise of Forest-trees discovered shedding their leaves.

GENERAL CHORUS.

SEE Christmas is upon us and the world around us living,
Seeks us and asks the pretty gifts it soon would fain be giving.

The stories thrilling, tender, sweet, to suit all tastes and ages,
All gleaming with their covers gay and picture-covered pages;

The dainty illustrated leaf, the paper softly tinted,
In type, to suit young eyes and old, all exquisitely printed:

Of artist's pencil, author's pen, the choicest, fairest flower,
Behold as the glad season comes we thus upon you shower.

MESSRS. BLACKIE & SONS.

Christmas leaves? Would you pick up the handsomest
First look at these scattered by BLACKIE & SONS. [ones,
Here tales of home life and adventure in plenty,
Have good names to vouch for them. Take G. A. HENTY,
In "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and "Orange and Green,"
He lays first in Scotland, then Ireland his scene,
And thrills you with reading the hairbreadth escapes,
Of the heroes he rescues from numberless scrapes.
But while in "For the Temple," he ventures to tell
How in ages long past great Jerusalem fell;
Yet if less ancient horrors are more to your mind,
In the reign of the "Terror" material you'll find;
And if you would learn how pluck never goes wrong,
You've but to go straightway to "Sturdy and Strong."
Next ELIZABETH LYSAGHT in "Aunt Hesba's Charge,"
On the virtues of old Maiden Aunts doth enlarge,
And relates in "Our General" by a small head,
How a family through all its trials may be led.
Then J. PERCY GROVES in "The War of the Axe,"
Tells a stirring Cape story of Caffre attacks,
And "The Seven Wise Scholars" supply ASCOTT R. HOPE,
For knocking off seven good tales, ample scope,
He in "Old Renown" stories, too, brilliantly writes
Of the deeds done of old by brave heroes and knights;
While E. BROOKES harking back with his "Chivalric
Days,"

Of the boys and the girls of old times sings the praise.
"Girl Neighbours," allows SARAH TYTTER to say,
On the whole she prefers the girl of the day;
In "Miss Willowbrown's Offer," how traitors may fail,
SARAH DOWDNEY describes in a well-written tale.
With "The Bubbling Teapot," to a little girl changed,
Mrs. CHAMPNEY has well into Wonderland ranged.
Out of "Willie," who here "Gutta Percha" is named,
GEORGE MACDONALD, an excellent story has framed,
And has shown how he finds life's troubles prove plastic,
Possessing a brain which his friends deem elastic.
In "The Princess" and "Goblin" he tries a new scheme,
And sweeps you along with his mystical theme;
But when she meets "Curdie" he now and then treads
On ground that is over his young readers' heads.
If a truant's adventures, fair reading you find,
The good ship "Atalanta," you'd bear in your mind,
And you'll follow "aboard" it, the hero whose fate
HENRY FRITH's thrilling pages know how to relate.
Next in "Chirp and Chatter" from field and from tree,
Young children taught lessons by L. BANKS you'll see.
"Queen Maud," with her "orders" by LOUISA CROW,
Shows pride in a haughty young maiden brought low:
While in the "Squire's Grandson," J. CALLWELL proves
A small boy can make up a family row. [how
The stories of WASA and MENZIKOFF tell
Two historical tales, and do it right well.
In his "Dick o' the Fens," one Fen,—MANVILLE FENN,—
Gives some capital studies of Lincolnshire men;
But in "Sir Walter's Ward," the age of Crusades,
Mr. WILLIAM EVERARD brightly invades.
The "Girlhood" of "Margery Merton" relates,
The struggle that oft a young artist awaits,
And how in the end her brave efforts prevail,
ALICE CORKRAN unfolds in her well-written tale.
And if "Clogs," well selected for children to wear,
You're in need, AMY WALTON will find you "a pair."
If the "Secret" of "Rovers" is more to your taste,
HARRY COLLINGWOOD follow,—your time you'll not waste.



PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

She. "AND DO YOU STILL SQUEEZE UP THE LADIES' FEET IN YOUR COUNTRY?"
He. "ON THE CONTRARY, MADAM! THAT IS A CHINESE CUSTOM. WE IN JAPAN ALWAYS ALLOW THE LADIES' FEET TO GROW TO QUITE THEIR FULL SIZE. NOT THAT ANY WOULD EVER RIVAL YOURS, MADAM!"

[Is delighted with his next little Compliment!]

In field, forest, or stream, would you "Insect Ways" learn,
For their "Summer Day's" life to J. HUMPHREYS turn.
But to close:—GORDON BROWNE, whose famed pencil so skilled,
Of the foregoing pages so many has filled,
Crowns the whole by contributing last, but not least,
His new "Hop o' my Thumb" and "The Beauty and Beast."

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS.

Are you seeking for young children picture-books to please the eye?
Then your need GEORGE ROUTLEDGE and his Sons will readily supply.
Here's "Little Wide-Awake," designed to suit the earliest age,
Bound brightly, with a picture too on nearly every page;
And then there's "Sunny Childhood," with its colouring so gay,
Where Mrs. SALE BARKER has such pleasant things to say;
And in "Our Friends" and in "Our Home" she takes them by the hand,
And talks to little readers in the words they understand.
"Our Darlings," too, by MARS, show how our little darlings fare
Who by their MARS (and Pa's as well) are taken everywhere.
If "Fairy Tales" you're seeking, LABOULAYE's collected lore,
With new ones, and unheard before, will furnish up your store.
And if young heroes of all climes should come within your scope,
You'll turn to "Youngsters' Yarns," and will have faith in ASCOTT HOPE.
Then "Herbert Massey's" doings in "Eastern Africa" you'll find,
Told by Commander CAMERON, quite of a thrilling kind.
"The Children of the New Forest," that MARRYAT wrote of yore,
PAUL HARDY and JOHN GILBERT join to illustrate once more.
"Round Nature's Dial," by H. M. BURNSIDE, tells full and clear
The shifting story of the times and seasons of the year.
The "Annual" for "Every Boy" affords all boys a treat,
Which, thanks to EDMUND ROUTLEDGE, may be held as quite complete.
Here "Caldecott's" last "Graphic Pictures" come in handy guise,
While by her "Book" consulting, the "Young Lady" may grow wise.
How good we'd be if all, before they do, to think would tarry
On what Miss EDGEWORTH taught to "Lucy," "Rosamond," and "Harry."

"Natural History," Illustrated "for Young People," must do good,
As a text-book for young children, ably done by F. G. WOOD.
The "Funny Foxes and their Feats" and doings "at the Fair,"
With some of ERNST GRISSET's happiest efforts may compare.
"The 'Shall Nots' of the Bible" and "Loving Links" combine, [divine.
In page illuminated, human verse and text
"Play and Earnest" tells of children who their playing much enjoy, [little boy.
In a story quaint and charming of a plucky Then "Sunbeam Stories," "Storm" and "Sunshine," told in prose and rhyme,
And "Stories" for a "Holiday," as also "Pets' Pastime."
These, with "Sindbad's" famed Adventures, new to many we suppose,
With KATE GREENAWAY's bright Almanack our list must fitly close.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co.

Surely "Little Miss Peggy" will work you the spell [deftly and well,
Mrs. MOLESWORTH's charmed pen weaves so For this quaint little lady, with ways sweet and bright, [light.
Her small nursery readers can't fail to de- In "An Unknown Country" pen and pencil beguile [Isle.
Him who tempts it to visit his own Sister The text he'll find art a true handmaid to wait on
In the exquisite work of F. NOEL PATON.

Christmas Cards.

OF Christmas Cards a splendid show
This year! Wherever you may go
You see them. When you're told, you know
They're Christmas Cards.
In such a game of Cards the thing
Before the eyes of all to bring
Is Christmas, but they're Summer, Spring,
Most Christmas Cards.

TAKING high rank among the Christmas Cards,

The artistic reproductions, MARCUS WARD's, Of two of RAPHAEL's best-known Madonnas Must, at this season, carry off the honours.
Both from one Pitti Palace—need we name them?— [them.

'Twould be a thousand pities not to frame

(AIR—"King of the Cannibal Islands.")

Here's an "Opal Souvenir,"

Lovely mem of present year,

And it comes from, as we hear,

HILDESHEIMER AND FAULKNER.

Among the Cards the best designs

Are those by WEEDON, WILSON, HINES,

BOTHAMS, DEALY also shines,

KILBURN, DRUMMOND, on like lines,

WILLIAMSON, MAGUIRE too,

SIGMUND, artistic crew,

All at work their best to do

FOR HILDESHEIMER AND FAULKNER.

(AIR—"Rare Ben.")

RAPHAEL TUCK!

Here's luck!

Rejoice! no dumps!

Why, all your Cards are trumps!

And all applied

To merry Christmas-tide!

In these un-Christmas days,

Punch says 'tis greatly to thy praise.

So, RAPHAEL TUCK,

My buck,

Here's luck!

To Mr. Punch.

"Such books, cards, and crackers," cries

Poet, perplexed, [next."

"As remain on the list, I will give 'in our

OUR DEBATING CLUB.

An apology—Eloquent Peroration by our Vice-President—NAYLOR offers some critical remarks, and KIRKSTONE relates a humorous anecdote.

I AM in a position this week to redeem my promise, and raise the hitherto impenetrable veil that has long shrouded the proceedings of the Gargoyle Club from the Public Eye. In the exercise of the discretion with which I have been entrusted, I have somewhat departed from the form of report originally contemplated, and selected only the more striking and characteristic deliverances of my fellow Gargoyles, interspersed with such short notes and descriptions as may best serve to bring out their several mannerisms and idiosyncrasies. Should I offend by this I shall deeply regret it, but I find that there are traditions and customs in the management of a facetious periodical which, however exacting and absurd in themselves, must be respected by those who would furnish it with literary matter.

Having thus apologised in advance to any honourable Gargoyle who may consider himself misrepresented or insufficiently reported, let me present, as the first instalment of these papers, some extracts from notes taken at a most instructive debate last session upon the motion (brought forward by PLUMLEY DUFF; opposed by GASPARD HARTUPP), that:

"In the opinion of this House, Science has been productive of more real benefit to the Human Race than Art."

Somehow, although I know that DUFF's speech was compounded of plain common sense interspersed with abundant facts (all DUFF's speeches are like that), I did not begin to take notes that evening until HARTUPP had reached his peroration, which was in this form:—

"Sir," said HARTUPP (with an inflection of unspeakable pathos in his voice, which ought to make PINCENY shed tears—but does not), "before I sit down—before, Sir, I resume my seat"—(this solemnly, as if he has a deep presentiment that he may never resume another seat)—"let me ask the Honourable Member who is responsible for the Motion on the paper this evening—let me put to him this single inquiry, this solitary question—and I shall await his answer with considerable curiosity." . . . (Here HARTUPP gazes with an air of challenge at DUFF, who, however, is drawing EUCLID's first proposition upon his blotting-pad, an occupation which seems to absorb the whole of his faculties for the moment.) "Is he here to-night to deny the existence of any good that is not visible, that is not tangible, that cannot be measured with a tape, or weighed in scales? Sir, that is the philosophy of the volatile sparrow, of the soulless hog, that skims the vault of the azure empyrean, and wallows content in the mire of his native sky—I should say" (with an air of careless concession to prosaic accuracy), "stye! That bird, Sir, that pig, like the Honourable Proposer himself"—(a titter here from the more frivolous; DUFF rubs his nose, and evidently wonders whether HARTUPP has been saying anything worth noticing)—"would find the universe none the poorer had PRAXITELES carved nothing more immortal than an occasional cold fowl; had HOMER swept his lyre, not in commemoration of the fall of an ancient Troy, but to celebrate the rise of a new soap (HARTUPP rather prides himself on his talent for antithesis); and had TITIAN lavished all his wealth of glowing colour and gorgeous hues upon the unretentive surface of some suburban pavement! But, Sir, I hope that we, by our vote to-night, will afford no encouragement to the gross and contemptible materialism which is the curse of the present day, and of which, I am compelled to add," (here he glances reproachfully at the unconscious DUFF, who is sharpening a pencil), "we have been afforded so melancholy an example this evening. Let us proclaim to the world without that we, as Gentlemen and as Gargoyles, repudiate, that we loathe, that we abhor, that we abominate," (HARTUPP seems to be screwing all these verbs out of himself, and throwing them defiantly at DUFF), "the grovelling tendency of our animal nature to ignore the joys of the soul and the pleasures of the intellect, and place its highest enjoyment in the ignoble pursuit of creature comforts!"

[Here HARTUPP sits down amidst applause, and applies himself diligently to his whiskey-and-water.

At a later period in the evening, just as the debate was beginning to languish, NAYLOR started to his feet with a long strip of paper which, being shortsighted, he held close to his nose. NAYLOR invariably takes elaborate notes, with the intention of pointing out and refuting the errors of all previous speakers. Unfortunately, as he cannot always read the notes, and seldom remembers the objections he meant to urge, his criticisms are not as effective as could be desired. On this occasion, NAYLOR said:—"I'm not going to make a speech, Sir, I only want to point out one or two things which struck me as requiring to be met. I'll take them in their order." (Here he fumbles with his strip of paper, which will get upside down when he wished to refer to it). "Oh, here it is! There was a Gargoyle who said—I believe it was the Proposer of this motion—didn't you?" (To DUFF, who shakes his head in solemn disclaimer). "Well, it was somebody, anyway, but he told us that—" (Here NAYLOR again refers to his notes). "I'm afraid I can't exactly make out what he did say—but I don't agree with him. Then there was another speaker who said, (I took it down at the time) that he'd rather have a good traction-engine than the finest poem ever written! Well, my reply to that is—" (here NAYLOR has another wrestle with his notes and comes up triumphant)—"that's his opinion. I wouldn't. Next, someone asked, 'What practical use was SHAKESPEARE to any man?'" (A pause.) "I've got an answer to that on my notes, somewhere, only I can't find it. But, anyhow," (cheerfully) "I know it was rather sticking up for SHAKESPEARE, to a certain extent. Then, didn't someone else say, 'Music elevated the mind?'" (A Member acknowledges the responsibility of this bold sentiment.) "Well, I don't say it doesn't—only, how? you know, that's the point!" (A long pause, during which NAYLOR and his notes appears to be getting inextricably involved). "There was a lot of other things I meant to say, but I'm afraid I don't quite remember them at this moment."

With this, NAYLOR sat down suddenly, apparently very little depressed by the total absence of applause—he knew that a fearless critic is never popular.

After that we had a little speech from dear old KIRKSTONE, who rose to tell us an anecdote, which the subject had suggested to him. Appropriate anecdotes are always occurring to KIRKSTONE, and he applies them in the neatest and happiest manner, being gifted with the keenest sense of humour of any one in our Society. In fact, the very keenness of KIRKSTONE's appreciation operates almost as a disadvantage, as will be seen from the following extract, taken on the spot.

Kirkstone (rising, and playing with his watch-chain). "Sir, whilst listening to the speeches

of Honourable Members this evening, I could not help being reminded of a story I heard the other day." (*Here a slight spasm passes over his ample cheeks, and we all settle down in delighted anticipation.*) "There was an old farmer—one of the regular old-fashioned sort." (*Faint preliminary chuckle down in KIRKSTONE'S throat.*) "Well, he had a daughter, who—*te-hick!*—played on the—*te-hee!*—the piano, and one day he was induced to go in for a"—(*convulsion, followed by sounds like the extraction of a very refractory cork*)—"for a Steam-plough! Soon afterwards he happened to meet a friend—another farmer, or the parson, I forget which, and it don't signify. Well, and the friend asked 'how he got on with his Steam-plough.' And the old farmer says—*hork-hork!*—he says, 'Don't talk to me 'bout no Steam-plough—*ki-hee-hee!*—when there's my darter at home, and she—*crick, crick, criggle!*' (*KIRKSTONE proceeds gallantly, but is unintelligible until the close*)—"with her darned pianner—*haw-haw-haw!*" Well, the House can apply the moral of that themselves—I thought it was rather to the point myself. That's all I got up to say."

I am afraid KIRKSTONE thinks we are all of us rather dull.

A DRAMATIC ORATORIO.

MR. FREDERIC H. COWEN'S dramatic Oratorio, *Ruth*, was produced last Thursday at St. James's Hall, and the verdict on the entire



work from "bar one" to bar last was emphatically favourable. The Composer has nothing to regret on this score. The workmanship throughout is thoroughly good, and in some instances admirable, though the First Part is not distinguished by any very striking originality.

In the Second Part, which begins appropriately with Harvest or "Half-eat time," Mr. BOAZ LLOYD gave a very trying *scena* magnificently. But why does he pronounce "excellent" as "exceellent"? Perhaps he has ascertained on undeniable authority that this is the way Boaz would have pronounced it. *A propos*

of this eminent tenor, on one occasion, not this, there was very nearly being a duel about his identity. An Irish gentleman, turning to his friend, informed him, "That's SIMS REEVES," whereupon his better informed companion returned, "He! LLOYD!" which, but for a timely explanation, begorra, would have led to a challenge!

To resume. The "Dance of Reapers and Gleaners" must have sounded rather out of place in Worcester Cathedral, where *Ruth* was first produced. In the Chorus of the Reapers and Gleaners, who were not in the least out of breath with their dance—but perhaps these had only been delighted spectators—full justice was done to the finest number in the Oratorio—at least, so it appeared to the humble individual who had the honour of representing you on this occasion. Then in the duet,

LLOYD and ALBANI
As Boaz and Ruth,

Were perfect, no blarney,
I'm telling the truth.

The applause was enthusiastic; indeed, not only in this instance, but throughout the performance, these two sang magnificently. Boaz must have been a very kind man; at all events, as Boaz and Ruth are invariably heard of together, it is clear that he could never be accused of being Ruthless.

Now, just one question: the Book of Words with musical phrases, "is sold in the room, and on the title-page we read that 'the words are selected,'—most judiciously too—by Mr. JOSEPH BENNETT, and 'the Book of Words' is fitted 'with analytical notes by JOSEPH BENNETT,'—though we should have thought that Mr. COWEN'S notes were sufficient by themselves. Then we find the analytical Notes saying at the end of Part I., 'The assertion may safely be made, that no poetical situation in dramatic Oratorio, has been treated more successfully than the foregoing.' Now, suppose this were a book of a new Opera, would it be right and proper for the librettist who had adapted the subject from SHAKESPEARE, for example, to give his opinion on the work of his collaborateur? Wouldn't this be taking an unfair advantage of his position? It doesn't matter in this case, as I perfectly agree with him, but it is the principle, whatever it may be, for which I contend, and sign myself,

Your Musical Representative, PETER PIPER.

SHOWS VIEWS.

AMONGST entertainments of a pleasing character the performance of "Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED" hold their own gallantly. A

the present moment a little play called *Tally Ho* is occupying the boards, much to the delight of those serious pleasure-seekers who consider a box at a theatre wicked, but find no particular harm in the stalls of St. George's Hall. Mr. ALFRED REED and Miss FANNY HOLLAND are as amusing as ever, and the music is all that could be desired. The dialogue of the piece, or entertainment, or whatever it is, is not too new. I fancy the author must have seen *London Assurance*, and listened to *Lady Gay Spanker's* description of the fox chase. And having seen the piece and heard the speech, possibly read



the burlesque thereon by the late GILBERT ABBOTT A BECKETT, in the *Scenes from Rejected Comedies*, published as long ago as the forties. "How time flies!" as a lady behind me observed, after expressing her opinion that Mr. CORNEY GRAIN was better than his pupil—JOHN PARRY! "I remember him as far back as a quarter of a century," continued the fair dame, "and didn't you hear him say he was over fifty years old when he sang that song calling himself an old fogey?" Mr. GRAIN fails to do himself justice when he assumes an elderly air inconsistent with the number of his summers. Such an assumption can but cause pain—to his contemporaries!

On Thursday last *The Woman Hater* was produced for the first time in London at Mr. TERRY'S Theatre (on the grounds that familiarity breeds contempt, I prefer to allow the actor to retain his titular prefix), with more or less success. On the whole I condole with our country cousins if they have been allowed to see this strange play very frequently. Personally I would not care to form a part of an audience at Mr. TERRY'S Theatre during its run, which I am bound to add I am afraid will not be a long one. The construction of the three-act farce (as it is called) is feeble in the extreme, and suggest that the author, from a literary point of view, has a great deal to learn. I do not think (unless his future pieces are very unlike *The Woman Hater*) that he will have much chance of gaining a permanent position in the Temple of Fame. This is merely a matter of opinion, but, speaking for myself, had I a theatre (which I should call of course Mr. Thingumbob's Theatre, or the Theatre Royal Dasl Blank, Esq.), I believe I should somehow or other instinctively avoid the works of Mr. DAVID LLOYD for some time to come. That is to say if he confined his pen to farce and comedy. It is quite possible he may be much more at home in tragedy. As a fact, there is a sort of gloomy glamour about *The Woman Hater* that suggests reflection that, after all, the play might have been more exciting if a murder had been skilfully introduced into Act I., and it had been written throughout in blank verse. I think the lover, *Tom Ripley* might thus have been murdered with or without (for preference with) his sweetheart. Early in Act II. the character very nicely played by Mr. KEMBLE might have committed suicide, with one or two others; for choice, others. Act III. might have been allowed (after the necessary alterations had been made to fit it to the requirements of the novel development of the original plot to stand as it is. In its present form the incidents connected with the spiriting away (after a desperate and revolting fight with the keepers) of the hero to a Lunatic Asylum are, to say the least, unpleasant. Mr. BISHOP, as the psychological specialist (the resident medical superintendent of the licensed house), was excellent. It is a question, however, whether those well-intentioned representatives of the LORD CHANCELLOR, the Commissioners in Lunacy, would have been entirely satisfied with his action in connection with the incarceration of one sane patient in the place of another patient equally free from mental disease. But that is a matter affecting the author rather than the player. Miss M. A. VICTOR, as a widow lady of great wealth and superior position was, of course, quite in her element, and gave an admirable sketch of a British matron from Belgrave or Mayfair. Mr. TERRY, too, deserves a word of praise for his own droll performances, which caused more than once, on the first night, a burst of hearty laughter. Pleasantly apart, in spite of the acting, good all round, I fear *The Woman Hater* will soon have to return to the provinces, to make room for something just a little better suited to the London requirements of Mr. TERRY and the audiences of Mr. TERRY'S Theatre.

NEW BOOK.—*The Green Ways of England*. By a Warwickshire Man.

UNCLE REMUS ON C. S. P-RN-LL.—"Brer Fox he lay low."



SO VERY LIKELY.

Small Rustie (to Brown, whose Champion North-Caspian Bear-hound has just gobbled up one of Farmer Rackstraw's Prize Rabbits, which had got out of the hutch). "IF YER 'LL GI' ME TUPPENCE, ZUH, I'LL SWEAR IT WAS THE RABBIT AS BEGUN IT!"

ON THE WRONG SCENT.

Master of Hounds, loquitur:—

"Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouths like bells." So SHAKESPEARE'S *Theseus* tells The merits of his tuneful Spartan pack. Would I could echo it concerning mine! Tut, tut! They're off again on their own line. Come back, ye fools, come back!

I envy *Theseus*! Just the sort of hounds For a true Tory huntsman; kept in bounds By discipline none ventures to defy. With such a pack I should be well content; But some of mine are keen on a false scent, And off on a wild cry.

Oh, these young dogs! They think disorder's dash;

Heedless of horn, rebellious to the lash; Just now, too, when our quarry is so clear! Oh, hang the howling, yelping, whimpering On a fine herring-trail the fools have got. [lot] They'll spoil the chase, I fear.

Come back! Come back! What, "VINCENT," "BARTLETT," ho!

This sort of thing won't pay at all, you know.

We are not, now, after *that* sort of game. Ah, sweet *Sir Roger*, our *Spectator's* friend, What would you say to this? Come, let it For shame, ye curs, for shame! [end.]

ADDISON'S "good old Knight" was happier In his well-ordered pack the casual jar [far. Of a raw dog or "noted Liar" met No recognition; no, "he might have yelped His heart out," but the row had nothing helped

The hounds astray to set.

Here be "notorious Liars" in full force (The epithet is technical, of course).

"TORRINGTON," back! Back, "STANLEY"! "ECROYD," back!

Heed "the old hounds of reputation" here. This shindy must be stopped, or 'twill, I fear, Demoralise the pack!

THE OLDEST SKETCHING CLUB IN THE WORLD.

AT the house of NAT LANGHAM young men were taught how to use their hands skillfully years ago; at the home of *the* LANGHAM their hands are trained with equal care and discretion, with a different end in view. At the former they were excited, at the latter they are soothed. The spirits of the last are finer, if less ardent, than those of the first. Friday cannot be unlucky, for all their sketches are produced on that proverbially unfortunate day. A subject is given, and in two hours, over pipes and coffee, it is completed. Marvellous these rapid acts of sketchmanship! The Impressionists nowhere! The result? Well, go to the Gallery, 23, Baker Street. Look at the collection of pictures—on the two hours' system—by Messrs. STACEY MARKS, CALDERON, FRED WALKER, HODGSON, CATTERMOLE, B. W. LEADER, CHARLES KEENE, E. HAYES, H. MOORE, VICAT COLE, FRANK DICKSEE, E. DUNCAN, C. J. LEWIS, F. WEEKES, CARL HAAG, and other clever gentlemen, and see if *Mr. Punch* is not right in his commendation. The Langham Sketching Club has existed over half a century, and this is its first public exhibition. Ah! well, it is never too late to mend.

The Winter's Tale at the Lyceum.

THERE'S a charm in her innocent glances, A charm in her step when she dances,

For *Perdita*, "nary

A one," like our MARY,

The sweetest of Sweet Willum's fancies.

To those who may not have heard it, a Chance most distinct will be *Perdita*.

So, see now, we say,

MARY ANDERSON play, [it, Ah! You'll regret, when too late you've deferred

The Latest and Best from Berlin.

THE Crown Prince was reported last week to be decidedly better. May it be so, and so go on. "His Imperial Highness," wrote the Correspondent of the *Standard*, "continues to express the fullest confidence in Sir MORELL MACKENZIE." And *Mr. Punch*, in the name of all Englishmen who are uninfluenced by any feeling akin to professional jealousy, "says ditto," to the Crown Prince. *Prosit!*

MRS. R. is astonished that the English do not name streets and places after the names of their great Poets and their works. She says she only remembers two exceptions; one was a *Hamlet* in the Country, and the other was *Wandsworth*; the latter being so called after the Poet who wrote *The Excursion*,—probably, she thinks, a cheap excursion to this very spot, which is within a cab-fare of town.

THE Third Edition of Mr. FRITH'S Recollections is now out. We hear it is dedicated to Archdeacon SUMNER, and that the motto selected is the nautical quotation, "Port it is!"



ON THE WRONG SCENT.

LORD SALISBURY, M.F.H. "CONFOUND THOSE YOUNG HOUNDS!—THEY'RE TAKING A LINE OF THEIR OWN!!"



PIG-HEADED ATTACK ON THE IMMORTAL BARD.

A DISPUTED WILL.

DEAR SIR,—MR. DONNELLY'S cryptogram, showing BACON to be the author of all SHAKSPEARE'S plays, is a wonderful discovery. The principle only needs to be applied with sufficient ingenuity and perseverance, to revolutionise the whole field of literary history. I myself have only had time to apply it in a few instances, but have already got the really valuable result that NEGRETTI and ZAMBRA wrote most of the works of MILTON. DAY and MARTIN LUTHER wrote *Sandford and Merton*, and Sir WALTER SCOTT wrote the ballad with the refrain "Two Lovely Black Eyes." CHARLES THACKERAY'S works were entirely written by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE DICKENS. Hence the cryptographic name. I am working as hard at the theory as the somewhat unelastic rules of this establishment will permit, and this morning I caught a cryptogram crawling up the window-pane. Aha! excuse my glove, I must dissemble.

Colney-Hatchwell.

Yours,

THE "B" IN BOTH.

SIR,—You are performing a truly noble and philanthropic work in throwing open your columns to a subject which must inevitably seem "caviare to the general" (BACON). To myself, personally, the raising of the controversy at the present time is annoying, because I happen to have hit independently on exactly the same idea as MR. DONNELLY'S; viz., that there is an underground narrative running through SHAKSPEARE. DARWIN and WALLACE, you may remember, discovered the origin of species simultaneously, so why not I and DONNELLY the origin of SHAKSPEARE? But my cryptogram leads to an entirely different result from MR. DONNELLY'S, who has, I am certain, being led off on a false scent. Instead of multiplying every 270th word, as he does, by the number of full-stops in the page, and then dividing the result by the number of years during which ANNE HATHAWAY is supposed to have resided at Stratford-on-Avon, he should first have discovered the total quantity of words in all SHAKSPEARE'S plays and sonnets, and after that the quantity in the *Novum Organon*; then reducing the probable salary which BACON received as Lord Chancellor, each year, down to farthings, he should have divided (not multiplied) them all into each other, and brought them to decimals, and then applied that result to the plays. The process is a little complicated, but I can't make it clearer at present. Anyhow, the entrancing interest of the story so obtained can be judged from the headings of the chapters.

"Lord BACON arrives at Stratford disguised as a bargee. His midnight visit to SHAKSPEARE'S house. The poaching plot hatched. In the churchyard. The Ghost among the tombs. The Ghost discovered to be Queen ELIZABETH, who had followed BACON to Stratford disguised as a Tilbury fish-wife. The Queen buried alive in Stratford churchyard by BACON and SHAKSPEARE. The good Vicar

bribed. Their scheme to dress up ANNE HATHAWAY as Queen. Its success. ANNE HATHAWAY reigns twenty years, everybody taking her for ELIZABETH. SHAKSPEARE (stricken with remorse) appears suddenly at the bedside of BACON. Threatens to disclose all. BACON murders SHAKSPEARE. Takes all SHAKSPEARE'S Plays (hitherto unacted, having been rejected by the Managers of the period as 'wholly devoid of dramatic power') out of his pocket, and produces them next day as his own. Success of this plot also. How BACON repents at last. Invents the Cryptogram. Inserts it in the Plays on his deathbed."

You will see from this abstract that there are elements of far greater interest in my theory than in Mr. DONNELLY'S, and my publishers sincerely trust that you will insert this letter, as a gratuitous advertisement may help the sale of my forthcoming work, entitled, *Who Killed Shakspeare and Queen Elizabeth?*

Your obedient servant, ARTFUL PLODDER.

SIR,—Surely it is impossible to doubt any longer that BACON wrote *Hamlet*. Why, in that play you find him actually confessing his cowardice in not claiming the authorship of his own plays! What else can these words mean?

"What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves all."

Then occurs this truly remarkable sentence:—

"God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another."

Given whom? Why, BACON himself! Did he not make his face into another's, namely, SHAKSPEARE'S? The case is as clear as noonday. Let the insular cavillers at DONNELLY, just because he is an American, hide their diminished heads.

ANTI-HUMBUG.

DEAR SIR,—Would one of your readers kindly inform me how Friar BACON could have written SHAKSPEARE? I see by *Little Arthur's History of England* that the former lived three hundred years before SHAKSPEARE was born. This seems to be a conclusive proof that MR. DONNELLY is wrong; but though I am very fond of history, I do not profess to be a great historical critic.

TILLY SLOWBOY.

SIR,—In looking over *Macbeth*, I have found a really remarkable confirmation of MR. DONNELLY'S cryptographic story. The story relates how, when CECIL told Queen ELIZABETH that SHAKSPEARE'S plays were treasonable, she "rises up, beats HAYWARD with her crutch, and nearly kills him." In Act III., Scene 4, of *Macbeth*, occurs this line,—

"It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood"—

i.e., Queen ELIZABETH, being a person of good blood, or high lineage, will have blood, i.e., from the head of the person she beats with the crutch.

A few lines further on is a striking confirmation of this.

Macbeth says,—

"How say'st thou, that MACDUFF denies his person

At our great bidding?"

Macduff here is cryptographic for SHAKSPEARE. When summoned by the Queen to answer CECIL'S charge, SHAKSPEARE did deny his person at her bidding. MR. DONNELLY'S is a great discovery. The world does advance, in spite of Lord SALISBURY.

Yours, RADICAL.

DEAR SIR,—How long will the British public allow an impudent Yankee to lead it astray? MR. DONNELLY has evidently never read my historical novel, *A Tale of the Invincible Armada*, which somehow failed to meet with the enthusiasm it deserved, or he would know that CECIL valued SHAKSPEARE most highly. In my book he never addresses the Bard without saying, "Marry, Gossip," or "I' faith, good coz." I am sure your readers will be glad of this information; also to hear that I am bringing out a cheap popular edition of the same book, price only three-and-sixpence. Order at once, Yours, M. AINCHANCE.

SIR,—Perhaps, after all, the best solution of the SHAKSPEARE-BACON puzzle is one analogous to that suggested by a learned Don in the Homer controversy—viz., that the person who wrote the plays was not SHAKSPEARE, but another man of the same name.

Yours, COMMONSENSICUS ACADEMICUS.

LORD SALISBURY'S SHAKSPEARE.

"The policy of worry 'shan't be strained;
They'll drop it in my gentle reign next Session."



AN OPPORTUNIST."

He. "OH, EMIL—MISS CRUMPOHER—CAN—HAVE YOU EVER LOVED!"
She. "N—NOT THIS SEASON!"

A WOULD-BE "LITERARY GENT."—The following is from the *Daily Telegraph*:—
LITERARY.—A gentleman who erst wrote for recreation, is driven, through cruel misfortune, to resume his pen for a livelihood. Fugitive lines, reviews of English, French, and Italian literature, topics of the day.

What a condescension! How good of him! He "first wrote for recreation"—whose?—his own probably, and that of his friends who were as easily amused as were those of Mr. PETER MAGNUS,—who signed himself P.M., or afternoon, for the entertainment of his correspondents,—and now he is "driven through cruel misfortune to resume his pen." Very cruel! Perhaps already his friends are beginning to suffer from this spiteful freak of Fortune. But as he can knock off with ease a variety of literary work, he is rather to be envied than pitied; and already he may be on the high road to literary fame which he will despise, and solid wealth which he will appreciate.

THE NEW SIXPENCE.—On the face is to be the QUEEN's effigy with inscription, and on the reverse its value inscribed, surrounded by an olive-branch and an oak-branch. More appropriate for the face would have been the QUEEN's effigy surrounded by olive-branches.

M. PASTEUR is the man for the successful treatment of hydrophobia. Does the Australasian Government appeal to him for assistance because it finds itself in a rabbit state?

O'BRIEN'S BREECHES.

(Humbly imitated from Henry Luttrell's
"Burnham Beeches.")

A BARD, dear Muse, who pluck would sing,
Your friendly aid beseeches.
Help me to touch the lyric string
On—brave O'BRIEN's breeches!

What though the splendour of my lines
To SWINBURNE's height ne'er reaches?
The theme, if not the thrummer, shines;
That theme's—O'BRIEN's breeches!

They wouldn't let O'BRIEN talk,
Or make "seditious" speeches.
They quodded him, his plans to baulk,
And—tried to bag his breeches!

But brave O'BRIEN's blood did burn
(Say, who his pluck impeaches?)
He up and swore in accents stern,
"I won't—wear convict breeches!"

Those gaolers deep about him hung,
They stuck to him like leeches.
But he, the eloquent of tongue,
Stuck to—O'BRIEN's breeches!

If "sermons be in stones," I'll bet
A prison patience teaches.
The prisoner to bed must get;
They watched—and boned his breeches!

The captive of the cold complains,
His breechless bones it reaches.
But yield? No, rather he remains
In bed—without his breeches!

In vain the prison-clothes they show;
Badge of dishonour each is.
Patriots prefer to lie below
Bed-clothes—without their breeches!

But friends unto the dungeon hie,
No gaoler marks (or peaches),
They hand O'BRIEN, on the sly,
Another pair of breeches!

Black BALFOUR's myrmidons are fooled!
A lesson high this teaches:
A plucky people is not ruled
By—stealing patriot's breeches!

BRIAN BORU they sang of yore,
But when her goal she reaches,
Erin will sing, from shore to shore,
O'BRIEN—and his breeches!

Her bards will praise the patriot true,
His long and fiery speeches,
His bearding BALFOUR's brutal crew;
But, above all,—his breeches!

Oh, ne'er may the potheen pass round
But—Erin so beseeches—
The Isle may with one theme resound,—
O'BRIEN—and his breeches!

Hold! Though I'd fain be jingling on,
One rhyme, experience teaches,
You can't ring on for aye! I've done.
Farewell, O'BRIEN's breeches!

The Shakspearian Question.

An Actor's opinion on the Bacon v. Shakspeare controversy, expressed in a strictly professional cryptogrammatic style.
"SHAKSPEARE written by a chap called BACON, my boy? Very likely; I always found 'lots of fat' in it."

Another (at Brighton, by an Ancient Mariner who sticks to the "Old Ship").
"BACON wrote SHAKSPEARE? Well, perhaps he did. He was a clever chap, was dear old ARTHUR BACON; but still, somehow, I don't think he wrote SHAKSPEARE. At least not all of it."

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 54.



THE PARLIAMENTARY CATTLE-SHOW.

ON THEATRICAL PICTURE-POSTERS.

SIR,—I used to be a very regular attendant at the Theatres. I am not so now, and I find that by staying away, I have time at my disposal, which I never had before, for reading, study, and social intercourse. I save my money and preserve my health. And for this I have most sincerely to thank the Managers of our London Theatres, who, within the last few years, have adopted a style of pictorial advertisement, which, though possibly attractive to simple-minded folk, or restless youth, exercises a singularly deterrent effect on the middle-aged playgoer, and on all imaginative and timid persons, especially of the feminine gender.

For example, speaking as a mediævalist, or one of the middle-ages, if I see a huge coloured picture on a hoarding representing several sensational situations which form a frame for the culminating horror of the play in the centre, as an old stager I know that play from beginning to end, and take in the whole plot at a glance. I can imagine the dialogue without doing much injury to the author, and, as I have seen the principal actors and actresses, I can, in my own mind, furnish the piece with a cast probably far superior to that at the particular theatre where the melodrama, thus pictorially advertised, is being performed. The scenery and costumes I have before me on the hoarding. This applies to several theatres. As to timid ladies they shrink from seeing the realisation of the terrible situations depicted on the picture-poster. They have seen quite enough: they will wait until something less startling shall be substituted for this display of crime, cruelty, and violence.

It is really very kind of the Managers to provide for outsiders in this way, but the outsiders remain outsiders, and have no desire to

enter these chambers of Dramatic Horrors. As a supporter of shows and exhibitions, with considerable experience, I know well enough that the representation outside the booth is very much superior to the reality within; for example, the outside picture of a Fat Woman exaggerates the corpulence of the Lady on view inside the caravan; the Mermaid is most attractive in the picture, probably floating about playing a harp, while the reality is a dummy figure composed of a monkey's and cat's skin sewn together and stuffed. I hope the Managers will develop their pictorial advertisements still further; I speak selfishly, as if everyone takes my view, where will the audiences be?

The only advertisements that ever attract me, and cause me to say, "Ah! I should like to see *that*!" are those which, on closer inspection, I find to be only the artistic trade-marks of some new soap, beetle-powder, peculiar whiskey, sewing machines, or soothing syrup. Pray, Sir, do all you can to encourage Theatrical Art in Mural Decorations, and save the time and money of,

Yours,

PATER FAMILIAS.

P.S.—I shall take my boys in holiday time the round of the hoardings, and tell them all about the plays. Cheap entertainment, eh?

MR. BLUNDELL MAPLE, M. P. elect for Dulwich—not by any means a dullidge sort of constituency in the opinion of the Conservative Candidate's Agent—is to be congratulated on attaining his majority. When he has prepared his maiden speech for the House, he may hum to himself:—

"Now I'm furnished, Now I'm furnished for my flight!"

THE FUTURE POSITION OF THE ARMY.

A Sketch founded on the Suggestions of "The Greatest Briton."

PART I.—*Before the G. B. took the matter in hand.*

"I AM heartily glad you have come," said the Commander-in-Chief (patented), throwing down the *Fortnightly*, "because this



"En Retraite."

article upon the present condition of the Army, by the Author of *Greater Britain*, has put me out completely."

"I glanced at it, but could not get through it," replied the Field Marshal. "What does he say?"

"Well, so far as I can make out, that in the time of war all the Militia will be drafted into the Army, and all the Coast Guards into the Navy, and both will disappear together with the Army and the Navy in the first battle."

"Anything else?"

"Well," continued GEORGE RANGER, re-opening the Magazine, "he seems to think that we have got enough men, if we can't get more, but that we must defend India with the aid of compulsory service, although, for various 'religious and commercial reasons, almost peculiar to England, the non-adoption of Conscription is certain."

"From this I take it the article is slightly mixed?"

"It is—and I am bothered entirely!" replied the poor Duke, who had a habit, when worried, of returning to the brogue he used as Prince GEORGE in Ireland, in his youth. "What will I do? Look there now, we have cut down everything to starvation proportions, to please Lord GRANDOLPH, to say nothing of upsetting the entire machinery of the War Office, to save the salary of the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance. Sure, what more will I do?"

"Read this," replied the Field Marshal, giving to H. R. H. a packet. "If War is declared, open it, and act upon the orders contained in it."

And, with this, *Punch*, the greatest modern strategist, bowed, and retired.

PART II.—*After the G. B. took the matter in hand.*

Two months later Europe, shaken by the mightiest conflict of this century, was beginning to regain her composure. It would be unwise (for it might offend foreign susceptibilities) to give the names of the victories that had added fresh lustre to the British arms. Suffice it to say that not a single reverse had been recorded. Once more the Field Marshal entered the room of the Commander-in-Chief (patented).

"Well, GEORGE, how goes it?" asked the foremost soldier of the age. The Commander-in-Chief (patented) fell upon his knees and kissed the spurs of his master's boots.

"Nay, this show of gratitude is pleasing, but embarrassing. Remember, GEORGE, you are of Royal Blood," and the Field-Marshal gently and kindly assisted the Patented One to rise.

"I cannot help it," returned GEORGE, with a burst of almost painful emotion. "You have done so much for us."

"Not at all," observed *Punch* with a smile, "that packet certainly contained a few suggestions of some value."

"Why, they saved the country! How should we have horsed the Cavalry and Artillery, if we had not entered on peace contracts with the Directors of Pickford's, the London General Omnibus Company, the Road Cars, the Tramways, and the Herne Bay Bathing Machine Owners. The last were not easily persuaded to act with us, as somehow the requisition of their quadrupeds seemed to interfere with the success of the Thanet Harriers."

"But they gave in at last?"

"Certainly, patriotism was the rule without exception. Then the compulsory service of their *employés* in the Volunteers, insisted upon by all the West End Tradesmen and employers of labour throughout the land, had the best effects. Why some of the finest troops in the world came from SCHOOLBRED'S, WHITELEY'S, the Army and Navy Stores, and SMITH AND SONS."

"And the Inns of Court, the Universities, and the Medical Colleges also insisted upon continued efficient service in the Volunteer ranks to secure the advantage of audience in the Courts and Registration as Doctors, didn't they?"

"Certainly! Oh, it was grand! Then we got as much Cavalry as we required from the farmers, and the Yeomanry, and purchased the entire stock of guns from the Continent.—Just as you told me to do."

"Quite right," said *Punch*, "after all, guns and ammunition are only a question of figures. I suppose the British Army in India was recalled home and distributed amongst the Colonies, as I suggested, and the Native Troops that were not quite trustworthy treated in the same manner?"

"Assuredly, yes, and they have given an admirable account of themselves in Australia and Canada." Then GEORGE hesitated. "But you would not tell me how you supplied their places in India. You merely asked for transport for your Army of Reserves."

"Quite so," said *Punch*, with a smile. "But, now that peace is decided upon, and all but declared, I need keep silence no longer. The fact is, I fought the Russians with an Army of Germans and Italians, under the command of my friend Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS."

"Germans and Italians! Where did you get them from?"

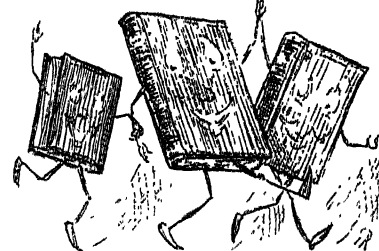
"From places where they were ruining our working-poor and doing themselves no permanent good. I shipped them from Hatton Garden and Whitechapel. My country saved, the welfare of the world in general demands my restored attention. It shall have it."

And full of this truly benevolent intention, *Mr. Punch* returned to Fleet Street.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FROM *The Personal Remembrances* of Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK (MACMILLAN & Co.) I had, I confess, expected a great deal more

than I found in the two volumes. And I hold that I had a right to expect something more than usually interesting from the Remembrances of the Queen's Remembrancer. What Sir FREDERICK remembers as Remembrancer to the QUEEN is very little, though quite sufficient for the office; but his own recollections as his own Remembrancer are very pleasant reading, being full



Odd Volumes.

of information given in an unpretentious conversational style, about Cambridge University life, the Bench and the Bar, and Literary Society generally. There is a good deal of eating and drinking recorded—not too much, perhaps, for the necessities of social life; and the "C. C. S.," or Cambridge Conversazione Society seems to have been very regular in its intellectual gatherings at various places where good food is provided. This Club, limited to twelve members, was called somewhat profanely "The Twelve Apostles," though of what they were Apostles I cannot make out. They have evidently an Apostolic Succession, as the Club is still in existence, I believe. Altogether, among this sudden glut in the market of literary confidences in the shape of ducal, journalistic, artistic, and egotistic recollections, this may be taken up as a chatty and readable book.

Woman's World for December, edited by our OSCAR WILDE, is full of woman's wit, and some of the illustrations, especially in the department of The Fashions, are charming. What a change from the old style of painted doll inanities, dressed up in a style never seen in real life! The picture of the three pretty women preparing for a ball is a candle to attract male moths—"male moths" being obviously the opposite to "ma'am-moths," as that undefeated punster SAMUEL JOHNSON would have said under certain circumstances. Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED's account of Royat is very amusing; but, though I have been several times up to La Charrade, yet never have I had the good fortune to come across Madame GRENON, who, if her portrait, as given in this number, is a genuine likeness, ought to be one of the attractions of the environs of Royat. Good, honest, kindly faces I saw at Charrade, but why this uncommonly pretty one hid herself, as she must have done whenever she saw this distinguished water-drinker coming to Charrade is a charade to me. The general remarks on the Stage by the lamented Authoress of *John Halifax*, whose recent loss we all deplore, are very interesting, as recording the impressions of a good, pure-minded woman, whose acquaintance with the *vie intime* of the Theatre was limited. The portraits of Miss ANDERSON are not particularly flattering—rather shady, which is the one thing that no one shall ever unchallenged say of our sweet and gentle *Perdita* in the hearing of your rather deaf

POLIXÈNES, BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM THE MINISTER TO PERSIA.

Hampstead, Saturday.



EAR TOBY,

I AM, as you will understand, so busy in my preparations for departure, that I fear I may not find time to call upon you, *p.p.c.*, and therefore take up my pen to write these few lines, hoping they will find you well, as they leave me at present. It is an odd reflection to one who has reached my time of life, that henceforward sixteen-shilling trousers shall have no more interest for me. Already, in the privacy of my room, I don the flowing robes of the East, and sit by the hour as you see me in a little sketch I have had made, and beg your acceptance herewith. It is all very strange to me

yet. As GR-ND-LPH says, it is the oddest thing in the world that the Ark and I, after much tossing about in troublous waters, should finally settle down in the neighbourhood of Ararat. If I had had my choice, I would not have gone so far afield. The wise men, you know, come from the East, they do not go there; at least, not further than Constantinople, which would have suited me admirably. Rome I have eyed askance. I could have dressed the part for St. Petersburg. Berlin would not have been bad; and I feel that I was born for Paris. But the Markiss of course has his way, and he has mapped mine out for Teheran.

It is odd to reflect (and as I sit here trying to grow accustomed to the hookah, I feel in a reflective mood) that if BR-DL-GH had not been elected for Northampton in 1880, I would never have been Her Majesty's Minister at the Court of the SHAH. Do you remember the night, nearly eight years gone, when I jumped up from my seat below the Gangway and physically barred BR-DL-GH's passage up the House? In the loose way history is written, GR-ND-LPH gets the credit of incubating the Fourth Party. But if it had not been for me, that remarkable cohort would never have existed, and the history of English politics for the last seven years would have been written differently. GR-ND-LPH was actually not in the House when I created the BR-DL-GH difficulty. Three weeks earlier, on BR-DL-GH's first presenting himself, FREDDY C-V-ND-SH had moved for a Select Committee to consider his claim to make affirmation. ST-RF-ND N-BTHC-TE had seconded the hum-drum motion, the Committee was agreed to, and there the matter ended. When GR-SV-N-R moved to nominate the Committee, I came to the front, was snubbed by H-LK-R at the instance of our respected Leaders, but stuck to it then and after, till presently, the Conservative Party, seeing the advantage, came round to my view and poor ST-RF-ND N-BTHC-TE had to eat his words. GR-ND-LPH came on the field and the ball was set rolling; but it was I who gave it the first kick.

And now behold me solemn, sedate, responsible, the Representative of the greatest of Western Powers at the Court where once ARTAXERXES ruled! In quitting Parliamentary life I leave behind me an example which young Members will find it profitable to study. The opportunities I possessed were held in common with hundreds of others whom I leave in obscurity. I had no particular gifts that promised the comfortable pre-eminence I have reached. The coarsest flatterer could not accuse me of oratorical ability. GR-ND-LPH, I confess, excelled me there, and so did G-RST, an abler man than either of us, but lacking in the quality that brought GR-ND-LPH and me to the front and kept us there. What I did, was to keep myself in evidence, and to make myself as

disagreeable as possible to people in authority. If the object of attack were GR-DST-NE, good; if it were N-BTHC-TE, better, as showing more independence, and as securing the favourable attention of the Opposition. It is a commonplace, ordinary thing to be cheered by your own side. What the young aspirant to Parliamentary distinction should look to, is to gain the applause of the Benches opposite. R-B-CX knew that in old days, and so did H-RSM-N, and in these later times GR-ND-LPH better and more successfully than either.

I quit the House of Commons with unfeigned regret, tempered only by the anticipated pleasure of watching from Teheran the coming cropper of my old friends. The deluge is surely coming for them, whilst I loll landed high and dry upon Ararat. I like to make B-LF-R uneasy by telling him this. But he boasts of an infallible receipt the Government have for keeping up their Parliamentary majority. Here and there a bye-election may reduce it, "but," says B-LF-R, "we can always play next, and win. For every bye-election lost we clap an Irish Member in gaol, or, for the matter of that, a Radical, and thus maintain an even balance. We lose Coventry and they lose O'BR-N's vote. Spalding goes, and T. H-RR-NGT-N's vote is crossed out. Northwich is lost, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin is lagged. We lose a vote in the Exchange Ward, Liverpool, and they are bereft of SHEEHY, whilst we have left to the good Cox and E. H-RR-NGT-N, with P-NE safe within the mud walls of his castle."

That is all very well, but evidently it cannot go on indefinitely. I at least am out of the scuffle happily, and in good time, and, political life's fever over, shall live well.

Yours faithfully, H. D. W-LFF.

THE STRAIGHT TIP.

(To All whom it may concern.)

HASTY assumption, by spite inspired,
Spouting in public before you've inquired
Basis of fact or authority's worth;
Wriggles, provoking much cynical mirth,
Roundaboutness, sophistical fudge;
Then retraction, but done with a grudge!—
Gentlemen, gentlemen, is this good form?
Would you political outcasts storm
Like Heathen Chinee with (word) "stinkpots"?

For shame!

This is not manfully playing the game.
It is not "good business," believe me, but bad,
Whether you're Tory or whether you're Rad.
Young and conceited, or old and grand,
To tell taradiddles—at second-hand!

THEATRICAL RECIPROCITY.

FIRST of all came The London Savoyards, who, after sending their D'OLY CARTE *de visite* in advance, showed our cousins-German the way to perform Burlesque Opera of native English growth. Then followed HERR WYNDHAM, and FRAÜLIN MOORE, who have just been instructing the Berliners in the art of playing Comedy, and have achieved an undeniable success in *David Garrick*. Odd international combination this, English actors playing before a German audience a piece adapted by an English author from a French play translated into German. Our actors and actresses will go in for the study of German, and as we now hear in England that German labour ousts native labour from the market, so we may expect very soon to hear German actors protesting against the influx of English Theatrical Companies who are taking the bread out of their mouths. What will be the next move in this game? Will SARDO adapt *The Butler* to be played here by COQUELIN, in TOOLE's part, and at his theatre, with SARAH BERNHARDT as the Cook, just to strengthen the cast? HERR WYNDHAM appeared at the Residenz Theatre. We hope he is not going to take up his Residenz there, as we can't spare him.

Fling at Fair-Traders.

Duet in the "Tempest." STEPHANO and TRINCULO.

"Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em, and flout 'em.
Trade is free."



A MALADE IMAGINAIRE.

"WHY!—HAS YOUR DACHS GOT A SORE THROAT, LIZZIE?"—"NO; BUT HE THINKS HE HAS!"

ALTERAM PARTEM.

SIR,—The reason why I have not hitherto contributed to the controversy on the recent unhappy (Police) Divisions is, because I have been laid up in the Hospital. Never mind which Hospital—but I have not been so comfortable since I had the mumps, years and years ago, at school. Being a born economist, I naturally turned out in my myriads to assist at a gratis show in Trafalgar Square; and, Sir, I never came so near realising what a "dead head" was in the whole course of a chequered (not to say chucked) career. But do I turn round and abuse the Police? Why, ever since that fortunate Sunday, I have enjoyed, at no expense to myself, the most delicate of viands, the tenderest of nursing, and a complete immunity from even the suggestion of getting anything to do; and, in addition to all this, the satisfaction of having employed the services of a force to whose maintenance I have never contributed one farthing. But soft, a nurse approaches, and I must dissemble.

Yours, in Clover,
FREEMAN GRUBBER.

"Re-Joyce!"

THE Woodford tenants
Must have liquor'd
To hear of the penance
Of Lord CLANRICARDE.

A RASHER THEORY OF BACON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I. It is plain that the *soi-disant* SHAKSPEARE was poor to the end of his days. This is proved by MILTON's sonnet beginning—
"What needs my SHAKSPEARE for his honour'd bones?"

This shows that the person in question was in the habit of selling his kitchen refuse, and more noteworthy still, that MILTON was in the habit of buying it. Whether out of respect for the vendor, which would go a long way towards proving the esteem in which he was held, or because MILTON was in the marine store line at this period, I leave to Mr. DONNELLY to decide.

II. It is certain that there is a cypher in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. *Pyramus* has the line, "O, dainty duck. O, dear!" Now "duck" stands with cricketers for 0, and 0 is a cypher (or is it figures that are cyphers? but, never mind). Therefore we have here the expression, "O, dainty cypher. O, dear!" which proves conclusively, that the cypher was dainty,—exquisite, elaborated; and also that BAKSPEARE was heartily tired of it, unless, "dear" refers to the terms he had to pay to SHAKON to hold his tongue. But the fact that the supposed author used to sell bones, and inferentially rags, to MILTON, rather militates against this hypothesis. And here note what a flood of light is thrown upon the disappearance of the manuscripts. They were indubitably sold, with the honoured rags and bones to MILTON, who has certainly more than one suspicious coincidence of thought and phraseology, especially in his earlier poems.

III. My play, *Piccovincius*, contains the clue to the whole matter. There is a picture on the title-page of a boy blowing an egg, while an elderly gentlewoman, who is remark-

ably like the bust of the poet in Stratford Church, looks on with every appearance of interest. Underneath is the legend, "Lyttel FRANCIS teaching his Cryptograp'mother." I am firmly convinced that *Piccovincius* was written by both of them. The style is not the least like that of either, which proves that they didn't want everyone to know. I subjoin a specimen. The scene is the palace of the usurping Duke JINGULUS, who is about to wed the Lady RACHEL. Yours, RODERICK TWEDDLE.

JINGULUS, RACHEL, PHILOSTRATE, and others.

Jing. Say, PHILOSTRATE, what abridgment have you for

This dull, three-volume day?

Phil. There is, my lord, A show of cats and tame canary birds. The cats, sleek sleepy creatures, well content, Doze fur in fur, the while the nimble birds Climb ladders, carry baskets, beg for pence: Which given, they in bills receive, and take With hops, well-satisfied unto their keepers, Then the sleek cats sit up and 'gin to spar, And get sleek heads in furry chancery.

Jing. That will we not see at our wedding-time,

No sparring, nor no caging. Well, what next?

Phil. A hunch-back'd man, long-nosed, there is, my lord,

Who in a curtained tabernacle dwells, Himself, his wife, his child, a helpless babe, His dog, of rare sagacity, though small, Is full as large as all the family.

The man a cudgel bears, and carries it As though he lov'd it. Spurning household cares,

To pity dead, he through the window flings His wailing, helpless babe, nor spares the pean

Of nasal triumph and the drumming foot. The mother thus bereav'd, such comfort gets As in the cudgel lies, and joins too soon

Her infant sped. Again the nasal song Shrills, and the blood-stained tabernacle shakes

With heels triumphant tapping. All who come—

Many there are who come—learn soon or late The flavour of the cudgel. At the end All human powers defied, the hangman trick'd By childlike wile, and hois'd with his own halter,

A day of reckoning comes. The unseen world A minister sends forth who terrifies The heart that knew no terror; turns the song Of triumph to a long wail of despair; And this most wicked puppet goes below The curtain of his booth.

Jing. A moral play!
This we will see. Command it. Lords, away!
[Exit in State.]

HYDROPATHIC ART.—"O GIVE me the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall," sang Captain MORRIS, the Laureate of the Old Beef-steak Club. At the present period of the year we have a greater liking for the sunny side. And the sunniest spot on the sunny side we have discovered during the last week is undoubtedly in the rooms of the Sanatorium presided over by Sir JOHN GILBERT. The Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours is a capital hydropathic establishment at this season of the year.

A NECESSARY EXPLANATION.—Considerable remark has been excited by the sudden departure from London of Count CORTI, the Italian Ambassador. The fact is, Count CORTI was compelled to appear at Rome, in person, as an answer to the imperious order of recall which (to translate the legal process exactly) is of the nature of a "County Corti Summons."



' M. LE PRÉSIDENT FAUTE-DE-MIEUX.'

SOCIETY SIBYLS.

[Palmistry is now a fashionable amusement at bazaars and at evening parties.]

THE Sibyl in the times of old,
Who dealt in charms unlawful,
Had hair unkempt and eyes that rolled
'Mid conjurations awful.
The prophetess of modern days,
Who dabbles in divining,
A pair of pleasant eyes will raise,
'Neath hair that's soft and shining.

The latest "fad" appears to be
Commingled fact and fancy,
What led of old LEUCONŒ
To trust to chiromancy.
Which is, the victim understands,
That each vice or perfection
Can be discovered in his hands
By Sibylline inspection.

She'll tell us all the Mounts and Lines
Of Saturn and of Venus;
With man and wife her skill divines
What shadows come between us.

She sees in hands a taste for Art,
For Music, or for Letters,
And knows how often each poor heart
Has yielded to Love's fetters.

It's rather hard to stand and hear
Your character decided,
And imperfections that appear,
By captious friends derided.
Yet if you'll listen to advice,
You'll smile, and looking pleasant,
Trust only prophecies when nice,
Of either past or present.

'ARRY ON HIS CRITICS.'

DEAR CHARLIE,

I'm much obligated for that there *St. James's Gazette* As you sent me larst Satterday's post. I've read it with hintrest, you bet; Leastways, more pertikler the harticle writ on "yours truly," dear boy; Wich the paper is one as a gent who is reelly a gent can enjoy.



I shall paternize it with much pleasure; it's steep, but it's puffest good form. Seems smart at the "ground" and the "lofty," and makes it tremenjusly warm For WILLYUM the Woodchopper. Scissors! His name's never orf of their lips. Wy, it's worth a fair six d a week jest to see 'em a slating Old Chips!

Proves as 'ARRY is well to the front wen sech higerlite pens pop on him. Does me proud and no horror, dear pal; shows we're both in the same bloomin' swim.

Still, they don't oop my phiz quite ker-reet; they know GLADSTONE right down to the ground;

But I ain't quite so easy 'it off, don'toher see, if you take me all round.

Old Collars is simple as lyin', becos he's all bad, poor old 'ack, And you can't be fur out in his portrait as long as you sloop on the black. But I'm quite another guess sort; penny plain, tuppence coloured, yer see, May do all very well for the ruck; but they'll find it won't arnaer for me!

I'm a daisy, dear boy, and no 'eeltaps! I wish the *St. James's* young man Could drop into my diggings permiskus; he's welcome whenever he can; For he isn't no J., that's a moral; I don't bear no malice; no fear! But I'd open 'is hoptics a mossel concernin' my style and my spere.

The essence of 'ARRY, he sez, is high sperrits. That ain't so fur out. I'm "Fiz," not four 'arf, my dear feller. Flare-up is my motto, no doubt. Carn't set in a corner canoodling, and do the Q. T. day and night. My mug, mate, was made for a larf, and you don't ketch it pulling a kite.

So fur all serene; but this joker, I tell yer, runs slap orf the track Wen he says that my togs and my talk are "the fashion of sev'ral years back." The slang of the past is my patter—mine, CHARLIE, he sez! Poor young man! If I can't keep upsides with the cackle of snide 'uns, dear CHARLIE, who can?

Wot is slang, my dear boy, that's the question. The mugs and the jugs never joke,

Never gag, never work in a wheeze; no, their talk is all skilly and toke, 'Cos they ain't got no bloomin' hinvention; they keeps to the old line of rails, With about as much "go" as a Blue Point, about as much rattle as snails.

MAVOR'S Spellin' and Copybook matters is all they can run to. But slang? Wy, it's simply smart patter, of wich only me and my sort 'as the 'ang. Snappy snideness put pichy, my pippin, the pick of the chick and the hodd, And it fettle up talk, my dear CHARLIE, like 'ot hoyster sauce with biled cod.

"Swell vernacular"? Swells don't invent it; they nick it from hus, and no kid. Did a swell ever start a new wheeze? Would it 'ave any run if he did? Let the ink-slingers trot out their kibosh, and jest see 'ow flabby it falls. Bet it won't raise a grin at the bar, bet it won't git a 'and at the 'alls.

And fancy my slang being stale, CHARLIE! Gives me the needle, that do. In course I've been in it for years, mate, and mix up the old and the new; But if the *St. James's* young gentleman fancies hisself on this lay, I'll "slang" him for glasses all round, him whose patter fust fails 'im to pay.

Then he sez, "'ARRY's always a Londoner." Shows 'ARRY ain't no bad judge. "Wot the crockerdile is to the Nile 'ARRY is to the Thames." Well, that's fudge.

That's a ink-slinger's try-on at patter. Might jest as well call me a moke. Try another, young man; this is kibosh puttending to pass for a joke.

Wen he sez my god's "go,"—well he's 'it it. Great Scott! wot is life without "go"?

But "loud, slangy, vulgar"? No, 'ang it, young man, this is—well, there, Me vulgar! a Primrose, CHARLIE, a true "Anti-Radical" pot! [it's low. No, excuse me, St. J., I admire you; but this is all dashed tommy-rot.

Stale, too, orful stale, my young josser. It's wot all the soap-crawlers say, If a party 'as "go" and "high sperrits"—percise wot you praise me for, hay?— If he "can laugh aloud," as you say I can, better than much finer folk, Will you ticket 'im "vulgar," for doin' it? Oh, you go 'ome and eat coke!

Leastways I don't mean that exackly; I like you too well; you're my sort; But you ain't took my measure kerrect, I'm a Tory, a patriot, a "sport." So wy should you round on me thusly? I call it a little mite mean. If I took and turned Radical now; but oh! no, 'ARRY isn't so green.

'Owsomever in one thing you've nicked me. No marriage for 'ARRY, sez you. O, right you are, chummie! I'm single, you bet, though I'm turned twenty-two, [man, and no kid. And I've 'ad lots o' chances, I tell yer; fair 'ot 'uns, old But I'll 'ave a free run for my money, as long as I'm good for a quid.

Yah! Marriage is orful queer paper; it's fatal, dear boy, as you say, prime lay. It damps down the rortiest dasher, it spiles yer for every No; gals is good fun, wives wet blankets, that's wot my egspierience tells, And the swells foller me on that track, though you say as I follers the swells.

Wot odds arter all? We're jest dittos! I'm not bad at bottom, sez you. [bullion to blue, Well, thankye for nothink, my joker. As long as I've I mean to romp round a rare buster, lark, lap, take the pick of the fun, And, bottom or top, good or bad, keep my heye on one mark—Number One!

There, CHARLIE, that's 'ow I should answer my critics. They ain't nicked me yet, [Gazette. Not even the pick o' the basket, 'im of the *St. James's* He's not a bad sort though, I reckon. Laugh, lark, out a dash, never marry! Yus, it only want's my fillin' in to make that a fair photo, of 'ARRY.

WELL PROTECTED;

OR, WHAT IT WILL COME TO.

A DEMONSTRATION was held yesterday afternoon at St. Giles's Hall, in connection with the Imperial Association, for the raising of Agricultural and other Prices, "to protest still further against the late unrestricted ability to live on their means enjoyed by the British Middle Classes," and "to take ulterior measures for rendering it more impossible." A large number of members of the Association were assembled, among whom were the Duke of GLUTLAND, the Right Hon. JAMES MOW-THRE, Mr. GRUNTZ, Mr. C. W. BRAY, M.P., and others.

Mr. FLOWERD MISPERT, M.P., said he was proud to take the chair on such an occasion, and to congratulate the assembly on the immense progress made in the country of the principles they were met to advocate. ("Hear, hear!") Their great object had been, by forcing the Government to put a prohibitive tax on all foreign imports whatever, to so stimulate home industries that while the producer flourished at the expense of the consumer, the latter, representing four-fifths of the nation, was driven to the verge of desperation by a general rise of prices, that he was powerless either to stave off or meet. (Loud cheers.) He thought that the great bulk of the Middle Classes of the country must, if not already hopelessly ruined, at least have got it pretty hot. (Laughter.) Take his own case. Owing to the new import duties levied on foreign wool and silk, the tweed suit in which he stood up before them on that platform had been charged to him by his tailor at £37 15s. (laughter), while his hat, for the appearance of which he could not say much, had cost him £5 18s. 6d. (Renewed laughter.) Such prices as these must tell in the long run on the pocket of that great enemy of national industry, the "Consumer." (Cheers.)

The Chairman then read letters of apology from the Duke of TWICKENHAM, Lord STARCH, and Baron DIMOCK, M.P., who declared their readiness to favour any motion calculated to stimulate a still further rise of prices. Mr. JOLLIS, M.P., wrote in a similar sense, and in a letter expressing regret that he was unable to be present, Lord HAPENCE said:—The brilliant future that is now dawning on the prospects of the British Agricultural Interests must be patent to all. Only yesterday I was charged 18s. 6d. in a local hotel bill for a small omelette, and, on asking for some explanation, was informed by the waiter that since the importation of French eggs had ceased, the market price of those procurable from English poultry had risen to 4s. 6d. (Cheers), and they were not to be relied on at that. This is as it should be. Need I say I paid my bill, not only without a murmur, but with positive satisfaction. (Loud cheers.)

Sir EDWARD MULLIGAN, M.P., wrote:—"Your meeting is a very important one, and has my cordial support. But with British-made ladies' gloves at £1 3s. 6d. a pair, British-made chocolate at 17s. 6d. a pound, and British-made silver watches at £38 a piece, it cannot be denied that the absence of foreign competition has favourably affected home prices. May this encouraging catalogue be continued. I hear, too, that since prohibitive duty has been imposed on the importation of petroleum the coarsest kinds of composite candles have been selling at 9s. 6d. a pound. Living for the Middle Classes must be getting unendurable. I hail the prospect as a hopeful sign of the times. (Cheers.)"

Mr. JOYNTER, the Chairman of the Association, then rose to move the first Resolution:—"That in consideration of the fact that, though the threepenny halfpenny loaf was now at 3s. 9d., and that though the agricultural labourer was paying 4s. 7d. a pound for bacon, £3 17s. for a smock, and £1 15s. 6d. for a second-hand spade, and that yet, notwithstanding these fiscal advantages, he did not seem entirely satisfied with his improved condition, the meeting should urge upon the State, the necessity of imposing still further prohibitive duties on foreign imports in the hope of introducing even greater complications into the vexed question of how to make the British Consumer entirely support the British Producer."

Mr. WAITLAND seconded the motion. He added, however, that notwithstanding the undeniably flourishing condition of British trade at home, he could not regard its prospects as equally satisfactory abroad. Owing to the retaliatory action of Foreign Governments, our Exports appeared somehow entirely to have disappeared. (Laughter.)

Mr. GRUNTZ, said that was so. Still there could be no doubt as to its healthy progress in our midst, and that reflection ought to quiet the misgivings and comfort the heart of the Ardent Imperial Associationist. He had in his pocket at that moment a British-made cigar. (Cheers.) It hadn't a nice flavour, it wouldn't draw, and it cost him 12s. 6d.—(laughter)—still, it was made of British-grown tobacco, and that was everything. (Hear, hear!) Perhaps it was in their wine that people of his class suffered most. In the old days he used to drink Dry Monopole; but since a Government duty of £20 a dozen was imposed on all imported Champagne, he had had to have his from the "British Home-manufactured Wine Company;" and, though they charged him eleven guineas a dozen for it, and he believed it frequently made his guests seriously ill, still he felt he was supporting a "home industry," and did not scruple to put it freely before them. (Roars of laughter.)

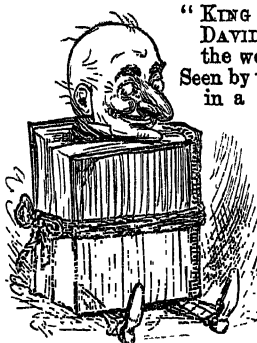
After the enthusiastic singing of "Rule Britannia" by the whole meeting, a vote of thanks to the Chairman brought the proceedings, which were of a very animated character, to a conclusion.

To the Modern Men of Gotham.

"FISCAL Reform"? A pretty phrase
To mark the old exploded craze;
But, Gothamites, you're surely blind!
Think you to reach "Protection's" goal
By squatting in that leaky bowl,
And whistling for a (Fair Trade) Wind?

NEW WORK BY MR. O'BRIEN. — Under the general heading of *Tullamore Tales*, we are to expect a good story, entitled, *Reverses on the other side of the Tweed*.

OUR CHRISTMAS BOOKING-OFFICE.



Wrapped Up in a Book.

(AIR—"Zurich's Fair Waters.")

The Christmas Number of *London Society*—*Society!*

With STRANGE WINTER, GRIFFITH, and
Gives us all a most pleasing variety—[FENN,
Variety!

There's a tale from the CAMERON pen.

If sly FRANCIS BACON was SHAKESPEARE *in cog*,
His publisher nowadays ought to be HOGG,
Whose books for the Season, the "Stories and
Yarns," [larns.]

Must prove to us all that "one lives and one
But "Cocky and Clnoky and Cackle," I fear,
Which is from the German, is not very clear.

GRIFFITHS and FARREN, farren-aceous food
For children's taste provide—all very good.

In his story of the "Willoughby" two "Cap-
tains," T. B. REED
Shows how a public school-boy's life both
pride and courage need.

In your "Walks in the Ardennes," which
some may prefer to Surrey—
PERCY LINDLEY's is a Guide-book—to be
re-named "LINDLEY-MURRAY."

Here's "Bo-Peep" and also "Little Folks,"
with prose and verse combined,
Wherein the smallest readers may find some-
thing to their mind.

The charming "Rosebud Annual," with pic-
tures, we confess [possess.]
Is a book all little gardeners should certainly

The Sporting Cards of HARDING, funny.
HAZELBERG's "Diadem" worth the money.

(AIR—"The Flowers that bloom.")

For toys that pop up with a spring,
Tra la!

Or toys not at all in that line,
To CREMER's you'll go, and you'll sing
Tra la!

I want to lay out a shil-ling,
Tra la!

For which you will get something fine
That cheapness and taste will combine.

For "Modes et robes pour les dames et les
enfants,"

And toy model series amusing and strong,
To CREMER, tra la!
To CREMER, tra la!
Junior CREMER, go!

Paintings on leather, satin, whence this show?
We reply, "WALKER"—meaning JOHN & Co.

(Chorus to "En revenant de la Revue.")

You're searching out for something very new
These diaries, all shapes and sizes, view, Sir.
Instead of "En revenant de la Revue,"
With "date cards" *reviendrez DE LA RUE*,
Sir.

WIRTHS BROTHERS' cards we like, and for
this reason—
They are in keeping with the Christmas
season. [earth's
Of Christmas Cards you ask well where on
Their point? Quite so: but here's your
money's wirths.

(AIR—"John Peel.")

Do you ken TOM SMITH
As you ought to do,
He is coming with
Some Crackers new,
Crackers and costumes not a few,
To make merry a Christmas ev'ning.

(AIR—"The Jolly Young Waterman.")

Oh, did you ne'er hear of the name ARTHUR
ACKERMANN, [PRANG,
Who imports Christmas Cards called after
They are American, 'tis safe to back a man,
Who holds for landscape cards *premier rang*.

The MARION Album intended for photos,
Three-quarter pictures with scant legs and no
toes.

Cards neat and droll, not too elaborated,
Come from card-houses, which are CAS-
TELL-ated.

"Take a Card," says BENNETT, "do,"
And a satin card-case too.

The SOCKL COURT Card much delighted the
Bard. [by the Card.]
And FAULKNER's are charming. I "speak

The exhausted Poet addresses Mr. Punch.

Joy! Joy! my task I've done! and I, sweet
Sire,

Vainly, *Macbeth*-like, strike the slavish lyre.*
I'll sing no more. Books! cards! go on the
shelf. [myself!]

Sooner than strike my harp, I'll "strike"
My holiday's begun. Accept my benison!
Signed MORRIS-BROWNING-AUSTIN-SWIN-
BURNE-TENNYSON.

* "Lyre and slave! (strikes him.)"—*Macbeth*,
Act v., sc. 5.

QUITE CHRISTMASSY.

"DANCING DOLLS IN CHANCERY.—The solici-
tors' table was cleared of papers, and the ballet-
girl doll, having been wound up, commenced to
dance on the table, to the amusement of a crowded
court. Mr. Justice KAY watched the performance
with evident interest, and when the dance was con-
cluded the doll was handed up to him and carefully
examined. He then handed it to the Registrar of
the court, with an injunction 'not to hurt it.'"
Daily News.

SING a song of Justice
KAY up in his place,
Four-and-twenty dancing dolls
All in a case;
When the case was opened
The dolls were made to play,
Wasn't that a pretty sight
For Mr. Justice KAY?

The Judge sat in the Court-house
Thinking it so funny,
The dolls were on the table
Worth a lot of money,
His Lordship said, "The ballet-
Girly-dolly I'll inspect,"
Which he did, and then pronounced it
"Quite O Kay," or "Orl Kayrect."

OCCASIONALLY our Mrs. RAM likes to dis-
play her perfect knowledge of the French
language. "I've just been reading," she
said, "a most interesting work, the life of
Monsieur DURANLOUP, who was the Bishop
—or, as they call it in French—the *Evequoque*
d'Orléans."



SOCIETY'S NEW PET.

Delacruche (the rising young Tragedian at the Parthenon). "OH, THE FICKLENESS OF WOMAN! LOOK AT THAT IDIOT THEY'RE ALL SWARMING OVER NOW! UGH! I SHOULD LIKE TO KICK HIM, IF EVER I GET AN OPPORTUNITY!"

Brown, F.R.S., &c., &c. (who is fond of Tragedies, but dislikes Popular Tragedians). "OH, DO, MY DEAR FELLOW, DO! AND, I SAY, LET ME BE THERE TO SEE THE RESULT." *Delacruche.* "HUMPH! WHO IS THE BEAST?"

Brown. "SLOGG, THE PUGILIST FROM CALIFORNIA, CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!"

[*Delacruche thinks better of it!*]

"QUITE ENGLISH, YOU KNOW."

(Latest Version, as sung by President Cleveland.)

MAY I ask you, Columbia, this lady to note?

She's English, you know; quite English, you know.
(What effect will this have on the Democrat Vote?)

She's English, I know; quite English, I know.
She comes from a country that's cursed with a throne;

Yet I think, in your interest, she ought to be known.
She may help you to deal with your Surplus o'ergrown.

(That's not English, you know; not English, you know.)

Chorus.

I'll ask you, Columbia, this lady to hear;

She's English, you know; quite English, you know.
Her form, which is slim, and her eyes, which are clear,
Are English; quite English, you know.

Just now, Ma'am, our Surplus has reached such a size,

(Not English, you know; not English, you know.)
The difficulty I can no more disguise.

(Plain English, you know; plain English, you know.)

Why, every year,—it reads like a romance—

That Surplus, by millions, fails not to advance.

If at this young lady you'd give just a glance!

(She's English, you know; quite English, you know.)

Chorus.

Her words, Ma'am, may please, if you'll deign but to hear;

They're English, you know; quite English, you know.

If you banish her now, she must soon reappear.

Still English, quite English, you know.

What Columbia has done she of course can undo

(That's English, you know; quite English, you know);

Our old fiscal system has gone all askew.

(Like the English, you know; say *some* English, you know.)

Protection has got to the street that's called Queer;

Free Trade!—well, her advent may distant appear;

Anyhow, do just glance at this lady, my dear.

She's English, you know; quite English, you know.

Chorus.

Mark the things she will say which 'twere prudent to hear,

They're English, you know; quite English, you know.

Our system's not solid or stable, I fear.

Not English, not English, you know.

Protection and you very long have been friends

(That's Yankee, you know; quite Yankee, you know);

But sure such a Surplus serves no useful ends.

To Yankees, you know, robbed Yankees, you know.

Humph! Yes, English "Chambers of Commerce" do pule

Just now for Protection; they're playing the fool.

But they'll hardly score much off the old Free Trade School.

That's English, you know; quite English, you know.

Chorus.

Heed not all the VINCENTS and BARTLETTS you hear,

Though English, you know; mad English, you know.

Economists know they are very small beer,

Though English, half English, you know.

For SALISBURY, GLADSTONE and BRIGHT all agree

(They're English, you know; all English, you know.)

That this new Fair Trade fad is pure fiddle-de-dee.

(Not English, you know; not English, you know.)

The Farmers and Landlords want prices to rise,

So they look on Fair Trade with encouraging eyes;

But they'll hardly get Statesmen to be their allies,

Who're English, you know; true English, you know.



“QUITE ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.”

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND (to COLUMBIA), “WILL YOU ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE THIS YOUNG LADY?”

Chorus.

Trade Chambers may vote, Tory delegates cheer
 (They're sure to, you know; quite sure to, you know);
 But "Fiscal Reform" won't fool many, I fear,
 Who're English; wise English, you know.
 Columbia, may I present my young friend?
 She's English, I know; quite English, I know.
 I don't say adopt her; I do say—attend,
 Though she's English, you know; quite English, you know.
 At any rate deign to vouchsafe her a smile,
 I fear my Republican friends she will rile;
 But she may prove a friend, though she comes from the Isle
 That's English, you know; quite English, you know.

Chorus.

The things I have said 'tis high time you should hear,
 In English, you know; plain English, you know.
 So let me present this young lady, my dear,
 Though she's English, quite English, you know!

THE PLUCK OF GGGRANDDOLLIMANN'S CAMP.

(A Story of the Welsh Gold Fields.)

BY BRITT PART.

THERE was commotion in Gggranddöllmann's Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in those days, just when gold had been discovered on Welsh soil, such things as fights were unknown. And yet the entire settlement were assembled. The schools and libraries were not only deserted, but JONES'S Coffee Palace had contributed its tea-drinkers, who, it will be remembered, had calmly continued their meal when even such an exciting paper as the *Grocers' Journal* had arrived. The whole Camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a man was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the Camp—"W. E. G.—a first-rate feller." Perhaps the less said of him the better. He was a strong, but, it is to be feared, a very unstable person. However, he had sent them a message, when messages were exceptional. Hence the excitement.

"You go in there, TAFFY," said a prominent citizen, addressing one of the loungers; "go in there, and see if you can make it out. You've had experience in them things."

Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. TAFFY had once been the collector for a Trades Union Society, and it had been from some informality in performing his duty that Gggranddöllmann's Camp was indebted for his company. The crowd approved the choice, and TAFFY was wise enough to bow to the majority.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. Physically they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. They were ordinary Britons, and there was nothing to show they had been less contented than their neighbours; and yet these men, in spite of their loneliness, had never wanted for a single reform. Until now they had been absolutely satisfied with their lot.

There was a solemn hush as TAFFY entered the Post Office. It was known that he was reading the despatch. Then there was a sharp querulous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in the Camp. It was muttered by TAFFY. He told them that the document called upon the whole community to ask for Disestablishment and Home Rule. The Camp rose to its feet as one man. It was proposed to explode a barrel of dynamite in imitation of the Irish Nationalists, but in consideration of the position of the Camp, which would certainly have been blown to pieces, better counsels prevailed, and there was merely a cutting of bludgeons from the trees the levelling of which W. E. G. was known to love so well.

Then the door was opened, and the anxious crowd of men, who had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in single file. On a table lay the document they had come to read.

"Gentlemen," said TAFFY, with a singular mixture of authority and *ex officio* complacency; "gentlemen will please pass in at the front door and out of the back. Them as wishes to contribute anything towards the carrying out of the written wishes of the document will find a hat handy."

The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked at the writing, and so unconsciously set an example to the next. In such communities good and bad actions are catching. As the procession filed in, comments were audible. "A lot for the money!" "Just like him!" "Gets a deal into three lines!" And so on. The contributions were as characteristic. A life assurance policy, a pledge to abstain from intoxicating drinks, several volumes on political economy.

So the despatch was read and re-read a score of times, and it was found necessary to give it a name. The natives of Wales are generally sagacious, and so they gave it the name of the Pluck. For the sake of the Pluck they did everything. It was certain, of late, they



THE NEW SHYLOCK.

From a Portrait sketched by the Great McDermott, Q.O., during a recent Irish Trial.

had not been very successful. They had certainly not paid their rents, and refused to patronise the Parson, and so the work of degeneration began in Gggranddöllmann's Camp. Instead of working as of old, the inhabitants gave up labour and shouted to one another. They repeated the phrases of the despatch crying, "Be worthy of yourself, gallant little Wales," "Remember Micheltown!" and went to sleep. Before the arrival of the despatch they had been a clean, hard-working, thrifty race. Latterly, however, there had been a rude attempt to let things go from bad to worse. The newly discovered mines were deserted and all industry was at a discount. "It is the Pluck of Gggranddöllmann's Camp that's doing it," said TAFFY, as he gazed at the document as it lay on the table before him.

But at length things came to a crisis. The converted miners, as it has been explained, refused to work, and then neglected to pay their rents. Then came evictions, supported by the law. There was a confusion of staves and bayonets, buck-shot and black-thorn sticks. The Camp disappeared amidst much excitement. Some of the Campers emigrated, and others were sent to gaol. TAFFY was missing. At length he was found in a ditch, holding a postcard bearing some warlike words, and signed "W. E. G."

"I have got the Pluck with me now," he said, as he was arrested; and the strong man, clinging to the thin document so full of wild advice, as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, was marched off to prison!

A Cry from the Counting-House.

English Clerk loquitur:—

The times have been
 When German brains no bout with us would try;
 We ruled the roast. Now Tenton scribblers come,
 With twenty languages upon their tongues,
 And push us from our stools!

A SOUND OPINION.—Our Own French-Pronouncing Impressionist says that the new Cabinet in Paris cannot possibly be a success, as it commences with a FALLURE.



A FESTIVE PROSPECT!

Husband. "DIDN'T I TELL YOU NOT TO INVITE YOUR MOTHER BACK IN MY——"

Wife. "DEAR THAT'S THE VERY THING SHE'S COME ABOUT! SHE READ YOUR LETTER!"

[Tableau!]

ADDIO, ADELINA!

As Madame PATTI would have said, if she had thought of quoting BACON last Tuesday week, and as somebody probably will say after reading this, and then send it, a few months hence, to Mr. Punch as quite new and original, "When my KUHE comes, call me." And when her KUHE (English pronunciation) did come, she came up to time and tune, and came up smiling. Of course with such names as Mmes. PATTI, TREBELL, Messrs. LLOYD and SANDLEY with Miss ESSLER on the violin, Mr. LEO STERN ("Leo the Terrible") on the 'cello (sounds uncomfortable this), Miss KUHE on the pianoforte (unpleasant position), Mr. GANZ as "accompanist," (what an ugly word!) and the Great Panjandrum himself, Mr. W. G. CUSINS (Sir W. G. CUSINS as is to be,—which was our Jubilee Midsummer Knight's Dream) as Conductor, what could the result be, but success? Every seat taken; up gets the Conductor, "Full inside, all right!" and on we goes again! And after this, off goes Madame PATTI to America to earn any amount of dollars by singing her well-known repertoire, which, with one or two exceptions, she may leave 't other side of the Atlantic, and return to tell us of "The songs I left behind me," and to chant with feeling "I cannot sing the old Songs." *Au plaisir!* ADELINA, and all good Engels guard thee! I beg to sign myself, re-signing myself to the absence of the Diva,

THE CRITIC ON THE HARP.

THE FISTIC CRACK, SMITH.

AIR—"The Village Blacksmith."

BEFORE the applauding British P.
The fistic crack, SMITH, stands,
JEM SMITH a mighty man is he,
With smart and smiting hands;
And the muscles of his legs and arms
Stand out like steely bands.
His hair is fair, and closely cropped,
His pink face bears no tan;
His brow is low, his wits seem slow,
He "gates" whate'er he can!
But he gets more cheers than SALISBURY'S
Or e'en the Grand Old Man. [self,

Whene'er their Champion spars at night
Excited Britons go,
To see him swing his left and right
With slogging force though slow;
And the guests are scarce a pretty sight,
They're loud and rather low.
Green youngsters scarce released from school
Flock in at the open door.
They love to see him "kid" and feint,
And pay their bobs therefor;
And if his right he does let fly
Great CÆSAR, how they roar!

At length he into training goes,
Attended by "the boys,"
Punches the ball, pickles his hands,
With other training joys,
Which in the penny sporting prints
Abroad his backers noise,
To read the which boys about town
Esteem it Paradise;
They buy the accounts and o'er them pore,
Though probably all lies,
And to each other whisper them
With wonder-rounded eyes.

Bouncing, belauding, gammoning,
Onward the game still goes;
But whether in the fistic ring
The Champions will close,
Why, that is quite another thing,
Which nobody quite knows.
Thanks, thanks to thee, my fistic friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught.
If pugs can get a barney up,
Whereby the crowd is caught,
What matters it whether they'll fight
Or whether they have fought?

TOYING WITH TRUTH.—The Annual Truth Toy Exhibition, which shows the toys provided for any number of Children in our hospitals, workhouses, and infirmaries at Christmas time, will be held at Willis's Rooms, December 19 and 20. No further intimation is necessary. When there a Will is, there a Way is.

BACON V. SHAKSPEARE.

I.

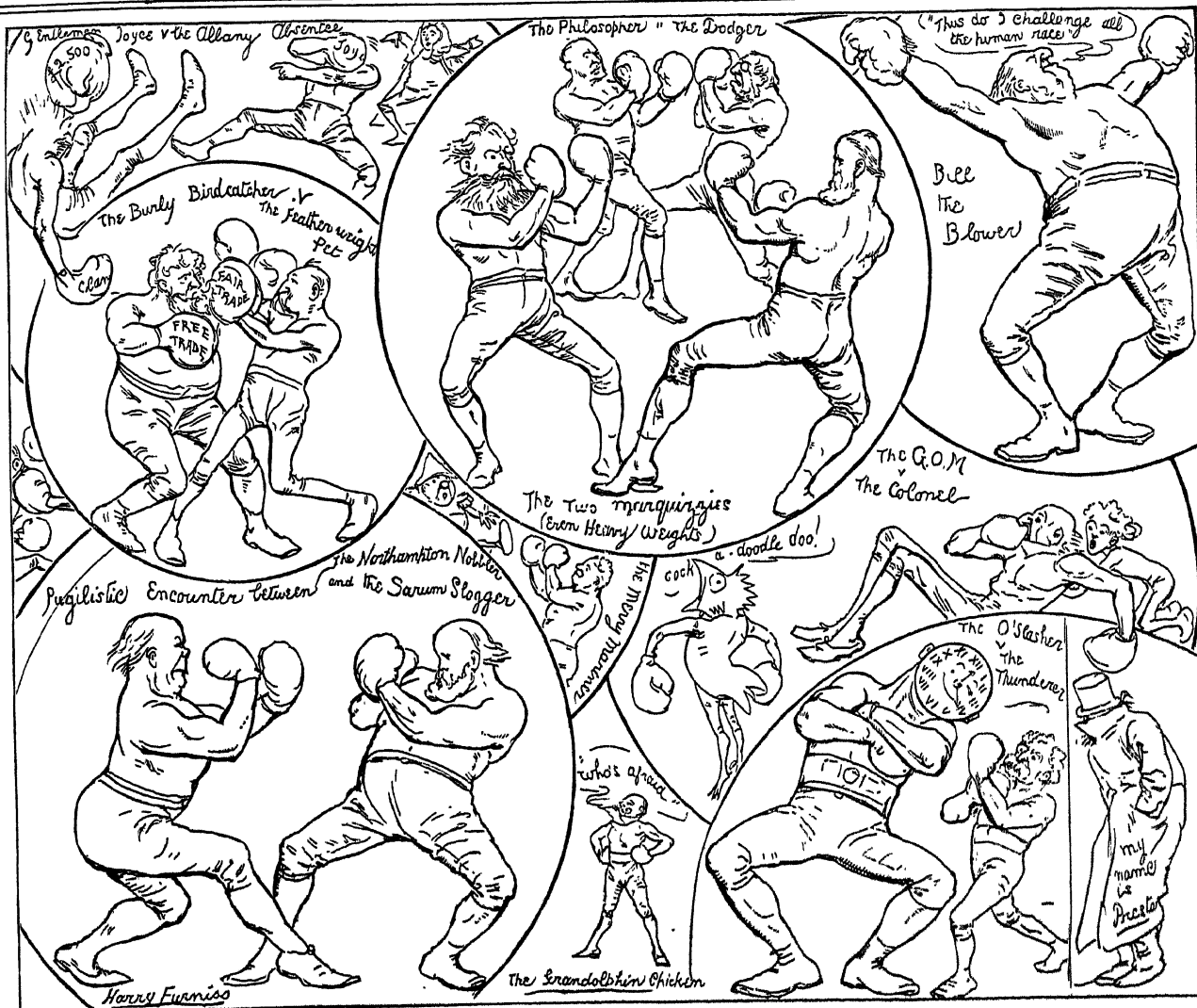
SAYS MISTHER DONELLY,
Who writes so funnily,
"Sure, BACON's side I am on."
"The side of BACON,"
Says Punch, "you've taken
Against our WILL, is—gammon."

II.

(With some allowance made for taking a false quantity.—Ed.)

AMERICAN-IRISH DONELLY,
You're cunning as MICKY O'VELLY,
As you've undertaken
To prove SHAKSPEARE BACON.
Howld your whistle! "Porker verba,"
I tell 'ee.

SONG FOR MR. PRITCHARD-MORGAN, OF MAWDDACH VALLEY, NEAR DOLGELLY.—
"Darling MINE!"



SEVERAL ROUNDS.

[Prize-Fighting having once again come into fashion, the above Pugilistic Encounters must be recorded as anticipations of "Boxing-Day."]

THE PROFESSOR AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

PROFESSOR MAHAFFY'S book on *The Art of Conversation*, seems witty, and (in parts) wise. People who want to learn to talk well in society had better consult the genial Professor, who declares that the art can be acquired. In fact he hands to each of his readers, across the visionary "walnuts and the wine," the pinch of Attic Salt which seasons dinner-parties. The theory must, of course, be taken *cum grano*. A few hints (strangely omitted in MAHAFFY'S "Haffy Thoughts,") are here appended:—

Should you happen to be in company with a number of eminent Statesmen belonging to one Party (say, at a dinner, when they can't get away from you,) mind and point out in a loud voice what you conceive to have been the chief errors of policy which they committed in their last Ministry, and what would have been your line in their place. If they are smarting under recent defeat, and have just been turned out of Office, they will be sure to thank you heartily for your kind advice.

Supposing politicians of every shade of opinion to be present, your best course will be to at once introduce some "burning" subject of the day—say, Home Rule, or the personal character of Mr. GLADSTONE or Lord SALISBURY. Your host will be delighted, and you will be surprised to find what a brisk conversation you have initiated.

Always talk "shop." It gives local colour to your style. For instance, if you are a lawyer, and you see another legal gentleman at table, engage him in a conversation as to "that curious Equity point in the case of *The Queen v. the Executors of Muggins, deceased*, before the V.-C." Make your comments as technical as possible. If

you don't soon "get the table in a roar," it will be astonishing. By the way, there are two kinds of "roar."

Avoid the least appearance of shyness. This is a pushing age. If you are really bashful by nature, assume a haughty and forbidding demeanour to cover it. This will make you universally liked.

Spice your talk with jokes. Invent at least six good puns for use at any dinner to which you may be invited, and bring them out, naturally, if you can, but at any rate *bring them out!* E.g. If you are in Dublin, in a company consisting of fervid Nationalists, who bitterly resent the imprisonment of their Chief Magistrate, remark jocosely that "you hope his Lordship is not suffering much from *mal de Mayor!*" Conversely, when present at a dinner of Loyalists, refer to the eminent Liberal-Unionist Leader as "Half-HARTINGTON." In either case your host is sure to ask you to come again.

Monopolise the conversation. CARLYLE did this, and so did MACAULAY, so why shouldn't you? You may be a MACAULAY without knowing the fact.

Remember that people like *anecdotes*. This is how HAYWARD got his reputation. Don't hesitate because somebody has said that "all the good stories have been told." If so, tell them again without flinching.

Practise allusive and apparently unconscious swagger in private. When you are sure that you can refer to "my friend the Duke of St. DAVID'S," at a dinner-party without the slightest change of inflexion in your voice and in a perfectly natural manner, you are fitted to adorn any society—even the lowest.

Never humour women who try to talk learnedly. Bring the conversation down to feeding-bottles and keep it there. They will in reality appreciate your kindness and knowledge of female nature, even if they appear at the moment to resent it deeply.

VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—An Italian Restaurant—anywhere in the Metropolis. Only a few of the small dining-tables are occupied as Scene opens. Near the buffet is a small lift communicating with the kitchen, and by the lift a speaking-tube.

Enter an Adorer with his Adored; he leads the way down the centre of the room, flushed and jubilant—he has not been long engaged, and this is the very first time he has dined with Her like this.

Adorer (beaming). Where would you like to sit, Pussx?

Pussy (a fine young woman—but past the kitten stage). Oh, it's all the same to me!

Adorer (catching an aggrieved note in her tone). Why, you don't really think I'd have kept you waiting if I could help it? There's always extra work on Foreign Post nights! (Pussx turns away and arranges hat before mirror). Waiter! (A Waiter who has been reading the "Globe" in the corner, presents himself with Menu.) What shall we have to begin with, eh, Pussx?

[The Waiter, conceiving himself appealed to, disclaims the responsibility with a shrug, and privately reflects that these stiff Englishmen can be strangely familiar at times.]

Pussy. Oh, I don't feel as if I cared much about anything—now.

Adorer. Well, I've ordered Vermicelli Soup, and Sole au gratin. Now, you must try and think what you'd like to follow. (Tentatively.) A Cutlet?

Pussy (with infinite contempt for such want of originality). A Cutlet—the idea!

Adorer (abashed). I thought perhaps—but look down the list. (Pussx glances down it with eyes which she tries to render uninterested). "Vol au vent à l'Herbalière,"—that looks as if it would be rather good. Shall we try that?

Pussy. You may if you like—I shan't touch it myself.

Adorer. Well, look here, then, "Rognons sautés Venéziennes,"—Kidneys, you know—you like kidneys.

Pussy (icily). Do I? I was not aware of it.

Adorer. Come—it's for you to say. (Reads from list.) "Château-briand Bordelaise," "Jugged Hare and Jelly," "Salmi of Partridge." (Pussx, who is still suffering from offended dignity, repudiates all these suggestions with scorn and contempt.) Don't like any of them? Well, (helplessly) can't you think of anything you would like?

Pussy. Nothing—except—(with decision)—a Cutlet.

Adorer (relieved by this condescension). The very thing! (Tenderly.) We will both have outlets.

Waiter (who has been waiting in dignified submission). Two Porzino Cutlet, verri well—enni Pottidoes?

Pussy (sharply). Potted what?

Adorer (to Waiter). Yes. (To Pussx, aside, in same breath.) Potatoes, darling. (The Waiter suspects he is being trifled with.) Do you prefer them sautés, fried, or in chips,—or what?

Pussy (with the lofty indifference of an ethereal nature). I'm sure I don't care how they're done!

Adorer. Then—Potato-chips, Waiter.

Pussy (as Waiter departs). Not for me—I'll have mine sautés!

Adorer (when they are alone, leaning across table). I've been looking forward to this all day!

Pussy (unsympathetically). Didn't you have any lunch then?

Adorer. I don't mean to the dinner—but to having you to talk with, quite alone by our two selves.

Pussy (who has her dignity to consider). Oh, I daresay. I wish you'd do something for me, JOSEPH.

Adorer (fervently). Only tell me what it is, darling!

Pussy. It's only to get me that Graphic—I'm sure that gentleman over there has done with it.

[The Adorer fetches it with a lengthening face: Pussx retires behind the "Graphic," leaving him outside in solitude. At length he asserts himself by fetching "Punch," (which he happens to have seen) from an adjoining table. A Bachelor dining lonely and unloved on the opposite side of the room, watches them with growing sense of consolation.]

AT THE SPEAKING-TUBE.

Waiter. Una voce poco fa macaroni! (At least, it sounds something like this. A little cupboard arrives by the lift containing a dish which the Waiter hastens to receive. The new arrival is apparently of a disappointing nature,—he returns it indignantly, and rushes back to tuba.) La ci darem la mano curri rabbitto Gorgonzola!

A Voice (from bottom of lift—argumentatively). Batti, batti; la donna é mobile risotto Milanais.

Waiter (losing his temper). Altro! Sul campo della gloria vermicelli!

The Voice (ironically). Parla tele d'amor o cari fior mulligatawni?

Waiter (scathingly). Salve di mora casta e pura entrecôte sauce piquante crème à l'orange cotelettes pommes santés basta—presto!

[Corks up tube with the air of a man who has had the best of it.]

AT ANOTHER TABLE.

Two Brothers are seated here, who may be distinguished for the purposes of dialogue as the Good Brother and the Bad Brother respectively. The Good B. appears (somewhat against his will) to be acting as host, though he restricts his own refreshment to an orange, which he eats with an air of severe reproof. The Bad B. who has a shifty sullen look and a sodden appearance generally, is devouring cold meat with the intense solemnity of a person conscious of being more than three parts drunk. Both attempt to give their remarks an ordinary conversational tone.

The Bad B. (suddenly, with his mouth full). Will you lend me five shillings?

The Good B. No, I won't. I see no reason why I should.

The B. B. (in a low passionate voice). Will you lend me five shillings?

The G. B. (endeavouring to maintain a virtuous calm). I don't think I will.

B. B. You've been giving money away all the afternoon to people after I asked you for some!

G. B. (roused). I was not. It's dashed impertinence of you to say such a thing as that. I'm sick of this dashed nonsense—sick and tired of it! If I hadn't some principle left still, I should have gone to the East long ago!

B. B. I'm glad you didn't. I want five shillings.

G. B. Want five shillings! You keep on saying that, and never say what you want it for. You must have some object. Do you want it to go and get drunk on?

B. B. (with a beery persistence). Lend me five shillings.

G. B. (reflectively). I don't intend to.

B. B. (in a tone of compromise). Then lend me a sovereign.

G. B. (changing the subject with a chilling hospitality). Would you like anything after that beef?

B. B. (doggedly). I should like five shillings.

G. B. (irrelevantly). Look here! I at once admit you've got more brain than I have.

B. B. (handsomely). Not at all—it's you that have got more brain than me.

G. B. (rejecting this overture suspiciously). I've more principle at any rate, and, to tell you the truth, I'm not going to put up with this dashed impertinent treatment any longer!

B. B. You're not, eh? Then lend me five shillings.

G. B. (desperately). Here, Waiter—bill. I pay for this gentleman.

Waiter (after adding up the items). One and four, if you please.

[The G. B. pays.]

B. B. And dashed cheap too!

[A small Cook-boy in white comes up to Waiter and whispers.]

Waiter. Ze boy say zat gentelman (pointing to B. B.) tell him to give twopenny for him to ze Cook.

G. B. (austerely). I have nothing to do with that—he must settle it with him.

B. B. (with fierce indignation). It's a lie! I gave the boy the money. It was a penny!

Waiter (impassively). Ze boy say you did not give nosing.

B. B. (to G. B.). Be d—d! Don't you pay it—it's a rascally imposition! See, Garcong, I'll tell you in French. J'ai donné l'homme, le chef, doo soo (holding up two fingers) pour lui-même à servir.

G. B. I'm sorry to have to say it—but I don't believe your story.

[To the B. B.]

B. B. (rising). I'm going to have it out with Cook. (Lurches up to door leading to kitchen and exit. Sounds of altercation below. Re-enter B. B. pursued by Voice. B. B. turning at door.) What did you say?

Voice. I say you are drunken Ingelis pig, cochon, va!

B. B. Well,—it's just as well you didn't say any more. (Goes up to Waiter, confidentially). That man down there was mos' insultin'—mos' insultin'. But, there, I'll give you the penny—there it is. (Presses that coin into Waiter's hand and closes his fingers over it.) Put it in your pocket, quick—say no more 'bout it, Goo' ni'. Only remember (pausing on threshold à la Charles the First) if anyone wantsh row—(with recollection of Duke's motto)—I'm here! That'sh all. (To G. B.) I shall say goo' ni' to you outside.

[Exit B. B., unsteadily.]

The G. B. (solemnly to Waiter). I tell you what it is—I'm ashamed of him. There, I am. I'm ashamed of him!

[He stalks after his Brother; sounds of renewed argument without, as Scene closes in.]

BACON AGAIN.—An erudite student informs us that "the crest of SHAKESPEARE's mother's family was a boar," so that there is something Baconian about the Immortal Bard.

A PROPOS OF THE WELSH GOLD.—Advice Gratis:—Beware of Welshers.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM OLD MORALITY.

"Here comes a young fellow of excellent pith,
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him SMITH."

Henley, Saturday.



EAR TOBY, AH-OY!

WHERE are *you* bound?
Haul on the bowline; brace up
amidships; sling your ham-
mock; belay all hands and
stand by ready to pounce.

Excuse this little outburst.
The fact is, I am about to cut
for awhile landlubber associa-
tions, and am going cruising
in my *Pandora's* box, or
rather berth. My sea lingo is
getting a little rusty, so I
practise it wherever I have an
opportunity, and thought you
wouldn't mind my making
one with you. I am going off
to spend Christmas and New
Year's time at Pau. You've
heard of Pau, of course? I
was first attracted to the

place by coming across the beautiful line from GOLDSMITH—or was it BACON?

"Or by the lazy Scheldt or wandering Pau."

I'm not at all drawn towards the Scheldt. I never was lazy myself, and have no sympathy with laziness in others. But it is different with Pau, don't you know. I have been tied to the desk too long. I had a heavy time of it during the Parliamentary Session. They used to chaff me about being "on the pounce." It is all very well, but the attitude is one which, preserved through successive nights, becomes exhausting. I have had enough of it, and feel a strong desire to wander. The Pau is wandering. Why should we not wander together, arm in arm as it were? Anyhow, I mean to try. So bear a hand with your leescuppers; haul round the mainmast, up with your hatches, and keep the helm hard down on the South-West-by-East-Half-East. I have pounced enough on the Parnellites. Now I shall pounce on Pau.

I feel the necessity for taking a good rest, for I know we are going to have it pretty stiff next Session. B-L-F-R, who is getting more cocky than ever, goes about comforting us with assurances that he will make matters smooth. "Is there anyone particular you can't abear?" he said to me only yesterday, with an annoying air of patronage. "Is there anyone of the Irish Members you would like put out of the way for the earliest and freshest months of the Session? If so, name your man, and I'll oblige you. I have got six of 'em lagged now, and there's a clear six weeks before Parliament meets. It's amazing how we can smooth the way by then."

I don't altogether like this solicitude on the part of B-L-F-R for making smooth water in the House next Session. There is a persistent rumour about that he thinks he can lead the House better than anyone else, and that the Markiss is inclined to humour him. He has never said this in private conversation with me, though he has not made any attempt to disguise his conviction that he could take charge of the Army, the Navy, the Home Office, the Board of Trade, or even the Exchequer. Now I come to think of it, he may, in talking to G-SCH-X, leave out reference to the Exchequer, and substitute the Leadership of the House of Commons, and so with the others. I should certainly like to see him in my place for a week, with GR-ND-LPH on the corner of the bench behind. It is true that of late GR-ND-LPH has considerably flattened down. Having found that impudence and caprice don't pay, he is going in for dulness and respectability. But I fancy the sight of ARTH-R B-L-F-R leading the House, and trying to lead

him, would be too much. The swept and garnished place would be reoccupied, and his last state would be worse than his first. B-L-F-R can't very well send him to a plank bed, and will have to make the best of him.

I rather fancy GR-ND-LPH must know, or think he knows, something about this little plot for promoting the nephew, which accounts for his latest impertinence. "And what title do you mean to take when you go to the House of Lords, H. W.?" he asked me the other day. (He always calls me "H. W." which he thinks is an improvement upon DIZZIE's hesitation as to the sequence of the initials.) "How would Baron Bookstall suit?" he added, trying to look harmless. That only shows the inherent vulgarity which underlies the thin veneer of his sometime courtly manner. I never forget what the Markiss once said about him. "Scratch R-ND-LPH CH-ROH-LL," said he, "and you'll find TIM H-LY" which I thought at the time was a little hard on T-M.

You will not, I trust, dear TOBY, take it for granted that I am contemplating a near removal to the House of Lords, if I confess that I have sometimes thought over the title I should assume if my duty to my country led me to change my state. I belong, as you know, to one of the oldest families among mankind. It's all very well for BR-SS-X to talk about coming over with the Conqueror. We came in with the Flood, or shortly after. TUBAL CAIN, the founder of our family, was a century or two before BOIS DE GUILBERT, FRONT-DM-BEUR, or even the SIEUR DE BRESOI. What do you think of Lord TUBAL-CAIN? Would you recognise in that stately and ermined peer, TUBAL-CAIN, of Henley, your old friend of 217, Strand? I wis not. But that, as GL-DST-NE says, belongs to the dim and distant future. I beg to move that the question be now put. Oars! Steady, there! Pull away!

Yours, sheer off,

W. H. SM-TH.

ROSES IN DECEMBER.

Sir,—Strange as it may appear to you, Sir, as a London playgoer, I had never seen *The Two Roses* till last night. How this "celebrated comedy" ever acquired its celebrity is, I confess, beyond me, for the plot is poor, and in the dialogue there is nothing quotable, though the phrase, "a little cheque," forces itself on one's memory by frequent iteration. You, Sir, saw it with its original cast, and I take it that a play of this sort requires certain surroundings to insure its immediate success, just as a rich joke, when deprived of its original accidental accessories, is found to be a very poor joke, or no joke at all. This play by MR. ALBERRY I should have thought would have been, as Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON might have said, Al-berry'd and forgotten long ago. Yet it lives,—at all events, it has been revived.

A Manager does not revive a piece which was not originally produced at his theatre without some pretty good reason for so doing. He must, at least, be fairly confident of its attractive powers as, at all events, a remunerative stop-gap; and I am informed that this piece has been revived, once before, by MR. HENRY IRVING at the Lyceum. This is ancient history to you, Sir. After the revival, and the unwonted exercise of a long run (did it have a long run?), I should have supposed that there could not have been much life left in it. Yet apparently there is. The acting is, on the whole, good, and some of it very good. WILLIAM FARREN, one of the best of English players, makes all that is to be made (as it seems to me, who did not see MR. IRVING out of *Digby Grand*. MR. GIDDENS is an excellent blind *Caleb* (a very clever actor must be MR. GIDDENS), and MR. DAVID JAMES simply is "Our Mr. JENKINS." MAUDE MILLET is pretty and graceful, and the whole entertainment entertaining. But still, how it ever became a celebrated comedy—

"Well, that I cannot tell," said he,

"But 'twas a famous Comedy."

And by crammed houses it is, I hear, being fully appreciated. Indeed, I should only say, judging by this Criterion on the night I was present, it is in for another long run.

Yours, LITTLE PETERKIN.

SHAKESPEARE UP AGAIN.—A Baconian writes to ask if there isn't sufficient proof of SHAKESPEARE's affinity to BACON in Ham let alone?

WORTH CULTIVATING.



Ex-Premier sings:—

My name's WILLIAM GLADSTONE, I live at fair Harwarden,
I'm Welshman at heart; this gold-find in North Wales
At the Gwynfynydd Mine I do trust will bring fortune
To all who are born 'midst these mountains and vales.
Yes, indeed, and all places, though foreign and beautiful,
This brave little country I prize far above;
For indeed in my heart I do love the Principality,
And you, JENNY JONES, too, in truth I do love.

For fifty long years I've ploughed Politics' ocean,
And served my full time in the gallant State-ship;

And indeed, goodness knows, I've braved many engagements,
And many dark storms 'twixt the cup and the lip,
I've tried all the parties now, Tory, Whig, Radical,
Smiled on each in its turn, as to win me each strove;
But I said in my heart, little Wales I love chiefly,
And sweet JENNY JONES, too, in truth I do love!

I agree with PARWELL, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin,
In loving fair Erin, of Islands the Queen;
And having worn Blue, Buff, and Red in succession,
I can't see much harm in now wearing the Green.



"WHERE ARE THE POLICE?!"

MRS. HOWTHEDOWN AND HER DAUGHTERS, WHO ARE IN TOWN FOR THE CATTLE-SHOW, ARE DISGUSTED BY THE AGGRESSIVE VULGARITY OF THE LONDON STREET-BOY, AND THINK IT OUGHT TO BE "PUT A STOP TO"!

Juvenile Baked Potato Vendor (to Crossing-Sweeper). "'SAY, BILL, 'ERE Y'ARE! THEM 'LL BE FUST AND SECOND PRIZE, AND 'IGHLY COMMENDED'!"

But not e'en Hibernia, the sweet and the sorrowful,
Like you, my dear charmer, my passion can move;
For, indeed, in my heart I love "gallant little Wales," I do;
And sweet JENNY JONES, too, in truth I do love!

I parted long since from the home of my fathers,
And then JENNY JONES was a dowerless lass;
But now I'm a grey and storm-beaten old mariner,
To wealth, she, through brave PRITCHARD-MORGAN, shall pass.
May Gold—and Home Rule—bring you wealth and contentment,
And ne'er from my Party, my dear, may you rove:
For indeed in our hearts we all love Wales tremendously,
And you, JENNY JONES, dear, till death will I love!

[Left philandering.]

A VISIT TO "THE LICENSED VISTLERS."

IN the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists, who, under their distinguished President, JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER, may now be known as the "Licensed Vistlers," there is some good work, and especially two sketches, 77, 83, and 335, by JAMES HAYLAR, R.B.A.; 319, by H. G. GLINDON, R.B.A.; SIMMONS'S "Sunrise," 330; SOLOMON'S; 454, Professor GARTZ (pretty subject); 458, by HENLEY, R.B.A.; 466, by WALTERS, R.B.A.

There is a remarkable picture of, apparently, A Serious Masher, which turns out to be a portrait of Mr. WILLARD, the actor who so cleverly impersonates modern stage villains as to be known as "Willin'ous WILLARD," by SIDNEY STARR, R.B.A. Artistic STARR painting Theatrical Star; quite right. No. 293 is a sorry sight—the picture of a nice portly young man trying to look like Lord ROSEBERRY, but with the dye coming off his hair in evident patches. Very clever effect this, by THEODORE ROUSSEL, R.B.A.

Go and see No. 341, by WILLIAM STOTT, of Oldham, R.B.A.,—a name that sounds quite Shakspearian, like "Goodman Puff of Barson,"—and give yourself three guesses at what W. S. of Oldham means by it. It represents a very carrotty-haired young woman, looking pale as a turnip—"white flesh," as the gardeners say—taking a bathe in

the sea when no one is looking, and where police regulations are not in force. She is so tallowy in face and flesh colour, and her hair so flaming red, that the title might be, "A 'Dip' in the Sea." Well, this is WILLIAM STOTT of Oldham's "Venus;" and if you'll turn to No. 183, you will see the same young person, looking none the better for her bath, clothed, with carrots dressed, and neatly bound up, sitting pensively *chez-elle*, probably regretting her recent escapade, and hoping that no one has seen her. Little does she know that WILLIAM STOTT of Oldham has stotted her down in his note-book. 326, "Hard Hit," by R. J. GORDON, R.B.A., is clever; but the meaning of its title, as illustrated by a weeping woman flinging herself across the knees of a drunken-looking man, is not quite clear. Has he hit her hard, and is that why she is so distressed? or has his head received a nasty thwack, as indicated by the white hat, lying on the table, twisted out of all shape?

At the end of the Catalogue is printed a list of the prices, from which it will be seen what value the artists themselves set on their own pictures. The President of the Licensed Vistlers exhibits only twenty pictures, sixteen of which have no price affixed to them in the list, and are therefore evidently gems, and priceless.

Founded on Fact.

A LARGE lot of ornithologists assembled the other day at Mr. J. C. STEVENS'S Auction Rooms to attend the sale of an egg of the Great Auk—a sea-fowl, 'ARRY, not a falcon. Great Auk's eggs are precious. This one was knocked down to an enthusiastic gentleman for 160 guineas. Some years ago two eggs of a Great Auk, sold, of course, by auktion, fetched, respectively, 100 and 200 guineas, although both broken, and that before they were knocked down. Surely the Great Auk must have been the original bird signified in tradition under the name of the legendary goose that laid the golden eggs.

THE Premier of the French Cabinet may be well described as "Nulli Secundus." He is second to nobody, for the President is Nobody—to speak of.

FURNISHING FICTIONISTS.

In the *Atalanta Magazine*, for this month, (which by its title, should be ahead of all competitors until the *homme à la pomme* appears) Mr. WALTER BESANT has an article "On the writing of Novels," in which he offers his advice to young girls afflicted with irrepressible scribblemania, —i.e. "girls who try to write stories, and burn to write novels,"—as to the best and easiest means of attaining their object. *Advice gratis* is, as we all know, of the gratis't value, and Mr. BESANT offers his two penn'orth-of—"all-sorts and conditions," to embryonic authoresses, but had Mr. *Punch* been dealing with these dear little literary aspirants, he would have simply repeated his world-famed epigrammatic advice to "persons about to marry," and said, most unequivocally, to girls about to write novels—"Don't." Not so Mr. BESANT, who proceeds to lay down rules for those "who wish to acquire the art of fiction." He commences with, "*Practise writing, something original every day*,"—"Cultivate the habit of observation," and so on, in good old-fashioned copy-book style.

We will assist him with some rules for those to whom Mr. W. BESANT gives this advice: "Be bold: never mind ridicule," . . . "State fairly, what ordinary people never understand, that Fiction, like Painting, is an Art, and that you are setting yourself to the acquisition of that Art, if it be in your power, whatever may come of it in the end."

Very good. Now here is, as the Cookery books have it, "Another and a shorter way."

To acquire the Art of Fiction.—Clearly understand that Fiction is the opposite of Fact. If you invariably state facts, you become a matter-of-fact sort of person. No Genius is a matter-of-fact sort of person. So to "acquire the Art of Fiction," *you must never tell the truth. Practice telling some original lie every day.* If it be a description of scenery—well, this offers a large field—several large fields. Give an account to your relatives, or to your friends at a distance of the walk you have taken in the morning. First of all, of course, to be quite perfect, *you must not have been out of the house.* You will then proceed to describe the roaring Waterfalls over which you leaped, your hairbreadth escapes, &c., &c., and always remember that, as Mr. BESANT says, "description is not slavish enumeration."

RULE I.—*Tell a lie.* RULE II.—*Don't stick to it, but tell another, and a bigger one.* Pile 'em up, and thus at last you may become an unrivalled Fictionist.

RULE III.—*Work regularly, at certain hours.* Ascertain the time the Lark rises, and be up with it. Always be up to time, and to any amount of Larks. Let everybody in the house know you're at work. Sing as the Lark does, and be joyous. Insist on your room being fitted up for work,—at your parents' expense, of course,—with writing-desk, silver inkstand, paper, pens, a library of books, &c., and you must let it be distinctly understood by everyone that you are "not to be disturbed on any account," as you are going in for being a Fictionist.

RULE IV.—"Read no Rubbish," says Mr. BESANT. But this is what every author would say, making certain exceptions. But we should say, "*Read Everything.*" Then begin to write. Here is an example: say you read *Pickwick*. Well, you write a book called *Nikpik*, a Russian story, plot in St. Petersburg, characters, *Nikpik*, *Kinkel*, *Grazenod*, and *Putmann*. You represent a sporting scene where *Putmann*, with his eyes shut, kills a bird, and afterwards *Kinkel* wounds *Putmann*. "Hullo," says the reader, "uncommonly like *Pickwick*," and writes impetuously and indignantly to papers. Whereupon, you write in reply, saying "it may be so: *les grands esprits se rencontrent* : but that you have never heard of *Pickwick*, much less read it." By this time everyone will allow that you are entitled to be regarded as the greatest Fictionist of the age.

Other rules Mr. BESANT gives, for which anyone sufficiently interested in detecting the errors of his advice *gratis*, may search the *Atalanta Magazine* with considerable profit to himself (or herself) especially if he reads *A Christmas Carol*, by CHRISTINA G. ROSSSETTI, and one tail of *Three Lions*, by that undefeated Fictionist, Mr. RIDER HAGGARD.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

PALINDROMES, by G. R. CLARKE, is a series of cruelly ingenious verbal cranks—"cranks" seems to be the word, since they are neither quips, quirks, puns, nor jests, consisting of sentences so arranged that, read backwards or forwards, they are precisely the same. An example of this is, "*Was it a rat I saw?*" The illustrations are comically amateurish, and amateurishly comic, but one of the best, "*Selim smiles*," is rather in the early Thackerayan style of pictorial art. The palindromical amusement will probably develop itself, as the acrostic family has done, and we shall soon be reading in "Answers to Correspondents" that their puzzle is referred to in "The Palindromical Editor." The little book is published, as any experienced joker in Scotland might have guessed, by Messrs. BRYCE AND SONS, Glasgow, and if you buy it, "Bang goes a shilling."

Approbation from Mr. *Punch* is praise indeed, and where he has given his favourable opinion of any book, it immediately attracts the public attention, and goes to any number of editions. So has it chanced with *Fritz's Recollections*, which has now reached its third edition; and once Mr. *Punch* spoke well of the Jubilee Edition of *Pickwick*, which has now been re-issued with some of the original sketches by "Buss,"—to many it will be a surprise that Mr. *Pickwick* ever took a buss, except under the mistletoe at Dingley Dell,—which are fairly clever, though one of them, the cricketing scene, might have been omitted without damaging the artistic character of the republication. There is a sketch by JOHN LEECH, illustrating the moment in the *Bagman's Story* when the old arm-chair wakes up *Tom Smart*, and assumes the form and features of a gouty, but wickedly sly, old gentleman, which alone is "worth all the money." It is a real Christmas picture; and indeed a small volume of *Tales from Pickwick*, illustrated by fanciful and humorous artists, would make a capital Christmas Book of the good old Dickensian sort. Mr. *Punch* has given the hint: *flat!*

By the way, I see an advertisement of a book quoting opinions of the Press as to its being "the funniest book of the present reign." Heavens! It is only necessary to mention *Pickwick*, which is replete with such real fun, as makes the reader roar with laughter irrepresentable, besides being full of genuine humour.

BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

"I BELIEVE," said Mrs. R.'s nephew, meditatively, "that Paris will have a 'Directory' again." "Why not?" retorted Mrs. RAM. "Why shouldn't Paris have a Directory? London has—*Kelly's Directory*—and most useful it is!"

THE LAY OF LAWRENCE MOOR!

A TRUE STORY.

Four brave men set sail from Whalsey,
In their open fishing-smack,
Four strong fellows left the Shetlands,
Only one at last came back.
Hearken how the wind is howling,
Close the curtains; shut the door,
Whilst I tell the splendid story
Of a sailor—LAWRENCE MOOR!

Never yet has such a tempest,
Screamed around the Shetland homes,
Dealing death and devastation
Where the northern sailor roams.
Snow and hail in blinding fury,
Swept o'er forest, field and lea,
Deaf seemed Heaven to the praying
For the brave men out at sea!

Far at sea! four plucky fellows
Bending back and straining oar,
Hidden each from each in tempest,
That had blotted out the shore!
All at once the skipper steering,
Cheering, shouting—look ahead!
Heard a moan, his best companion
Fell in arms of duty—dead!

"For the love of home and Heaven,
Brave it out as I will do."
Shouts above the storm, the skipper,
Rallying his fainting crew,
"Let us pray, lads, all together,
Heaven may save us! Who can tell!"
But the prayer was scarcely uttered,
When another sailor fell!

Two brave men—were left in silence—
Whispering with shortened breath,
"Don't desert your pal," says LAWRENCE,
"Let us have it out with Death!
God has strength to still the waters,
We have pluck to keep aloft."
But the last man with a murmur,
Fell exhausted in the boat.

"ANDREW! Laddio!"—Death don't answer.
"Tom, old pal!" the faintest sigh,
"Left me all alone then, have ye?
Well I don't intend to die!"
Then he thought of home and children,
Back came mirrored waves of sin!
One lone man midst dead and dying,
Felt the water rushing in!

One hand on the oar to steer her,
One hand free to hoist the sail,
When he called—no mate to answer,
Sinking now—no boy to bail;
Toiling hour on hour exhausted,
Captain of a ghastly bier!
Till at last the tempest lifted,
And he sighted Lerwick Pier.

Home at last! the plucky sailor,
Home to children and to wife,
Home half dead to claim the honour,
That he'd saved one brother's life,
Death defied! they found him kneeling,
Humbly on his cottage floor,
But they'll pass to time the story,
Of that Sailor—LAWRENCE MOOR!

IN THE NICK OF TIME.—His Excellency, the Chinese Minister, LEW CHUI FUN, has left London for Paris, to present his credentials to President CARNOT. At this festive season of Merry Christmas, Frenchmen of all parties in politics will welcome such an Opportunist as FUN.

SHORTLY to be published, *The Life of Sims Reeves*, compiled from his own notes.

PICCADILLY PLAYERS.

A FEW evenings since, I assisted at a Members' Concert in Piccadilly, where a very fair exhibition of Amateur Musical talent was displayed by the "Strolling Players." The vocal part of the entertainment was especially good, thanks to the really charming singing of the Misses AGNES JANSON and HAMLIN. The geniuses in the Orchestra who are for all time, and any tune, managed occasionally to get a little out of hand in spite of Mr. NORFOLK MEGONE's earnest conductorship. Taken all round, "The First Members' Concert" was so good that I should not have the smallest objection to attending the Second.



The *Ancient Mariner* with Mr. J. F. BARNETT's brilliant music at St. James's Hall last Thursday night, held entranced a large audience which listened "like a three ears child" ("Had I three ears I'd hear thee," says *Macbeth*. Did COLERIDGE write SHAKSPEARE?—however, this has nothing much to do with the *cantata*, and so on we go again)—so "the Mariner hath his Will" (which is almost conclusive evidence that COLERIDGE's *Mariner* was written by WILL SHAKSPEARE) and we were all delighted. I hadn't a book. Who was ALBERT ROSS that the *Mariner* shot? Madame PATEY sang "O Sleep, it is a Genteel Thing!" (I think these were the words) with great feeling and expression. Beautiful idea, "sleep a genteel thing!" Somebody told me I was wrong, and that the poet wrote, "O Sleep, it is a Gentle Thing!" which anybody could have said, without being a poet. So I prefer my own version. The recitative (SANTLEY) and chorus (Everybody), about "the coming wind did roar," and something (I didn't catch what) was "like a sledge," and "the Moon was on its side and then upon its edge," which sounds just what a harvest moon would do after a good day's harvesting, were excellent.

Then followed Mr. C. V. STANFORD's Symphony in F Minor, "The Irish," as my neighbour informed me, to which I replied, "Oh, indeed!" and appeared, as I hope, much interested; though what he meant I haven't the smallest idea. Who was my neighbour?—a very learned person who kept on drawing my attention to the excellent instrumentation, and the admirable use which the Composer had made of his "strings"—I didn't see that he had any "strings," but I said, "Ah, yes,—his "Wood-wind and Horns." "Just observe his horns!" said my neighbour enthusiastically. He spoke of Mr. C. V. STANFORD as if he were drawing the portrait of Ancient Nicholas, as portrayed by CRUIKSHANK when illustrating *The Lay of S. Medard*, in the *Ingoldsby Legends*. A Composer with Strings, Wood-wind ("comest thou with blasts from—") &c., as BAONSPREARE hath it) and "horns" is the man to write a *cantata* entitled "Herne the Hunter," and I am not at all sure that there isn't a *Herne* already in existence, and that that *Herne* isn't His'n. After a pause (during which the orchestra continued playing) my neighbour begged me to notice that now the theme was, "Remember the glories of O'BRIEN the Brave," but at this point not wishing to enter into a political discussion which might have landed me in the police-station, I courteously, but firmly, wished him good night, and having signified to everybody generally the extreme pleasure I had derived from the entertainment provided by the Messrs. NOVELLO AND EWER, I gracefully withdrew, and am, No Fellow, but Ewers truly,

THE CRICKET ON THE HARP.

P.S.—*À propos* of music, I cannot refrain from mentioning the gathering of the *élite* who recently collected together to do honour to the talents of Mrs. DUTTON COOK. Madame ALBANI was in great force, and the fair *bénéficiaire* played with her customary grace and artistic feeling, eliciting the invariable result of unbounded applause. It is to be greatly regretted that the Public have not the opportunity of hearing Mrs. DUTTON COOK more frequently. She is certainly in the first rank of pianists and a sound musician.

"I HEAR," said Mrs. RAM, "that the Princess CHRISTIAN has written about the *Margarine of Baireuth*. I like to hear of Royalty interesting themselves in such matters. However," she added, "of course, they know which side their Bread's buttered, and like the butter, whether at home or abroad—that is, here or at Baireuth—to be of the very best. So do I."

"THE CRAMOPHONE."—New invention for repeating any number of crams over and over again. Useful to advertisers, quacks, &c., &c.

TOO CLEVER BY HALF.

"Out of every thousand men in the Army there are now 815 of superior education. . . . H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief has directed Officers to use every means at their disposal to induce men to improve their education in order to obtain the certificate necessary for promotion."—*Daily Paper*.

SCENE—The Barrack Square of the Royal Irish Bengal Essex Highlanders (Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein's Own). Members of the Regiment assembling for Morning Parade. A Company falling in.

Captain Dash (commanding A Company). Ready for inspection, Sergeant?

Sergeant Babington Macaulay (saluting). Directly, Sir. I have called away the men from a discussion on the question of entail.

Captain. Dear me! You should not have done that. I shall be only too ready to assist them by any means in my power.

Sergeant. Well, Sir, they are now in close order. If you wish, I will open them out. (Captain nods assent. To men.) Open order! [Flank files rear rank step back two paces.

Corporal (dressing flank files). Steady!

Sergeant. March! (Remainder of rear rank step back.) Order arms! Stand at ease! [He salutes Captain, and comes to attention.

Captain. Tention! (Company springs up to desired position.)

Now, my men, I hear that some of you require to know something about the Law of Entail. Now those of you who have taken any certificate from a University can take a page to the front. March! (The entire Company complies.) Dear me! You seem to be very well educated. Eh, Sergeant?

Sergeant. Well, pretty well, Sir. We are not equal to E Company, although we can hold our own fairly against B, C, D, F, and G. As for H Company, it is out of the competition altogether. H Company is the best read Company in the Battalion, if not in the Regiment.

Captain. Well, what is the difficulty? Call out the man who started the subject. Perhaps I may be able to help him.

Sergeant (salutes and turns to Company). Private THOMAS ATKINS take three paces to your front. March! Now then, salute, Sir! (Aside.) This extra education makes them rusty with their drill.

Captain. Well, Private ATKINS, can I help you at all?

Private Atkins (touching his rifle with his right hand). A thousand thanks, Sir, for your extreme kindness and courtesy. Still I cannot fairly monopolise all your attention, as I was only one of many desirous of learning a little law.

Captain. I suppose you know all about the Feudal System?

Private (smiling). I can safely undertake to say that there is not a man in the Company who does not appreciate its provisions.

Captain. Quite so. Well, the practice of entail is founded more or less on the Feudal System. You understand the advantages and disadvantages of Primogeniture?

Private. Certainly, Sir. I suppose Borough English was rather before the time of the Norman Conquest?

Captain. I imagine so: but perhaps the best way will be for you all to come to my quarters, where I can explain the matter more fully to you than I can here. I have no doubt the Colonel will excuse the Company, if I inform him for what purpose we propose absenting ourselves. At any rate I will ask him.

Private. A million thanks, Sir. I am sure every man in the Company will be grateful to you.

Sergeant. Right about turn! Quick march! Halt! Front! Shoulder arms!

Captain. Stand them easy while I go away. (Sergeant obeys order, and Captain approaches and salutes Colonel.) Beg pardon, Sir, but may I march my Company to my quarters to give them a lecture on law?

Colonel (rather querulously). Well, DASH, of course I'm not going to say No; but it really is rather rough upon me. Here B Company has got permission to study botany, C Company the elements of engineering, D, F, and G chemistry. I shall be left with H Company, because they have nothing more to learn. What on earth shall I give them to do if you are off too?

Captain. Wouldn't presume to suggest, Sir; but mightn't H have a little practice in the rudiments of drill?

Colonel. By Jove, you are right! They are rusty enough! Very well, you may go.

[Scene closes in upon A Company marching towards Captain DASH's quarters, while the Adjutant gets H Company (with some difficulty) into something like a proper formation for receiving elementary instruction in the mysteries of "fours."

A CIRCULAR NOTE.—The literary character of our leading statesmen of all shades of political opinion is well sustained at the present day. They are learned in all the 'ologies, including ap-ologies, of which art Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BALFOUR are by this time past-masters. Long may they live—and learn.



THE IRREVOCABLE PAST!

"This is truth the Poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things!"

"ALAS! IN LOOKING BACK OVER ONE'S LIFE, HOW MANY THINGS THERE ARE TO CAUSE ONE TO REGRET!"

"OH, YES, INDEED! I OFTEN REGRET I DIDN'T EAT MORE OYSTERS WHEN THEY WERE EIGHTPENCE A DOZEN!"

THE CHIMES.

(Dickens once again adapted to the Season and the Situation.)

HIGH up in the steeple of an old old Tower, of ancient foundation, somewhat incongruous and complicated in design, but of sound Constitution—as *everybody*, even the angriest campanological opponents, admitted—far above the light and the noise of the town, if far below the flying clouds that shadow it, dwelt the Chimes I tell of.

They were old Chimes, trust me. Centuries ago those Bells had been hung by our ancestors, so many centuries ago, that the register of their first suspension, the record of their first peal, was lost in antiquarian mist as impenetrable as the darkness of the belfry corners on a starless November night. They had had their donors and sponsors, these Bells; but time had mowed down their donors, and mislaid the names of their sponsors, and they now hung nameless and dateless, but sound and sonorous still, in that high old Tower, time-worn but steadfast and four-square to all winds, Party or otherwise, that have blown or that shall blow.

Not speechless though. Far from it. They had clear, loud, lusty, sounding voices, had these Bells; and far and wide they might be heard upon the wind. Much too sturdy Chimes, moreover, were they, to be dependent upon the mere pleasure of the wind, of any of the winds—Party or otherwise—*as-forementioned*. They had been pulled at by many generations of ringers, pulled at sometimes skillfully, often awkwardly and ill; sometimes in tune, and with the well-ordered harmony which was natural to them; sometimes again, wildly and wilfully, by incompetent or angry ringers, ringers ill-matched and ill-acquainted, who did their worst to mar their melody, and spoil their tunefulness, and upset their time, and make them sound, in the great Singer's words:—

"Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune, and harsh."

But the fault was ever less in the Bells than in the Bell-ringers. Cracked were they not, nor were they cacophonous; let their

clappers swing free, and keep their throats unrudded and unlogged, and in skilled, and loyal, and well-conducted hands, they would ever sound out strongly and sweetly, and send forth on and against the wildest and angriest of the winds aforesaid, most excellent and inspiring music.

Toby knew them well, those Bells, as did his great and genial Master. *Toby* was not a canine casuist. Being but a simple and loyal dog, he invested them with a strange and solemn character. They were so mysterious and mighty; often heard, and never seen; so high up, so far off, and so full of such a deep, strong melody, that he regarded them with a species of awe; and sometimes when he looked up at the dark arched windows in the tower, he half expected to be beckoned to by something which was not a Bell, and yet was what he had heard so often sounding in the Tower, the Spirit, namely, of Loyalty and Love, of Honour and of Home. For all this, *Toby* scouted with doggish disdain—being, like his Master, as sensible as loyal—a certain occasionally flying rumour that the Chimes were haunted, as implying the possibility of their being connected with any Evil thing. And *Toby*—no unlicked cub, but a considerate, composed old dog,—never puppyishly barked at the Bells. He would as soon have thought of baying the moon.

But he often had occasion to yap, warningly or reprovably, at the Bell-ringers!

Bow-wow-wow! It was the voice of *Toby*. It meant not, this time, either warning or reproof; rather amicable acknowledgment, and just a little surprise. Not fear, oh, no! not fear.

A Voice—was it a vision-voice, or the accents of the biggest of the Bells, or was it, perchance, the veritable Voice of Time himself, naturally and fitly vocal and audible at this particular Season?—sounded strangely through the shadowy belfry. Thus it seemed to speak, in words curiously pertinent to the moment, though *Toby* seemed to have heard them before in other connection and in other circumstances.



THE CHIMES.

MR. PUNCH. "NOW THEN, MY LADS! ALL TOGETHER FOR ONCE!—CHRISTMAS TIME, YOU KNOW!!"

"The Voice of Time cries to Man, Advance! Time is for his advancement and improvement; for his greater worth, his greater happiness, his better life; his progress onward to that goal within its knowledge and its view, and set there in the period when Time and he began. Ages of darkness, wickedness, and violence have come and gone—millions uncountable have suffered, loved, and died—to point the way before him. Who seeks to turn him back, or stay him in his course, arrests a mighty engine which will strike the meddler dead, and be the fiercer and the wilder, ever, for its momentary check!"

"A rub for the reactionaries!" mused *Toby*.

"Who puts into the mouth of Time, or of its servants, a cry of lamentation for days which have had their trial and their failure, and have left deep traces of it which the blind may see—a cry that only serves the present time, by showing men how much it needs their help when any ears can listen to regrets for such a past—who does this does us wrong?"

"A flout for our Fair-Traders!" thought *Toby*.

"Who hears in us, the Chimes, one note bespeaking disregard, or stern regard, of any hope, or joy, or sorrow, of the many-sorrowed throng; who hears us make response to any creed that gauges human passions and affections, as it gauges the amount of miserable food on which humanity may pine and wither, does us wrong?"

"What would the contempters of the people's claims, the deriders of the people's miseries, make of *that*, I wonder?" meditated *Toby*.

"Who hears us echo the dull vermin of the earth, the Putters Down of crushed and broken natures, formed to be raised up higher than such maggots of the time can crawl or can conceive, does us wrong?"

"Pity the shriekers for unlimited Suppression can't hear *this*!" cogitated *Toby*.

Bow-wow-wow! Again it was the voice of *Toby*. This time it did mean warning, if not reproof. Not anger exactly; anger alone is scarce suited to the Christmas season.

The Bell-ringers were going it. With plenty of energy, unquestionably, but with scarcely as much discretion as might be desired. A rather mixed lot. Each one individually an excellent hand at the rope, no doubt. Evergreen WILL, of the leonine front, and flying silvery whisks of hair! Black-a-vised BOB, of the broad shoulders and resolute tug. Stolid, but sturdy HARRY, of the firmly-planted feet and granite grip! Piery though mild-featured JOACHIM; sombre, smug-faced, but enthusiastic JOHN! Last, though perhaps hardly least (in his own estimation, at all events), rattling RANDOLPH, lightweight, none too firm of footing, but full of dash, and game to attempt a triple bob-major all by himself.

"Pull away, BOB," cried impetuous WILL, eagerly.

"Steady, WILL!" exclaimed Black-a-vised BOB, sardonically.

"Keep time, for goodness sake, JOHN," said accurate JOACHIM.

"Want your bell to be heard above all the rest!" murmured sombre JOHN.

"Are you trying to hang yourself, or pull the belfry down, RANDOLPH," muttered stolid HARRY, beneath his moustache.

"Oh, confound it; I could lick the lot of you!" shouted little RANDOLPH, tugging tremendously at his rope, and fairly carried off his feet by the recoil.

"*Bow-wow-wow!*" barked *Toby*.

"Right, my dog!" said his Master. "Good Bell-ringing, my boys, requires combination and subordination, unity of purpose as well as union of powers. A bull-like power of pull is not enough, or, by Jove! you'd all be crack campanologists. Come, Gentlemen, a Christmas Carillon at least should not be all cacophonous crash and clatter. All together, my lads, *for once*; or, rather, keep time, and touch, and tune, with due regard to the perfection of the peal and the credit of the glorious old Chimes!"

IN THEIR CRACKERS.

The Czar.—A brand-new map of the Balkan States with Prince BISMARCK's best compliments.

The Emperor of Austria.—A satisfactory explanation of recent Russian Military movements, with the Czar's kindest regards.

Prince Bismarck.—German Security by arrangement, with the seasonable wishes of the Five Great Powers.

President Carnot.—A Ministry that will last him a fortnight with the good will of the two Chambers.

Lord Salisbury.—A Hundred New Ways of Governing Ireland by Coercion. Christmas Edition.

Mr. O'Brien.—An Emerald-coloured Tweed suit, in which to sing by himself on Christmas Eve, "*The Wearing of the Green*."

Mr. Chamberlain.—A very pretty kettle of fish, daintily and appropriately decorated with Canadian mottoes.

Mr. Gladstone.—The Donnybrook Fair Suit, "with Shillelagh complete," as advertised, done up in a neat parcel and addressed to him with the compliments of "the Party."

A LEARNED PROTEST.

RESPECTISSIME PUNCH!

Tu habes admissum, olim, Latinas litteras in tuis columnis. Memini unum TOMMIUM scribentem de Etone (istâ super-ratâ sohola) et nunc forsitan accipies hanc contributionem antiqui Westminsterensis? Semperego auditor tantum (JUVENALIS) quum nobilis ars Latino-rum versorum est attacta? Non pro JOSEPHO! Volo nunc intrare meam protestationem contra aliqua verba Baronis BRAMWELL, alterâ die.



Facilis ascensus Parnassi sed revocare gradum.

"It's very easy to be a Poet, but you must have recourse to your gradus."

know the names of those who killed BECKETT (*sic*), and the precise date, but it is not wisdom or useful." (Quare, viâ, "BECKETT," et non "Sanctus TOMMIUS à BECKETT, proprium nomen? Quid cheekum! Vel forte dicerem, quæ bucca! Vocabimur Baronem BRAMWELL in futuro "BRAMWELL" simpliciter; vel, ut omittit "à," potius "BRAM'L"?)

Quoto has Philistinas deliverationes de "Tempora," et Editor "Temporum" propriissime scribit, "We should for our part (pro nostra portione) venture to doubt whether some of Lord BRAMWELL's (peto veniam, BRAM'L's) remarkable keenness of mind is not to be accounted for by the drilling which his Latin verses gave him—by the habit of twisting and turning (habitus contorquendi et vertendi) and adjusting thoughts and phrases which that old-fashioned exercise implies." Bene!

Sum ipse nunc Undergraduatus, et abandonavi Classicas linguas pro Scientiâ. Sed retinco meum Latinum—ut tu vides—et invenio id facile esse excellens in chemicis odoribus et in CICERONE simul.

Cogito ut Britannicus Publicus debet noscere quam multum bonum Latini versus sunt ad pueros.

1. Imprimis, illi docunt ad usum *Gradûs ad Parnassum*; et, interrogo, quis liber potest comparare cum eo vel in elegantia styli, vel in copiositate verborum, vel in vero genio auctoris? Sum indolatus cogitare ut auctor erat, in realitate, BACONUS ipse; et si ita, id est alium exemplum quomodo Latini versus auxiliant homines scandere ad nobilissimas positiones in Statu.

2. Secundo loco, docent fraternali amorem inter pueros; quia quum unus socius est stumpatus pro verbo, alius donat illi correctum tippum, sub rosâ.

3. Tertium quid (non *quid* tobaccoonis!—Vide effectum, "habitus contorquendi et vertendi")—Versus elevant mentem, et associant nos cum grandibus auctoribus prout, ut OVIDIO, TIBULLO, et CÆCÆRO. Quomodo possum noscere, nisi per "Gradum," ut *Amor* est "dulcis, blandus, jucundus, suavis," et eodem tempore "flagrans, acer, fervidus, indomitus, vigilans," etc.?

4. Quarto, discimus synonymos, sic utiles ad publicos homines non homines publicanos, intelligis! "Habitus contorquendi" iterum. Si Magister GLADSTONE non fecisset Latinos versus ut juvenis, non posset nunc donare viginti differentia nomina pro unâ re.

Finaliter, si Latini versus sunt missi ad Jerichonem, ubi erit *Ludus Westminsterensis in futuro*? Nullum alium argumentum est necessarium.

Maneo tuus,

ANTI-BRAMWELLIUS ACADEMICUS.

A CORRESPONDENT draws *Mr. Punch's* attention to an advertisement in a Cheltenham paper, from which this is an extract:—

"QUINCE JAM.—Prepared from Quinces, supposed by many to be the 'Forbidden Fruit.' This hitherto almost unknown luxury is much appreciated by those who have tried it."

Hasn't the enterprising and, of course, very old-established firm which advertises this luxury any recommendation in writing from "The fairest of her daughters," EVE? If so, let them produce the papyrus.

The last Christmas Cards to arrive, are TAYLOR FOOT's "Merry Thoughts," &c., from Poland Street,—they're behind time; so very slow a-foot in coming. As practical jokes, the mince-pie cards are uncommonly good, and indeed the sham may be substituted for the real, by a mince pi-ous fraud allowable at Christmas time.



STRIVING AFTER THE IDEAL.

Grandpapa. "AH, JOHNNY! THERE ARE FEW BETTER THINGS THAN IRISH STEW!"

Johnny. "WHAT ARE THE FEW BETTER THINGS, GRANDPA?"

UNEMPLOYED.

A Christmas Carol for the Comfortable Classes.

OLD Father Christmas came once more,
His eye was bright if his hair was hoar,
And the old old gifts on his back he bore.

With the old loved legend now as then
The pleasantest ever inscribed by pen—
"Peace upon earth, goodwill to men."

What was it the good old greybeard saw?—
War's iron teeth, greed's gaping jaw,
And shaken order and broken law.

Each land ringed round with a fence of steel,
Each party snarling at other's heel;
None seeming loving, few looking leal.

Poverty spreading athwart the land,
With mutterings few dared understand,
Though they palsied Charity's helpful hand.

And the good old greybeard stood and gazed
At the thousand hearths where no Yule-fire blazed,
At the hate-led nations, the classes crazed.

"And oh!" he cried, "is it come, the time
When the land low grovels in greed and grime,
And heeds no longer my cheering chime?"

"Is it past, all prospect of love's increase?
Is it time my rallying cry should cease—
'Peace and Good-will! Good-will and Peace!'"

"Is it fled, the hope that my heart has buoyed?
Is it finished, the labour in which I joyed?
Am I the chief of the Unemployed?"

THE DEAR DEPARTED.—He has departed, and he was dear—at the price, was the poor little Gorilla! He died at the Zoo just ten days ago. Was it owing to his being so generously dieted, and never getting "Monkey's allowance?" Jenny the Baboon refused to attend the funeral, which was strictly private. Her conduct has created some astonishment among the officials. A jarring note was struck by the Hyæna, which could not repress its laughter. He died intestate. The Gorilla's decease makes no change in the government of Monkey Island.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS APPARITION;
OR, THE PHANTOM BILL OF COSTS.

(A Legal Ghost Story for Christmas.)

I AM a highly respectable family ghost. I appear usually at two in the morning, wearing, what I believe is called in theatrical circles, a disguise cloak, and carrying a long blood-stained sword. I have one serious drawback. I have a shocking memory, and have entirely forgotten my identity. For the death of me I cannot remember why I became a ghost, and what on earth I ought to haunt. I fancy it should be some sort of castle, as I have an indistinct recollection of once frightening a man carrying some huge keys, from what I take must have been a portcullis, into fits. But this is merely conjecture, and I can't in the least account for my blood-stained sword. As I am really conscientious, this state of things has caused me serious regret. I have no wish to alarm the wrong people, nor to haunt the wrong place. The first is improper, and the second is *infra dig*. But what can I do? I find that I *must* appear at least once in every four-and-twenty hours, and my difficulty has been to so suit my time and place, that the least inconvenience should be given to the smallest number. Consequently, for many years I have been a nightly *habitué* of the South Kensington Museum. No doubt this arrangement would have continued for an indefinite period had I not been recently arrested by a Policeman for loitering in the picture-galleries, who only permitted me to vanish in blue fire (I prefer blue to red) on the condition that I did not re-enter the Institution.

Ousted from the South Kensington Museum, I determined not to visit any other public establishment. Partly because I was tired beyond measure of curiosities, and partly, because my dignity had been wounded by the incident that had severed my connection with the School of Art. Supplementary to this, I felt that I might be neglecting a duty by not discovering the proper place for my periodical apparitions. It occurred to me it would be a great comfort if I could but find the exact spot, where undisturbed, I could appear and disappear without fear of interruption, at any rate, from the profession, for I knew that I should not be allowed to

poach on the haunting-grounds of my fellow phantoms. As a matter of fact, I once had a terrible row in the Tower of London, (caused by Sir WALTER RALPH, Lord BALMARINO, and Lady JANE GREY objecting to my joining the little gathering there, on the score "that I did not belong to their set") which ended in my being ejected in the most undignified manner possible from the premises. However, I am pretty determined when I make up my mind, and I formed the resolution of leaving no stone unturned until I had discovered my proper destination.

My first experiments were most unsuccessful. I visited in succession about a hundred country-houses, but found them all tenanted with their rightful apparitions. My arrival was greeted, in each case, with abuse, more or less vigorous. Perhaps I received the greatest insults from a person (I cannot call him a gentleman) of the last century, who I discovered haunting a venerable mansion belonging to his grandson, with a view to giving their brand-new family an air of respectability.

At length I found a rather agreeable lady in white brocade, who carried her head in a bundle under her arm, and who was more inclined to be sociable than any ghost I had hitherto met.

"You cannot possibly remain here," she said, as she glided up a staircase and rattled some chains outside a bedroom door, "it would not be proper, besides it would be sure to be resented by ALFREDO, who rises every fifteenth of March from the moat to cut my head off in a fit of jealousy—he is so absurd! If I were you I should consult a Solicitor. I can recommend you one who hanged himself some years ago in the town over yonder. His great great great grandfather drew my marriage settlement; and ALFREDO, who has consulted him on several little matters, has every confidence in him. Why not see him? You will find him seated in his office (it belongs to his nephew in the daytime) from midnight to four in the morning. And now you must really go, as I have to frighten the occupants of this bed-chamber."

Thus urged, of course I could only bow and withdraw. I floated into the town and entered the Lawyer's office. I found its phantom occupant extremely obliging.

"The great difficulty," he said, when he had listened to my story,

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 55.



IN LOWTHER ARCADIA AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

"is to ascertain your identity, which can only be done in the day-time. Have you ever appeared at noon?"

I admitted that I had, although I was obliged to confess that I had found my apparition then both feeble and unsatisfactory.

After consultation, we decided that perhaps we might find some trace of my antecedents in the Imbecile Inquiry Office, a Government Department devoted to the registration of human curiosities. It was not impossible that I might have been so extremely eccentric in my lifetime, that some trace of my doings might have been preserved in the archives of the *bureau*. The next morning, accompanied by my Lawyer, I visited the office, and was requested by a messenger to put in writing on a memorandum paper the object of my application. Fortunately the man was short-sighted, and did not appear to notice our appearance. I wrote what I wanted, and sent it up. In a few minutes the messenger returned.

"The Board is engaged at this moment, but if you like to stop, the Secretary will see you by-and-by." He then left us.

After waiting nearly an hour, my Lawyer and I came to the conclusion that we must have been forgotten, and determined to go upon a voyage of discovery on our own account. Leaving the waiting-room, we glided up a broad stone staircase and entered through a green-baize door a large apartment apparently filled with books. Seated at a desk was an amiable-looking, middle-aged gentleman surrounded with plans, papers, packets, and the usual paraphernalia of a Government Office. Between this room and another was a second green-baize door dividing the two apartments the one from the other. In the second room we saw several other amiable-looking middle-aged gentlemen, grouped round a long table, and apparently engaged in discussing sandwiches and sherry.

"I am sorry to disturb you," said my Lawyer, courteously. The

amiable-looking middle-aged gentleman at the desk, raised his eyes, looked at us, started violently, and turned as white as a sheet. My Solicitor continued, "We want to know—"

He could get no further. The gentleman jumped up from his desk in an agony of terror, and, before we could prevent his departure, disappeared with an unearthly yell, through the baize door into the second apartment. The door was then hurriedly locked, and all we could do would not induce any of the occupants of the room to open it. We tried in vain all sorts of inducements, from the rattling of heavy chains up to thunder-thumps. Some little time elapsed, and then the short-sighted messenger made his appearance.

"I never told you to come up," said he, in an aggrieved tone, "and you've got me into trouble. You must be off. The Board say that your application, whatever it is, can't be entertained."

To retire was all we could do—and we did it. On regaining the street, I sorrowfully bade my Solicitor good-bye.

"Oh dear no, Sir," he said, with the ghost of a smile. "You have quite forgotten one little formality—my Bill of Costs."

Upon this he produced an enormous roll of paper! The rest of my story can be briefly told. Unable to pay my Lawyer's bill, I was compelled to seek refuge in a country where I could not be reached by the Extradition law. I took a passage in *The Flying Dutchman*, and went to Spain. I am now settled in Grenada, where I am believed by the peasantry to be an English ghost that has escaped from a branch of the Moorish Alhambra that has been recently established in Leicester Square. I find some consolation in the thought that those whom I now haunt seem to be growing rather fond of me. I trust that this is not a specimen of the national politeness, and that the affection they apparently entertain towards me is not merely assumed to save me unnecessary embarrassment.

WAITING HIS ORDERS.

THE HOME SECRETARY, after the revelations made by a distinguished member of the Representative body of Theatrical Managers and Music Hall Proprietors that called upon him last week to protest against the further extension of Inspecting Powers to the



Augustus Druriolanus opposing the Invasion of Planeus Operator Autocraticus.

Metropolitan Board, having expressed a wish to hear something still further of the correspondence, said to be of a blackmailing character, which was referred to in the course of the proceedings, the Deputation again called on him yesterday afternoon for the purpose of supplying him with fresh information on the subject.

In re-introducing them, Mr. JACKSON PARTLAND, M.P., said that since their last interview they had heard that, with a view to the better control of the correspondence of subordinate officials of the Board, an enterprising firm of publishers had undertaken to provide for their use A COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER, a few of the proof-sheets of which had chanced to come into their possession. As they seemed to have some bearing on the present case, they thought that perhaps the HOME SECRETARY might like to look at them. In presenting them to his notice, they felt it was hardly necessary to point out that a public Department from which such documents might be expected to issue was scarcely calculated to inspire that general confidence so essential to the smooth and efficient working that might reasonably be expected of it. The subjoined proof-sheets, which he appeared to peruse with much attention, were then handed to the HOME SECRETARY:—

From an Official of the Board to a Popular Manager, asking for Places during the Height of the Pantomime Season.

Metropolitan Board of Shirks Compromising Architect's Department, Spring Heel Gardens, February 17.

MY DEAR GUS,—(Excuse the familiarity, but it is a way we have on the "Board")—I know you are turning money away nightly, but you must really manage to let me have the Queen's Box, and the two others on each side of it (all three knocked into one) for three days—say, Monday, Thursday, and Friday next week. I wish to bring my grandfather, two aged aunts, my sister-in-law, all her children, and my own, and lots of cousins and connections who know my interest with you, and have asked me to get 'em good places. Don't say you can't do it, my dear boy, for you know I can be nasty when I like, and should be sorry to put you to the expense of clapping on another staircase or two to the upper circles. Ha! ha! that would be a joke, wouldn't it? However, let's hope it won't come to that. Yours ever, JOHN BEGG.

P.S.—If there's a difficulty about the boxes, I wouldn't mind a whole row of stalls right across the theatre in the best part. But mind, one or the other, I must have.

From Same to Same, on the former receiving, in reply, an Order for two to the Upper Boxes, not admitted after half-past Seven.

Metropolitan Board of Shirks Compromising Architect's Department, Spring Heel Gardens, February 19.

SIR.—I am utterly astounded at the insolence of your response to my request, and thus fling back your tickets (re-enclosed) in your face. Do you know, Sir, who I am? Are you aware that I can make your theatre too hot to hold you? Do you reflect that I can force you to open up a dozen,—ay, and if need be, twenty-four—new and roomy exits on every blessed floor in your house. And yet, with this knowledge, you dare to haggle in your mind over the price of three paltry boxes on the Grand Tier. Why, you must be mad!—stark! However, to be plain with you, I'll tell you what it is. Unless you send me by return the places I have named, and which, as an Official of the Board, have the goodness to understand, I claim

as a right, I'll let loose a Committee of Inspection on you in two twos, without notice, and if, after they've paid you a visit, they leave you a single leg to stand upon, I promise you it won't be the fault of Yours, meaning business, officially, JOHN BEGG.

From Same to Same, after receipt of various Complimentary Admissions, making still further demands.

Metropolitan Board of Shirks, Compromising Architect's Department, Spring Heel Gardens, March 1.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,—Thank you for the last six Private Boxes, which, although not all of them in quite first-rate positions, enabled me to knock off a few obligations that I was under to certain important friends and connections. But I am now going to tax your kindness still further. I wish to give all my tradesmen a treat, and should like them to have the Queen's Box in turn. I am, therefore, sending you the addresses of my butcher, my baker, my bootmaker, milkman, greengrocer, and my tailor, and request that you will communicate directly with them, with a view to finding out on what nights they could most conveniently visit the theatre, and arranging accordingly. Please be careful to direct the envelopes carefully and legibly, as I should be sorry that any carelessness on your part should lead to disagreeables over the matter. Indeed, as long as you keep me well supplied with the places I require on the Grand Tier, I have no wish to be nasty. But you know, from experience, it won't do to put my back up, and that rather than put an official spoke into your wheel, I would always prefer to receive your orders, and be able to sign myself, as I do now, Yours cordially,

JOHN BEGG.

From Same to Same, on receiving Apologetic and Explanatory Letter enclosing sixteen undated Stalls.

Metropolitan Board of Shirks, Compromising Architect's Department, Spring Heel Gardens, March 1.

MR. BEGG wishes to know whether Mr. HARRIS takes him for a fool. Mr. B. particularly told Mr. H., that he wanted him to let him have the Queen's Box for six consecutive nights, as he wished to give his, Mr. B's., Tradesmen a treat. How does Mr. H. think Mr. B. is going to manage that in suitable style, in sixteen undated Stalls! But perhaps Mr. H. is desirous of provoking an Official Inspection, and would like to be called on to provide a new set of dressing-rooms, a couple of iron-curtains, and be ordered to rebuild his Entrance Hall. Mr. B. merely throws this out as a hint, but would advise Mr. H. if he wishes to keep out of trouble, to despatch the demanded boxes, to the addresses already furnished him forthwith.

The HOME SECRETARY said, that after giving the above specimens of correspondence his careful consideration, he could not say that he thought them particularly out of the way, but as there somehow seemed to be a general impression that they were, he supposed something ought to be done. He would think the matter over, and perhaps in the course of next summer he might possibly hit on some solution.

The Deputation having thanked him, then withdrew.

"ALL THE TALENTS."

THE *Graphic's* big picture, representing "All the Talents" of Her Gracious MAJESTY's reign grouped together in one tremendous crowd, directed apparently on their way down (ominous this!) by Sir JEM of the Academy, contains some of the best portraits that have appeared in any collective illustration. Each one of them separately would be entitled to a place in the splendid *Victoria Album* recently issued by SMITH AND DOWNES, and to say this is saying a great deal. The *Graphic* Stage-Manager has grouped his characters most appropriately. On the extreme right of the spectator is Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., staring across at Sir JEM as if wondering why on earth the latter was taking so much authority into his own hands. The Baroness BURDETT COURTIS is well in front, evidently determined to get out first before the crush comes,—an idea that, apparently, has also simultaneously occurred to MESSRS. CHAMBERTAIN, BROWNING, ELLEN TERRY, and Lords CHARLES BERNARD, TENNYSON, SALISBURY, GLADSTONE, "our Mr. TENNIEL," Mrs. BANCROFT (without Mr. B., which accounts for the vacant space next to her, so perhaps he was late, or has politely gone to fetch Mrs. KENDAL, with whom he will appear in the millionth re-issue of this picture), H.B. Cardinal MANNING, apologising for accidentally troading on Madame PATTI's dress (but it really couldn't be helped), who are all getting away as quickly as possible, either because Mr. SALA, up at the back, or Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN (who is looking about for Mr. GILBERT) has shouted out, "Get on in front there!" Perhaps—ah!—they are all hurrying off to the Refreshment Room! Or going to stir the Christmas Pudding.

BORN's Standard Library is to be republished at a shilling a volume. This is indeed putting life in the dry Bohns.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

ANOTHER "BUTLER;" OR, A THORNE IN HIS SIDE.

TAKING for granted the improbabilities of Mr. AUTHOR JONES's plot—which seems to use up again the materials of *Aurora Floyd*, and one or two other novels, including the *Danvers Jewels*—and a certain maladroitness of construction, *Heart of Hearts* is both interesting and amusing. All the characters are distinctly outlined excepting one, and this one, strange to say, is *James Robins*, the hero of the piece, a part apparently written rather to suit Mr. THOMAS THORNE's peculiarities, than to exhibit any marked individuality of character.



James Robins, *Lady Clarissa Fitzralph's* butler,—who is of course the intimate friend of Mr. and Mrs. MERVILLE's butler at Toole's Theatre round the corner,—has secretly married his mistress's sister, and her niece is openly to marry his mistress's son. Now, how about the character of *James Robins*? Is he honest? Hardly so. Is he sly? Certainly. Is he crafty? It cannot be denied. Yet the sympathy of the audience is with him. Why? Well, chiefly because he is played by Mr. THORNE, and secondarily, because he is very fond of his brother's child, whom he has brought up because his brother, having got into trouble and been compelled to "do his time," has delivered her into his care. This nice father returns, comes to see his child, and steals a ruby bracelet, this ruby being the "heart of hearts." Whereupon one *Miss Latimer*, a malicious schemer, fixes the theft on *Lucy Robins*. What more natural, considering the name? The father, *Old Robins*, has stolen the jewel; the daughter, *Lucy Robins*, has been accused of doing so. Quite a robbin's family. Of course exculpation and explanation wind up the play, though I regret to say I was compelled to leave before hearing how Mr. AUTHOR JONES deals with that old reprobate *Cock Robins*, the parent bird, who, in view of the future happiness of *Mary* and *Ralph*, would be about as presentable a father-in-law to have on the premises as that old "unemployed" reprobate, *Eccles*, in *Caste*. I am sorry he wasn't somehow disposed of, having of course previously confessed his guilt to the bilious detective, *March*, and expired under the assumed name of *Mister Masters*. By the way, AUTHOR JONES is not happy in nomenclature.

The dialogue is good throughout, even when it only indirectly develops character or helps the action, and so is the acting. Mr. THORNE as *James* is admirable; representing the character as a man gifted with an overpowering appreciation of the humorous side of every situation,—including his own as a butler,—in which either accident or design may place him. I do not believe that this was the author's intention, but this is the impression made upon me by Mr. THORNE's acting, and I am sure it could not be better played. *Miss Kate Rorke* is charmingly natural; Mr. LEONARD BOYNE is unequal, being better in the last Act than the first. My sensitive ear having been struck by the mellifluous accents of *Lucy* and the *Corkasian*,—I think, though, it may be *Galwaisian*,—tones of her lover, I could not help wondering why the author, after the first few rehearsals, did not slightly alter the dialect and lay the scene in Ireland. The play is well worth seeing, and begins at the easy hour of 8'45. There should be *mutinies* of a new operetta, entitled *The Two Butlers*, characters by J. L. TORNE and THOMAS THOOLE.

CORNET AND PIANO.

AT A JUVENILE PARTY.

Cornet. Ready? Yes, I'm ready—but I'm not going to begin before I'm asked. If they want us to strike up, let 'em come and ask us, d'ye see?

Piano. Well, but there are all the children sitting about doing nothing—

C. Let 'em sit! They'll see you and me sittin' all the evenin', strummin' and blowin' like nigger slaves, and a lot they'll care! Don't you make no mistake, young Pianner, there ain't no sense in doin' more than you're obliged—you'll get no credit for it, d'ye see? And don't keep that programme all to yourself. Ah, one Swedish, one Sir Roger, and a bloomin' Cotillion—they'll take two hours alone! We shan't work this job off much before one, you see if we do. (*To Hostess*.) Commence now? By all means, Madam. Send us a little refreshment? Thank you, Madam, we shall be exceedingly obliged to you. (*The refreshment arrives*.) Here's stuff to put liveliness in us, Mate—*Leminade*!

[*Put a jug under piano with intense disgust.*]

P. Well, I should think you'd lemon enough in you already.

C. I ate kids, there—and that's the truth of it! It makes me downright sick to see 'em dressed out, and giving themselves the airs and graces of grown-ups. (*To Small Child*.) Yes, my little dear, it's a worltz this time. (*To Pianist*.) Strike up, young P. and O! (*A little later*.) I'm blest if I don't believe you're enjoying this,

Pianner, settin' there with that sort of a dreamy grin on your pasty countenance!

P. And if I am, where's the harm of it?

C. It's easy to see you ain't bin at it long, or you wouldn't take that interest in it. Much they thank you for takin' a interest, these bloated children of a pampered aristocracy! Why, they don't mind you and me more than the drugget under their feet. Even gutter kids have got manners enough to thank the Italian as plays the organ for 'em to dance to. Are we ever thanked? I ask you.

P. The Italian plays for nothing. We don't.

C. There you go, redoooin' everything to coppers. You're arguin' beside the question, you are. Ever see a well-dressed kid give a organ a penny without there was a monkey a-top of it? I never did. If you chained a monkey to your pianner now, they might condescend to look at yer now and then—not unless.

P. Well, you can't deny they're a nice-looking set of children here. Look at that one with the long hair, in the plush—like a little Princess, she is.

C. And p'raps she ain't aware of it, either! Why, there's that little sister o' yours, that's got hair just as long, ah, and 'ud look as pretty too, if she'd a little more colour; but you can't have colour without capital. It's 'igh-feeding does it all, and money wrung from the working-classes, like you and me.

P. I don't know what you call yourself. I'm a professional, and see no shame in it.

C. You can be as purfessional as you please, but you needn't be poor-spirited. Come on; pound away! Ain't you got a uglier worltz than that?

AT SUPPER.

C. I must say I arldy expected this—after the leminade. But you're eatin' nothin', young Pianner. (*To Servant*.) Thank 'ee, my pretty dear, you may leave that raised pie where it is; and do you think you could get us another bottle o' Sham, now—for my young friend here? (*To Pianist*.) You needn't think you've made a conquest with that moony mug of yours. She's only lookin' after you to make me jealous, d'ye see? I know these minxes' ways, bless you.

P. (*with lofty bitterness*). I've no wish to dispute it with you.

C. Ah, you've had your eye on the governess all the evening. I saw you!

P. (*blushing*). You're talking folly, Cornet, and what's more, you know it.

C. That's her playin' upstairs now. I know a governess's polker—all tum-tum and no jump to it. Wouldn't you like to go up and help her, eh?

P. If I am a wretch doomed to misery, it's not for you to remind me of it, Cornet. It's not a friendly act, I'm blowed if it is!

C. You're a regular Tant—Tarantulus, you know, that's what you are! You'll be goin' mad on your musio-stool—"I saw her dancin' in the 'All"—that sort o' thing, hey?

P. (*with dignity*). It seems to me you've had quite enough of that Champagne, and we've been down half-an-hour.

C. You don't 'pear to unnerstand that a Cornet's very mush thirstier instrumen' than a iron-grand out o' tune—but you're a good young feller—I li' a shentimental young chap. I'm a soft-arted ole fool myself!

AFTER SUPPER.

C. (*with emotion*.) Loo' at that now, ain't that a sight to make a man o' you? All these brit appy young faces. I could play for 'em all ni'—blesh their 'arts! Lor, what a rickety chair I'm on, and thish bloomin' brash inshtrumen's gone and changed ends. Now then, quiken up, let 'em 'ave it—you are a shulky young chap!

P. It is not sulks but misery. I swear to you, Cornet, that each hammer I strike vibrates on my own heart-strings!

C. Then you can be innerpennant of a pianner.

P. I am young—but the young have their sorrows, I suppose. Is it nothing to have to minister to others' gaiety with a bitter pang in one's own breast?

C. Thash wha' comes o'shtickin' to the leminade!

A LITTLE LATER.

P. (*aghast*). I say, what are you about? You mustn't, you know!

C. (*smiling dreamily*). It's all ri', dear boy! If a man fines he can't breathe in 'sh bootsh—on'y loshical coursh 'fore him is to play in socksh—d'ye see?

AT PARTING.

The Cornet (to hostess, with benignant tenderness). Goo'ri, Madam, Gobblesh you, I do' min' tellin' you, you've made me and the pianner here, and ah, 'undreds of young innohent arts very 'appy, Madam, you may ta' that from me. I hope we've given complete satisfaction, 'm sure we've had mosht pleasant shupper—I mean pleasant evenin'—sho glad we came. And you musn't ta' no notish my young fren, he's been makin' lil too free with the leminade, d'ye see? Goo' ri! [*Exit gracefully, and is picked up at bottom of Staircase by the Pianist.*]

TOBY'S GREETING.



A NEW YEAR'S CARD.

*Library, House of Commons,
New Year's Eve.*

HONOURED SIR,

I FIND in the Letter Bag a communication from that eminent statesman GRANDOLPH. But I think it will keep for a week, and on this New Year's Eve I will put in the Bag a letter of my own, addressed to him who, take him for all in all, (as BACON wrote) is the most Eminent Man of the century. No one, a cynic has said, is a hero to his own valet—meaning, I suppose, that the closer a man is looked into the less profound his valley appears. It has been my lot to sit at your feet for close upon half-a-century, perched upon the pile of volumes which, oddly enough, never grows an eighth-of-an-inch higher through the revolving years. You have honoured me with your closest confidence. I have known your inmost thoughts. I have often seen you, as you are weekly presented to an admiring public, chuckling with finger to nose and brightened eye over the inception of a joke, and I have observed you afterwards a little depressed on reading it in the proof, struck with the conviction that it was not quite so good as you thought. I am not your valet. But you are truly my Hero.

It may be said that I am prejudiced by receipt of personal favours. You took me literally out of the streets to be your daily companion, and, at friendly though still humble distance, to consort with the Beauty and Brilliance that throngs your court. But for you I might years ago have followed the historic precedent, gone mad to serve my private ends, bit some unwholesome person and died. But you took me by the paw, lifted me into your company, placed me on the pedestal of your ever-increasing but never-swelling bulk of volumes, whence it was an easy matter to step on to the lower level of the floor of the

House of Commons. The prestige of your name was sufficient to secure for me the suffrages of one of the most important and one of the most enlightened county constituencies of this still undivided Empire.

As I sit here alone in this dimly-lighted chamber there glide along with silent footfall an interminable procession of familiar faces and figures that have passed through this room since I first took the oath and my seat for Berkshire. DIZZY walks past, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but conveying to the mind of the onlooker a curious impression that he sees all round; and here comes kindly STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and burly BERKEFORD-HOPK, and TOM COLLINS, with the faded umbrella he used to bring down through all the summer nights and solemnly commit to the personal charge of the doorkeeper. And there goes dear ISAAC BUTT, wringing his hands because of Major O'GORMAN's revolt, and W. P. ADAM, disappointed after his long fight which ended with victory for his Party and something like a snub for himself. Here is NEWGATE frowning at the scarlet drapery of a reading lamp; and behind him, WHALLEY, wondering whether he was really in earnest when he denounced him before the House of Commons as "a Jesuit in disguise." Here, too, poor Lord HENRY LENNOX with his trousers turned up, and Sir THOMAS MAX with a Peerage looming within hand's reach, and Captain GOSSET steering his shapely legs towards his room to drink Apollinaris and read up Hansard. All all are gone, the old familiar faces, and the New Year, which the bell-ringers are waiting to welcome in, is nothing to them. Over there in the corner are the two chairs on which the form of JOSEPH GILLIS reclined on the first all-night sitting that ever was, when, the thing being fresh to Members, they were eager to stop up all night, to walk round the recumbent form, dropping pokers and heavy volumes with innocent attempt to disturb the slumberer. But JOSEPH GILLIS slept, or

seemed to sleep. He was giving the Saxon trouble, and was not greatly inconvenienced himself.

I have taken down from the shelves two volumes among the most recent and most prized addition to our Library, and, turning over the leaves, come upon fresh testimony to my Honoured Sir's prescience. Turning over *John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character*, garnered from the Collection of *Mr. Punch*, I find under date twenty-five years back, women of all degrees presented under cover of monstrous hoops. Everybody wore crinoline in those days. It was the thing, the only possible thing, and the average human mind could not grasp the idea of there being any other way of arraying the female form. But the prophetic eye of one of the most brilliant of *Mr. Punch's* Young Men peered into the future and beheld what was to come.* In the very midst of delineations of these everyday monstrosities, fearful in the drawing-room, grotesquely exaggerated in the kitchen, JOHN LEECH flashed forth a view of the future. There are three sketches of girls, two in the eelskin dress that marked the rebound from the hideous tyranny of crinoline, and the third showing a style of dress that might have been sketched to-day in Bond Street, not forgetting the upper rearward segment of the crinoline which survives at this day to hint what has been. *Ex pede Herculem*. It seemed at the date a monstrous idea, a nightmare fancy, peradventure a joke. But *Mr. Punch's* calm eye pierced the veil of the future, and saw then, as he has always seen, what was to be.

This, Sir, is only a solitary instance of your prescience cited in accidentally turning over the collected pages that seem so familiar and are still so fresh. I could quote indefinitely as I turn over the leaves. But time is shorter than usual this evening. There is less than an hour left of 1877. The procession I spoke of just now has passed out and closed the doors. Under brighter and more inspiring auspices comes another group. May I present them to my honoured Master? EIGHTEEN EIGHTY-EIGHT this is *Mr. Punch* of whom you may have heard. *Mr. Punch*, this is EIGHTEEN EIGHTY-EIGHT of whom I expect you will hear a good deal. And here, happier in his possessions than *King Lear*, are his four daughters—Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. They come to wish you a Happy New Year in which no one joins so heartily as your humble friend and servitor,

TOBY, M.P.

* There is a later example of this gift in the date of another Young Man's letter.—Ed.



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Friendly Critic. "HUMPH! A LITTLE WOOLLY IN TEXTURE, ISN'T IT? OF COURSE I DON'T MEAN THE SHEEP!"

FROM A COUNTRY COUSIN.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I THANK you for your advice. You were right when you told me to go and see Mrs. BERNARD BEERE in *As in a Looking Glass*. Indeed, she does hold the mirror up to "nature,"—which is in this instance what ZOLA calls *la bête humaine*,—and in it is reflected the worn face, so weary of wickedness and so hopeless of the future, of *Lena Despard*. The moral of the story—for moral there is—is never out of date. If we can ever retrace any of our steps in life, which I doubt, there are at all events some false steps that never can be retraced. Our deeds become part and parcel of ourselves, and we can no more rid ourselves of them than we can jump off our shadows.

"Our deeds our angels are, or good or ill;
Our fatal shadows that walk with us still."

And yet *la bête humaine*, has not quite killed the soul of this adventuress, for she is still capable of a real love, and of proving its reality by an awful self-sacrifice. This is not a Christmas spirit, is it? But you see I went before Christmas, and having done with tragedy, I am looking forward to pantomimical stuff and nonsense. I had not read the novel,—you have, but considerably refrained from telling me the plot,—so I enjoyed the performance without my memory compelling me to compare it, for better or worse, with the original story.

I have never seen Mrs. BEERE play anything before this, nor have I seen SARAH BERNHARDT, who, as you tell me, was in other pieces this lady's model. A London Cousin of mine, who is a theatre-goer, and knows several of the leading actors and actresses "at home," tells me that in this piece the individuality of the actress is completely merged in the part, and that it is only when she is saying something very cynical, that he was reminded by a mannerism peculiar to this actress how bitter this BEERE could be on occasion. It is a pity her name is BEERE, because when I asked my cousin (do you know him—JOSEPH MILLER?) if, off the stage, this lady was really thin and tall, he replied, "Yes—Mrs. BEERE was never stout, and was never a half-and-half sort of actress."

And then, when I pressed him for serious answer, he said, "Well, she's *Lena* on the stage, as you see." What is one to do with a joker like this, except go with him to a Pantomime, Burlesque, or Circus? Yours, LITTLE PETERKIN.

P.S.—The Opéra Comique is not the Theatre for a *tragédienne*. Joe says, "Yes it is—for Mrs. BEERE, because of the 'Op in it.'"

"DE DEUX SHOWS, UNE."

ON Thursday night, Mr. WILSON BARRETT, brought out a new piece at the Globe, and in Leicester Square, the Empire Variety Show was inaugurated. The good-natured "Visible Prince," who is always ready to encourage Art in any form, and willing to "open" anything from a Cathedral to an Oyster, was present at this *première* of the New Music Hall. Poor W. B! "How long! How long!" By the way, it may be necessary to explain to some simple persons, that *The Empire* has nothing whatever to do with The Imperial Institute.

A Christmas Tip.

"TALLY ho! Yoicks, over there!" Which being translated, means go and see the Sporting "Illustrations" at GERMAN REED's—not "German" at all, for you must always take this title *cum corney grano*, but "So English, you know." And CORNEY GRAIN's song afterwards, that marvellous duet between Corney and Piano,—excellent!

THERE is now an Examination for everything. A man can't even become a Bankrupt without passing an examination. Very hard this.

SOMETHING TO SWALLOW.—TOM TOPER says, "SHAKSPEARE's plays were written partly by SHAKSPEARE and partly by BACON. It was a 'split B. & S.'"

THE RECENT PRIZE-FIGHT.—What the French thought of it: an In-Seine proceeding.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I HAVE just come across something on Modern Wiggism in the shape of an amusing advertising book on the Wigs supplied to



leading actors by the theatrical per-
ruiquer Fox. "Nothing like leather,"
said the tanner; and judging from the
collection of illustrations and notices,
it is, in Mr. Fox's opinion, more what
is outside the head than what is in it,
that insures success on the Stage. The
perruiquer makes the wig, and the wig
makes the actor. There are portraits
of various theatrical celebrities, in-
cluding one or two of Mr. TOOLE, in
various wigs, whose presentments in
these pages may entitle the work to be called Fox's *Book of Martyrs*—willing martyrs, of course, and many of them after they've
strutted and fretted for several hours on the stage, quite ready to
go cheerfully to "The Steak."

Mr. FREDERICK BARNARD'S *Character Sketches from Dickens*
have been republished. They are the work of a true artist; but
he should have left Mr. *Pickwick* alone. Who cares for an artistic
Mr. *Pickwick*? No; let him ever remain the burlesque eccentricity
invented by Mr. SEYMOUR, and founded on DICKENS'S creation.
But Mr. BARNARD'S *Mrs. Gamp* and *Bill Sikes* are both quite truly
Dickensian.

BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

NUGGETS IN NORTH WALES.

THERE is legends, and traditions told, and narratives, and tales,
Of wealth in mountain crannies, caves, and cells of ancient Wales.
The dens of dwarves and fairies, sprites and goblins, imps and elves,
Where they, like misers, look you, kept their treasures to themselves.

A cockatrice, a griffin, or a wivern watched the hoard,
In the coffers of the crystal rocks, and stone-strong chambers stored,
Breathed fire and flames, and ramped and raved in form to tear and
rend,

And scratch and bite, and sting with tail, barbed arrow-like on end.

The lions and the eagles and the snakes together linked,
The cockatrices, wiverns, and their tribes is all extinct.
No dragons could PENDRAGON, if alive yet, find to slay,
And the dwarves, and fays, and fairies all alike have gone away.

Now GRIFFITHS is the Safe Man, and a griffin guards no more
The secret riches of the rocks—they lie concealed in ore;
The lodes and veins, and minerals, there's quantities untold
In the quarries and the crystals, and the quartzes, full of gold.

It is an El Dorado, found in Mawddach's happy vale;
It is Mr. PRITCHARD MORGAN'S, look you, no romancer's tale.
And mines besides Gwmfynydd mine 'tis like there's them that owns;
Peradventure Mr. JENKINS, Mr. EVANS, Mr. JONES.

North Wales will be a Golden Chersonesus, though the phrase
Is a little solecisms, indeed, suppose quartz-crushing pays.
And, moreover, in Welsh diggings what if nuggets there be found,
As large as leeks, and weighing from a scruple to a pound?

A Golden Age in Wales, look you, there's goodly ground to hope,
And a theme of song besides to give the Bards unbounded scope,
And prizes at Eistedfodau for poetry and odes,
On the find of gold in the quartzes and the metal-veins and lodes.

SOCIAL ROMANCE.

A "Fragment," extracted from the "Dim and Distant Future," as
imagined by Mr. Frederic Harrison.

It was a delightful summer evening, and East London was looking
its brightest. The eight hours of daily toil were over, and the crowds
of cheery-voiced and happy-faced working people were returning in
merry groups to their respective homes, scattered here and there
amid the splendid Co-operative Palaces that reared their decorated
fronts to meet the last golden glories of the setting sun, and break
the soft progress of the gentle evening breeze laden with the sweet
scents of the myriad flowers blooming freshly amid the verdant
parterres and winding woodland walks by which they were divided
and surrounded. Here a rippling fountain made silvery music in
the air, while yonder the noisy brooklet could be traced cleaving its
headlong way to the lovely Thames flowing seaward tranquilly
beneath, its translucent surface being broken now and again only by
the leap from an occasional seventy-pound salmon revelling for very
joy in the highly hygienic quantity of the pure and crystal water in
which he was existing. Above was the faultless deep-blue glory
of an Italian sky. Beneath rare forest trees, amidst which the grace-

ful oleander and wild tamarisk flourished with all their native
strength, produced a grateful shade. So sparkling and smokeless
was the pervading atmosphere that merely to inhale it was a physical
pleasure. Sanitary and social science had indeed worked their
wonders here. East London had become to all those who dwelt amid
its fairy labyrinths a veritable earthly Paradise. And as he cast his
shapely but workmanlike frame with an elegant ease on to one of
the hundred comfortable lounges that at intervals fringed its green
swards throughout their entire length and breadth, no one in the full
flush of this glorious summer evening appreciated the fact more
keenly than did JEREMIAH HALFINCH.

"Ah! this is delicious!" he cried, with enthusiasm; "just a few
moments' rest here to solve this problem, and then—*pour me rendre
chez moi!*" He spoke with all the easy grace and perfect *ton* of a
West-End raconteur, and as he opened his basket of tools and pro-
duced from it a translation of a new work on German Philosophy, in
the pages of which he was speedily engrossed, it was impossible not
to be struck by his general appearance. His frame was that of an
Herculean Apollo, while his head, with its finely-chiselled features
and long tawny moustache, nobly set upon his shoulders, might have
belonged to a Captain in the Guards. There was in his eyes some-
thing of the look of an intelligent Chief Justice, and whenever he
moved it was with all the commanding dignity of a Lord Mayor.
In short, it needed only a glance at JEREMIAH HALFINCH to set him
down for what he was,—a fair specimen of the average type of the
working-man of the day.

He was not, however, destined to be long in solving his philo-
sophical problem, a light step on the gravel-path caught his ear.
He looked up. "Ah! Miss BETSY JANE," he said, rising with a
courtly grace as his eye rested on the trim neatly dressed form of a
girl of nineteen; "so you, too, are enjoying the Elysian fragrance of
this lovely evening?"

The fair girl blushed slightly. She was very lovely. Her golden
hair crowned her beautifully shaped brow in broad deep bands.
Her mouth had that indescribable sweetness that is often met with in
those in whom a marvellously active intelligence is united to a strongly
poetic temperament. Her eyes were like two exquisite saucers of
liquid blue, from whose sapphire depths light and laughter seemed
to sparkle up unbidden with every variation of her mobile and ever
changing countenance. Yet she was only a poor work-girl making her
£2 16s. 6d. a week, under the new scale of prices, by button-holing.

"I am enjoying the evening, for who would not, Mr. HAL-
FINCH?" she answered, half demurely, with a pretty pout, "but
I have just come from my Hydrostatic Class, and was thinking
of looking in at the Opera on my way home. They are doing
"*Tristan und Isolde*," and a little Wagner is such a pleasant close
to the day. Do not you think so?"

"Indeed I do," he answered eagerly, "and I will accompany you
—that is, if I may," he added, apologetically.

"If you may!" was the arch reply. In another minute they
were strolling leisurely along, side by side, towards the "Great
Square of Recreation," that was already scintillating in the distance,
lit up with the electric light as with the full blaze of day. As
they were emerging from the garden-path, they passed a small
child. She was carrying a little stone funeral urn, and she nodded
to them. They stopped for a moment.

"Why, POLLY, dear, what have you got there?" asked BETSY
JANE, stooping down to kiss the child.

"Oh! it's only Great Grandmother," went on the little speaker,
volubly. "I'm fetching her from the *Crematorium*. She was only
asked yesterday, you know, and father says he would like to have
her on the parlour chimney-piece as soon as possible; and so I am
bringing her home."

"Well, my little woman," threw out HALFINCH, kindly. "Take
care you don't drop your Great Grandmother, that's all."

"Oh no! I can carry her well enough," was the prompt response;
and little POLLY was soon bounding away across the grass merrily,
with her ancestral burthen.

BETSY JANE and JEREMIAH HALFINCH had presented their passes
at the door of the Opera House, listened to an Act of WAGNER'S in-
comparable music, and were now once more coming homewards.
Their conversation had had a wide range, touching at one moment on
the Norse *Saga*, and at another on the Binomial Theorem; now on
the Philosophy of ERICERUS, and now on the latest speculations as to
the basis of Nebular Matter. They were deeply interested in their
talk, and it was not till they were suddenly arrested in their progress
that they became aware that their path was stopped by a Policeman
who was kindly stooping over a little child who was crying over
something she had dropped.

"Oh! it is little POLLY; and she has let her Great Grandmother
fall!" cried BETSY JANE, much concerned.

"Yes, and I have spilled her; and father will be so cross!" added
the child in tears, pointing to the broken vase and to some white ash
that laid upon the gravel path.

"Never mind, my little woman, we will soon make it all right,"

answered HALFINCH, at the same time taking an evening paper from his pocket, and carefully collecting the broken fragments of the vase and its contents, and making them up into a neat parcel. "There," he added, "he'll have to get a new vase. But you may tell your father I think he'll find his Grandmother all there. So wipe your eyes and get home as fast as you can." *

They watched the figure of the receding child.

"You don't have much work down this way nowadays?" inquired HALFINCH amiably of the Policeman.

"Much work! Why, bless you, Sir, beyond occasionally running in an Unemployed Sweater, we have none at all."

"Well, good night, Miss BETSY JANE," said HALFINCH.

"Good night, Mr. HALFINCH," responded the lovely girl.

Then they each turned to their brilliantly-lighted Co-operative Palace homes. Silence soon fell upon the scene. Another happy East-End day had come to its luxurious close.

NEW YEAR MEMS.

Lord S-l-sb-ry. Smother HOWARD VINCENT & Co.—at least in public. Give private tip to HARTINGTON, BRIGHT, and GOSCHEN, to get me talked about as a "second COBDEN."

Mr. W. E. G-l-dst-ne. Mem.—Feel a little "chippy" this morning. Go out axing. Send New Year's Card to DOPPING. Forgive and Forget. Write fewer letters, make fewer speeches, avoid railwaystation oratory; CH-MB-RL-N's imitating me there. Shall have him next taking to chopping trees in Prince's Gardens. Mem.—Return to use of post-cards; shall also give up writing magazine-articles and devote myself more to commercial pursuits; there's a good deal to be done in chips if one gives his mind to it. Why not leave Hawarden and reside at Chipping Norton?

Mr. B-l-r. Gingerly manipulate the "Crimes Act" across the Channel for the next few weeks. Mem.—Parliament opens Feb. 9th. Be careful what I say or write about anybody. Consult Solicitor.

C. S. P-r-m-ll. Change my name and address next year, call myself B-CKLE of the Times.

Mr. CH-mb-rl-n. Retire from "Fisheries" as gracefully and as soon as possible. As J-SSE C-LL-NGS would say, "Hook it." CON-LING 's the man.

The Lord CH-f J-st-ce of Engl-nd. Shall begin New Year by leaving off voice lozenges, or may be called a "Sneaking CH-f J-st-ce." Shouldn't like this, and I know of one worldly journalist who wouldn't hesitate to write it.

The Right Hon. J. G. G-sch-n, M.P. Think I shall go back to the Liberal Party for a year at least; have tried them all round; find the last rather worse than others. R-ND-LPH says I should by this time be an authority on the principle of the "Theory of Exchanges."

Sir W-ll-m H-rc-rt, M.P. Shall begin to get up every morning at seven during recess, and go out for walk in glades of New Forest before breakfast. Find it a capital place to think out *impromptus* for my speeches.

Monsignor P-rs-co. Mem.—Keep myself to myself, and don't say nothing to nobody.

Archbishop Cr-ke. Ask THOS. O'DW-ER of Limerick to dinner. Cut National League on first opportunity.

Archbishop B-n-s-n. Study the Calendar of State Papers, time of HENRY THE EIGHTH, carefully. Get portrait of myself done in full canonicals, with the two acolytes in scarlet skull-caps and cassocks, as we appeared at Truro. Pretty subject: great scope for artist.

Bishop of L-nd-n. "Oblige B-n-s-n." Ask SR-w-RT H-DL-M to take me to the Alhambra. Try and get a copy of that now extinct work, *Essays and Reviews*.

Lord D-n-r-v-n. Must find out what I really mean by "Fair Trade." Write to Notes and Queries, and see if I can't get a definition somehow.

Mr. O'Br-n. Continue to pose as the "Martyr of Tallamore." Meantime, endeavour to get supplied with still more fashionable clothings. Why not a cheque suit, from America?

Cardinal M-n-m-g. Do something of everything. Mem.—Buy new Filter.



Special.

The L-rd Ch-nc-ll-r. Must really show some reason for my being in this exalted position. Find comfortable quarters for a few of my nephews, cousins, and sons-in-law who are still among "the Unemployed."

The Right Hon. J-hn Br-ght, M.P. Mem.—J-HN BR-GHT, Always right. Politeness costs nothing. Get someone to give me a short manual of this almost-lost art, like prize-fighting. The latter being revived. Practise both.

Mr. C. V-ll-rs St-nf-rd. Inaugurate my Professorship in style. Get to work, and show 'em I'm the best man to turn out a genuinely successful first-class English Opera.

Professor H-zl-y. Study SP-RG-N's Sermons for jokes and style, and read some theology, with a view to carrying out the great object of my life—smashing W. S. L-LLY.

Mr. W. S. L-ly. Write more Chapters of History. Devote five minutes, one day when I have the leisure, to smashing H-XI-Y.

Mr. Justice St-ph-n. Read up everything. After doing this, at last give my attention to the study of law. Mem.—Who was "The Master of the Sentences?" Must get his work, and revise some of my own.

Sir F. L-ght-n, P.R.A. Commence getting up Academy Speech for opening day. Mem.—Read Lemprière's Classical Dictionary for subject for big R.A. picture.

Sir J. E. M-ll-s, R.A. Knock off a few pictures for Illustrated papers of Christmas, 1888. Any model with fair hair will do. Write to P-rs' S-p people.

W. P. Fr-th, R.A. Write more Recollections. Note.—Wish I'd taken to this sort of thing earlier in life.

Mr. L-b-ch-re, M.P. Must get rid of BR-DL-GH; always been rather a drag on me. Try and hit on some other popular notion as good as Truth's Christmas Toys. Keep Eye on "EDMUND."

Mr. Edm-nd Y-t-s. Write more Recollections and Experiences. Call them *Moi-Mémories*. Keep eye on "HENRY."

Mr. J. L. T-le. Spend all my spare time in arranging jokes for speeches. Note them down every morning when shaving. Send an occasional letter to friend IRV-NG.

H. Irv-ng. Refuse title if offered. Tell friend T-LB to do the same.

Mr. J. L. S-ll-v-n (Pugilist). Challenge somebody. "Excuse my glove."

Mr. J. Sm-th (Pugilist). Challenge S-LL-V-N, and fight him.

Sir A. S-ll-v-n (Composer). Leave Society to the other S-LL-V-N. Have had enough of it. Get back to my music. Give up G-LB-RT as soon as possible.

Mr. W. S. G-lb-rt. Hang music. Write something or other without it. As soon as possible, give up S-LL-V-N. Also dispense with GR-SSM-TH.

F. L-chu-d, Q.C., M.P. Renounce Law and Politics. Draw for Punch. Ask H. F-RN-SS to give me a few lessons.

Right Hon. D-vid R. Pl-nk-t, M.P. Take a walk about London every morning at least, with view to rivalling Sam Weller in extent, if not peculiarity, of my knowledge of this "Vast Metrolopus."

Mrs. B-rn-rd B-re. Look after the acting rights of *La Tosca*. Get as good a play (if I can) as *As in the Looking-glass*, from the author of the novel. Go to Paris, and see dear SARAH. Find a better theatre than the Opéra Comique.

Mr. S-nl-y. Learn "The Vicar of Bray," and "Father O'Flynn," as I have not added many new songs of late years to my *répertoire*.

Mr. S-m-s R-v-s. Keep all my notes for my Autobiography. What title? *Apologia*?

M-d-me P-ti. Have "Home, Sweet Home," translated into foreign languages, to give it an air of novelty. Leave Wales to the Welshers.

Mr. A-g-s-s H-rr-s. Commence Pantomime for 1888-89. Entertain everybody. Send Life Pass for the Queen's Box, to the Assistant Architect of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Must be presented at Court this year. Should look well in Court suit.

Dr. E-b-s-n R-se. Must invent something new in the diet line for New Year; shall cut off claret and hot water and their dry toast.

Mem.—To write article in *F-rin-ghily* on "The Here and There of London Life," and point out the absolute necessity of consulting me on every subject. Recommend (as something novel), taking soup after cheese. This advice ought to increase my practice considerably.

The Rev. Dr. P-rk-r. Shall stay at home; at least, won't go again to United States; too vast.

Mr. B-s-nl. Keep my name well before the public. Think New Novel, *All Sorts of Mortiboy*, by Sir W-LT-R B-S-NL, Bart., would have good effect with publishers. Get W-LS-N B-RB-RT to dramatise with me, of course. Shall ask him not to act in it. Off to Africa, to get away from "London blacks."

Mr. N-rm-n L-cky-r. Write *Magnum Opus*, on the action of Snowballs in Space.

Sir M-r-ll M-ck-nz-e. Make careful study of the peculiar diseases incident to "Rumour's lying throat"—especially in Germany.

Ch-rm-n of M-dl-s-x M-g-str-t-s. Attend some Metropolitan Music Hall every night of my life.

Ed-t-r of P.M.G. Get Stead-ier every day.

Mr. Punch. To wish a Happy New Year to everybody generally.



THE PENNY READING.

(ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.)

Distinguished Amateur Vocalist (both Serious and Comic). "I CAN'T SAY YOU HAVE A VERY APPRECIATIVE PUBLIC UP HERE! I NEVER SANG 'VILIKINS AND HIS DINAH' BETTER—BUT NOBODY LAUGHED A BIT!"

Horrid Boy. "OH, BUT THEY DID WHEN YOU SANG 'THE DEATH OF NELSON.' I SAW THEM!"

THE INFANT PHENOMENON.

WHAT will he play? Oh! young New Year,
Precocious power and baby skill
To Music's zealots are strangely dear;
The tiny fingers that thump and trill,
That sweep the keyboard with splendid speed,
Like rattling rain-drops, or fairy-feet,
Are sure of flattery's fullest meed,
And praise is sweet.

An early *début*, my little man!
The dimpled digits you swiftly spread
The sounding octaves can scarcely span,
The pedals hardly your toes can tread.
Yet here you are, and the public ear
Is all agog for the opening chords,
With breathless mingling of hope and fear,
Too deep for words.

The Future's Music before you stands,
Time at your elbow is prompt to turn.
'Twill tax the force of your infant hands,
Prodigies even have much to learn.
MOZART, or HOFFMANN, or LISZT, of course,
You may turn out in your own new line;
May give us freshly the fire and force
OF RUBINSTEIN.

The hour, young Hopeful, seems something
In present promise of Harmony; [scant
Our leading music is militant.
Touch us a stave in a cheerful key!
We have abundance of crash and blare,
Drums and trumpets make angry noise;
Most of us long for a Lydian air,
O, best of boys!

Something Arcadian, manly-sweet,
Blending notes of the lyre and flute;
Pastoral Symphony gaily fleet,
Moaning chords in the minor mute.
Something stirring to lift the heart,
Something merry to move the toes;
Melody pure with a mirthful start
And a moving close.

Charges, marches, bugle-blasts,
Clarion-calls to the onset, tire;
Martial music a sadness casts,
Too long blown, e'en on hearts of fire.
Still the trumpet, and drop the drum!
Bid the fife for a moment cease!
Boy, we'll bless you if you'll but strum
The notes of Peace.

Wagner-worry of key and string
Has its power, and holds its place;
Touch to-day, boy, the chords that sing
Of love and gladness, of mirth and grace.
The Future's Music you fain must play?
True! Yet turn ere a chord is struck.
A bumper, boy, to a brighter day!
Here's health and luck!

UNCOMMON.

MR. PUNCH lately learned to his extreme
astonishment and delight that he is one of the
independent Electors of the Ward of Farring-
don Without. He gathered this important
information from the receipt of a highly
illustrated card from one of the numerous
candidates to represent him in that illustrious
body the Court of Common Council, during

the coming year, soliciting the honour of his
vote and interest.

The Candidate in question described at
length his various qualifications for the office
he sought. He kindly informed *Mr. Punch*
that he was a Citizen, a Loriner—whatever
that mysterious occupation may mean—and a
People's Caterer, and any doubt that might
have been entertained with regard to the
especial business for, which he catered was at
once removed by the perusal of the last line
of his canvassing card, which, after kindly
informing *Mr. Punch* that he had no less than
sixteen votes at his disposal, finished with the
remarkable request, "Kindly PLUMP for your
Little SAUSAGE MAKER!"

Naturally wondering why a little Sausage
Maker should be considered as so peculiarly
eligible for the office of Common Councilman,
that every elector should plump for him,
Mr. Punch again examined the mysterious
card, and found on its back a graphic repre-
sentation of a race for the "Pork Sausage
Derby," showing the Candidate, mounted on
a decidedly thoroughbred Pig, coming in an
easy winner with the rest nowhere, amid the
chorus of the surrounding multitude.

Doubting whether a Large Tripe Dresser,
or a Middle-sized Mutton-Pieman, would not
have equal claims upon his Plumper to that
of a Little Sausage Maker, *Mr. Punch* decided
to take no part in the Election for Common
Councilmen until the real meaning of the
word "Common" is better understood than it
evidently is at present by some aspirants to
the Office in question.



THE INFANT PHENOMENON.

LITTLE 1888. "WHAT SHALL I PLAY?"

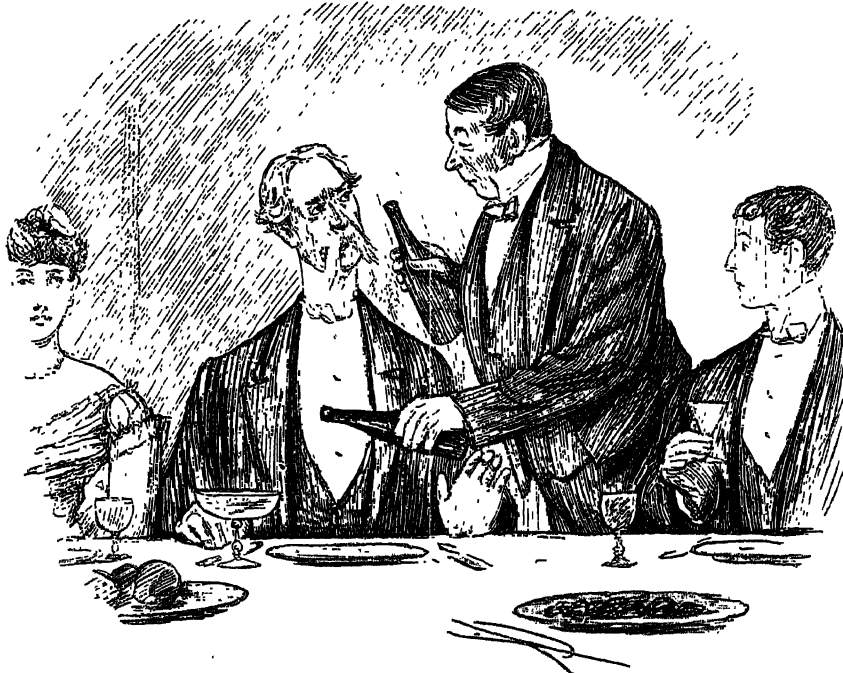
FATHER TIME. "THE 'MUSIC OF THE FUTURE,' MY DEAR, OF COURSE"!!!

DOLL-CE DOMUM.

ONE of the prettiest and most seasonable sights we have seen for a long while was the display of toys collected by the proprietor of *Truth* from the readers of that entertaining periodical, exhibited in Willis's Rooms before distribution amongst the children of our hospitals and work-houses. The dolls (there were thousands and thousands of them) seemed to be bidding the fashionable world adieu before entering, like so many Sisters of Mercy, upon a mission of tender charity to the sick poor. There was a private view on Sunday, a week before Christmas Day, and those who examined the treasures revealing the glories of Regent Street and the Lowther Arcade, could not help thinking "Mr. LABOUCHERE must have a heart as good as his head, and be a very kind man *au fond*." We wonder whether that confirmed cynic, the proprietor of *Truth*, would make the same admission?

THE reasons given in the correspondence published in the *Times* of last Thursday for discharging Mr. HIGHTON from his offices in connection with the Westminster Play seem to us inadequate. Instead of his work tending to lower the tone of the performance, surely its effect would obviously be to Highton it.

OF course SMITH and KILBAIN passed their Boxing-Day together.



'TO PUT IT BROADLY.'

Improvised Butler (to Distinguished Guest). "WILL YE TAKE ANNY MORE DRINK, SOR?"

ROBERT ON THE FRENCH TUNG.

I BEGINS to feel as how the older one gits the more a little bother seems to worry him. There was a time when I could look bothers in the face with the same calm look as I lissens to a gent when he tries to persuade me as how as that port isn't '47 Port, but them times is gorn I'm afeard, never to return.

My present bother came upon me amost like a moderate size thunderbolt, and was summat in this way. The Manager of one of my best Hotels took me into his privet room, one day larst week, and had sum werry sollem tork with me. He was werry kind, and werry considerate, but he was also werry furm, and what he said was summat like this:—

"You see, ROBERT," said he, "things is a changing in Hotels as is amost all other things, and all things as is jest a leetle old fashioned and a leetle rusty, as it were, must be jest polished up a bit, and made a little fresher like. Now take our Hotel, for

ample. See what lots of forren gents comes and stays here, and many on 'em so orful ignorant that they carnt not hardly speak a word of English! Well, if they araks one of our Hed Waiters a plain common question in French, which they all on 'em seems to know how to tork, they natrally expees a anser. Now, what French do you know?"

I confess I was so taken aback at the suddenness of the question, that I was amost speechless. But I pulled myself together, like a man and a Hed Waiter, and said, "Not werry much, Sir, but when I was in Brussels two years ago, witch, I bleeves is sumwheres in France, I lern't jest a few words from the gassons at the Flarnders Hotel, witch I have treasured up in fond memory, and may find usefool sumtimes." "Oh," said he, "I didn't know you had travelled, so perhaps you will be able to manage."

I didn't think it worth while to tell him that I had only been in Brussels two days, and that it rained all the time, as I was told it amost always does there, hence so many Brussels Sprouts, but I at wunce made up my mind to strike up a closer acquaintance with one of our yung French Waiters to himprove myself in his tung, and himprove him in ours. And I'm getting on quite wunderfool. Why, on yesterday a forren gent said to me, "Encore de Pulley, Gasson!" to which I at wunce replied, "Be hanged! Mossou," and took him some. I was a good deal emused at his calling me a boy, but my young French friend told me as it was only their way, and didn't mean no offense, so I forguv him. But wot a langwidge! to encore a

biled chicking as if it was a comick Song! Of course I sumtimes makes mistakes, who woodn't? Last Munday, for instance, a forrener asked me for some raisins, and of course I took him some and some armonds with 'em, but he larfed quite artily, and kindly sed, "I sink as you calls 'em grapes," but wot ignorance, not to know one from the other!

I find too, werry much to my discumfort and worry, that I am expected to bussel about jest as if I was the mere boy as the French gents calls me, witch is of coarse so werry different to what I have for so many years bin akustomed to in the dear, old, quiet, respect-able City, that I sumtimes wunders whether I shall be able to stand it for long. Another thing too as I misses terribly, is the hutter habence of Toastes. No loyal Toastes, nor no Army and Navy and Wollunteers, and no blushing Churchman's helth, nor no Lord Mayor's helth, but dreeksly as they 've dun their dinner away they goes to the Play or some such frivolous emusement, insted of setting for ours and ours over their wine, and lissening with rapshure to the long speeches, as full of wit as they is of wisdom, which has made us what we are, the sollemest, and the most respectable, and the most diningontest people in Urope, and the best frends to the pore hardworking Waiters of any other nation.

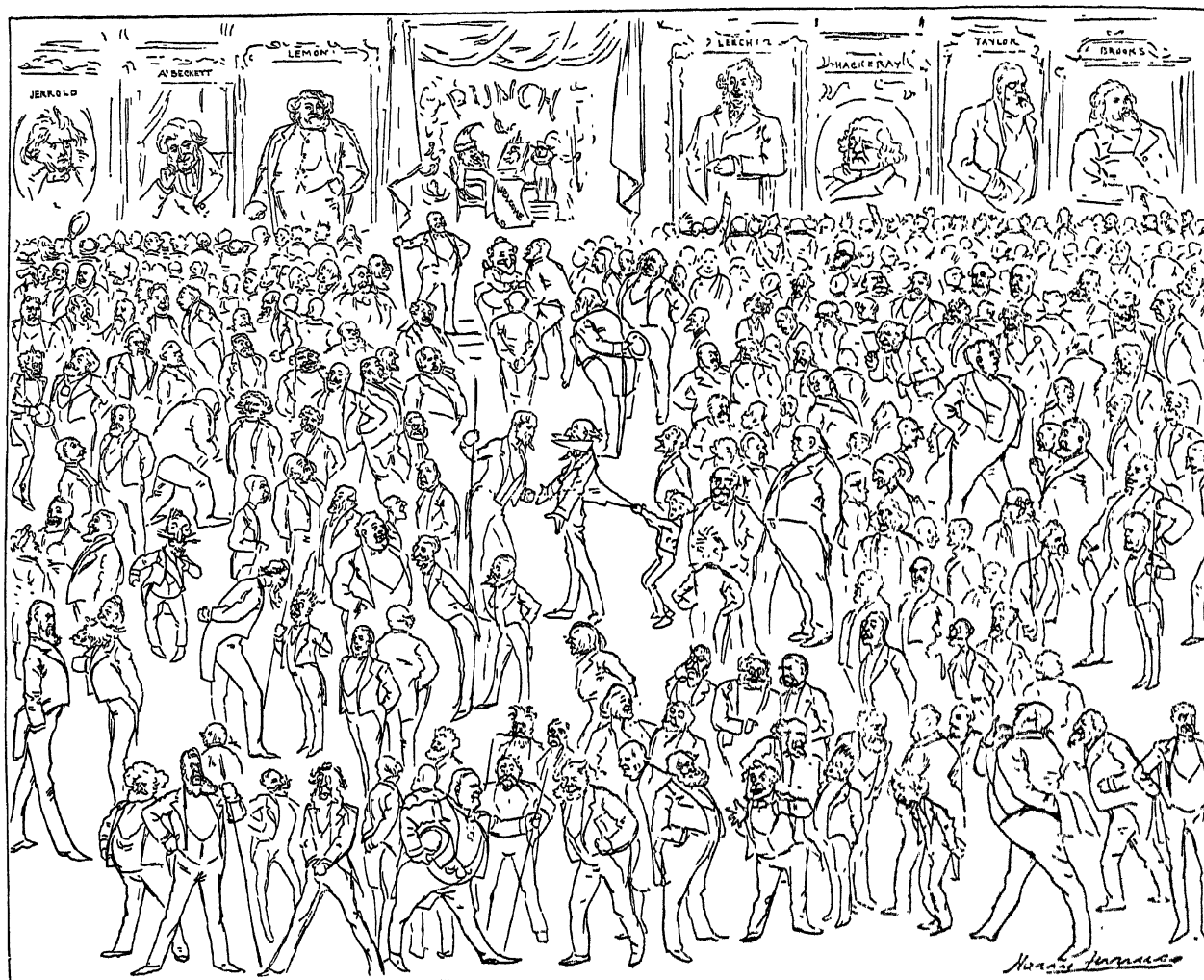
What a glorious free-drinking race we must have bin in days gone by! How one's respect rises up when one hears of a digneterry of the Church who lived to the green old age of 80, becoz he always drunk a bottle of old port every day of his life from his youth upwards. How artily I wish I could afford to foller his brilliyant xampel! and so gain the profound admiration of my fellow men, as he did. Why, to such a man his dinner must have bin to him the one great object of his life, as it ort to be to every reel Gentleman. My son WILLIAM, who is a good calculator, tells me that this trewly reverend Diwine must have drunk a hole Pipe of Port ewery two years of his life! What a time of it his rewerend Butler must have had!

ROBERT.

SWIVELLERIANISM.

FROM the Police Reports we have discovered that there is a Society called "The Social Trumps." What a Swivellerian title! The dispute which made these trumps Police Court Cards turned on a question of money, and the Magistrate, Mr. LUSHINGTON (could there have been a more significantly appropriate name for a justice having to decide a Swivellerian case?) recommended the Social Trumps to settle their little difficulty amicably among themselves. We hope the Trumps went and had a jolly blow out together, enlivened with songs about "The Rosy" and "Glorious Apollo," and sentiments to the effect that none of them "might ever want a friend or a bottle to give him." The "Social Trumps" must be enjoying their Christmas festivities. Their Christmas, of course, is The King of Trumps.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 56.



MR. PUNCH'S NEW YEAR'S DAY RECEPTION.

CHRISTMAS CRIMES.

(Dedicated to the unfortunate Concocters of Sensational Leading Articles.)

"A MERRY Christmas! And why not a Merry Christmas, we should like to be informed? Is it not far better to be joyous and mirthful than to be—" (&c. Supply vigorous epithets here). "A black-souled tyrant like CÆSAR BORGIA could, no doubt, spend his Yule-tide in—" (&c., &c. Invent some revolting anecdote about CÆSAR B.) "Yet even those insufficiently clad progenitors of ours, the ancient Druids, seem to have understood as though by instinct the solemn nature of the season which to-day ushers in, and in what Mr. FREEMAN—" (or was it Lord TENNYSON? Never mind—chance it!)—"calls the 'dateless dawn of history,' they first employed the mistletoe bough for ritual, and perhaps even for osculatory purposes, and habitually gave themselves an extra coat of paint on the 25th of each recurrent December. And who can blame them?" (Recollect that interrogatories, addressed to nobody in particular, add force to a style.) "What though our modern Yule-tide ceremonies are a mere survival of—" (Here bring in anything you know about the Roman Saturnalia, say something pretty about holly being Scandinavian, and that "Waits" were quite common in Athens in SOPHOCLES' time, especially on the stage. Then go on triumphantly and truculently, as if you had proved your point down to the ground)—"What difference does it make? It is the great holiday of the Winter—" (This will be a novel idea to most of your readers.) "For the children, who gather round the cheerful fire, and listen to the ghost-story invented by some eloquently mendacious uncle, the season positively sparkles and scintillates with happiness."

"How exquisitely pleasant it is to hear the childish voices," &c., &c. (to any amount).

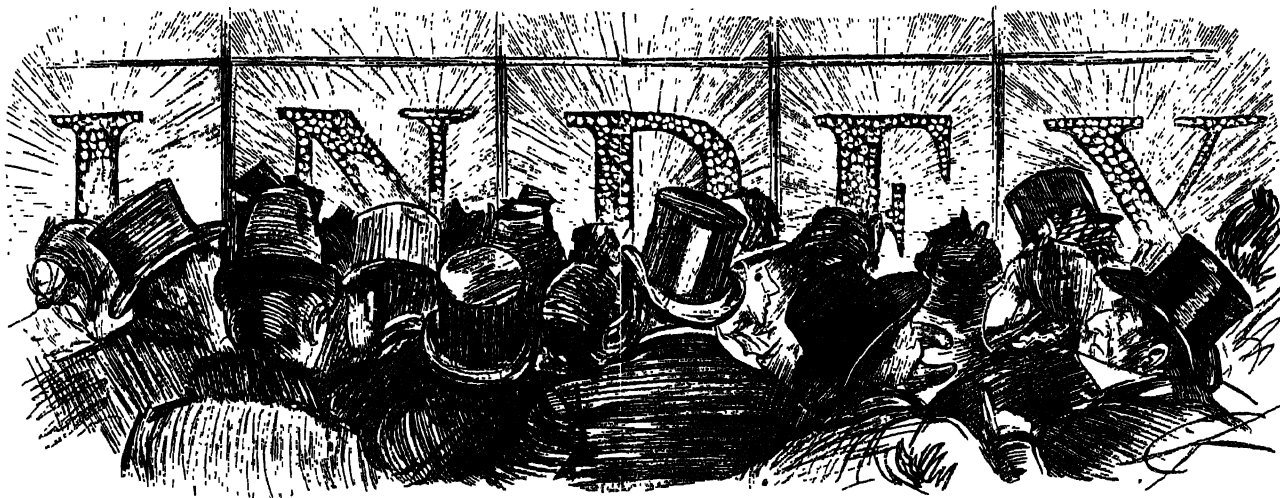
"Even for the elders, too, there is a mirth and joy about the Sacred Season, as they calmly retire to their beds just when the row down-stairs is becoming unbearable, and locking their doors, look carefully round the room to see that the jug is filled in readiness for the midnight serenaders of this blissful time."

"When DICKENS drew his immortal picture of—" (&c., &c. Here gush at length about *Gabriel Grubb*, *Tiny Tim*, and anybody suitable, from *The Christmas Chimes* or *Carols*), "or when WASHINGTON IRVING depicted the more than feudal merry-makings at—" (&c., &c. Try to cook up as much about *Bracebridge Hall* as you think the public will stand. Perhaps a few practical words at the end would be advisable, as follows):—

"And after our traditional Yule-tide offerings are over; after the preposterous claims of the postman and the lamp-lighter have been liquidated by liquor or satisfied by sixpences; then can we forget that besides this private bounty we also have a duty to our country? Lives there the man with soul so dead, Whose heart within him has not bled, And who, quite promptly has not fled, at mention of that grandest of Nineteenth Century inspirations, the Jubilee Imperial Institute? The Imperial Institute is—" (Here mention what it is. If you don't quite know, you can count upon none of your readers being any the wiser. Then add appeals for cash, a few more Yule-tide common-places, and a general and genial wind-up.)

WHEN a judgment is re-versed, ought not the original to have been in rhyme?

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



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